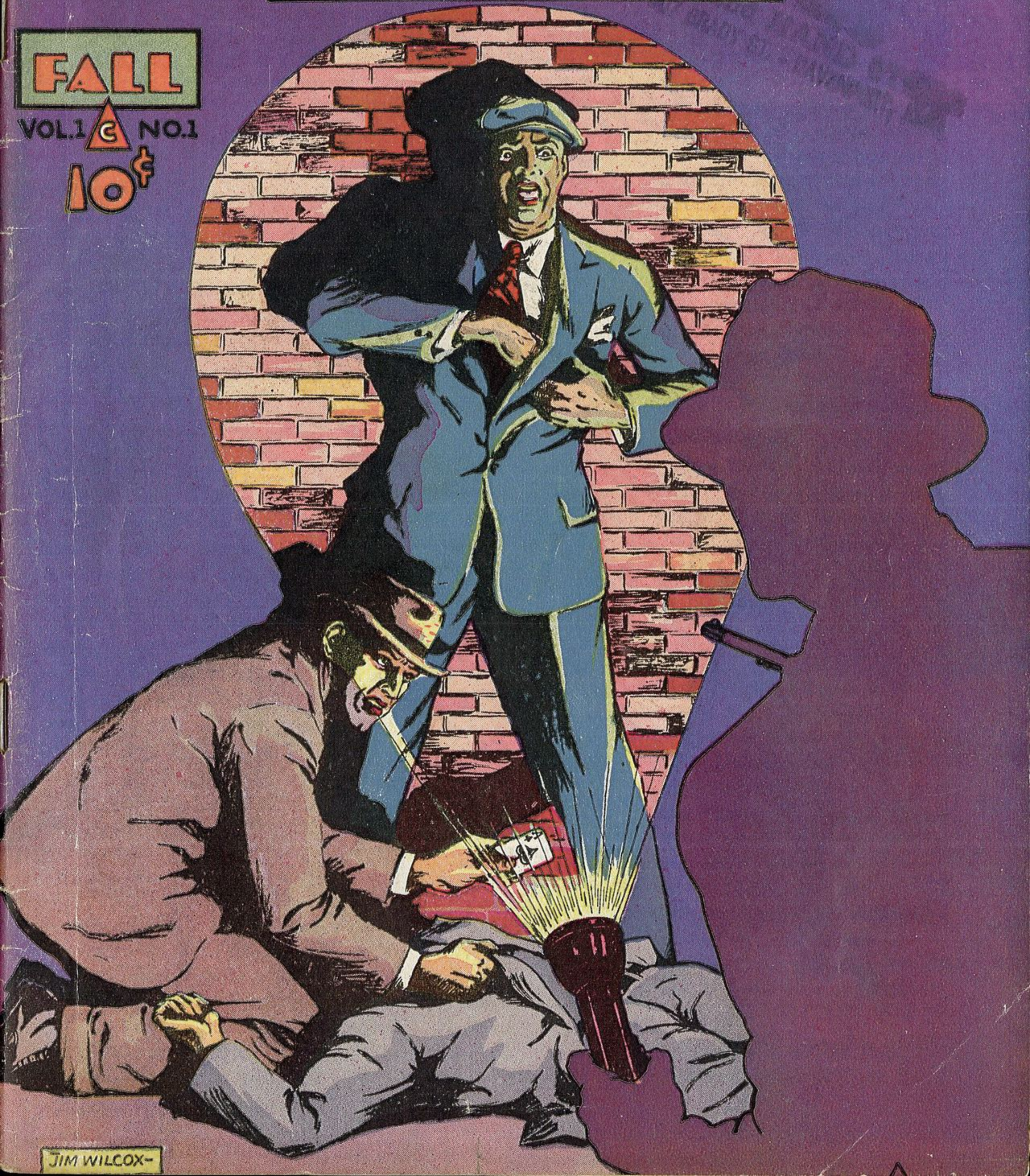
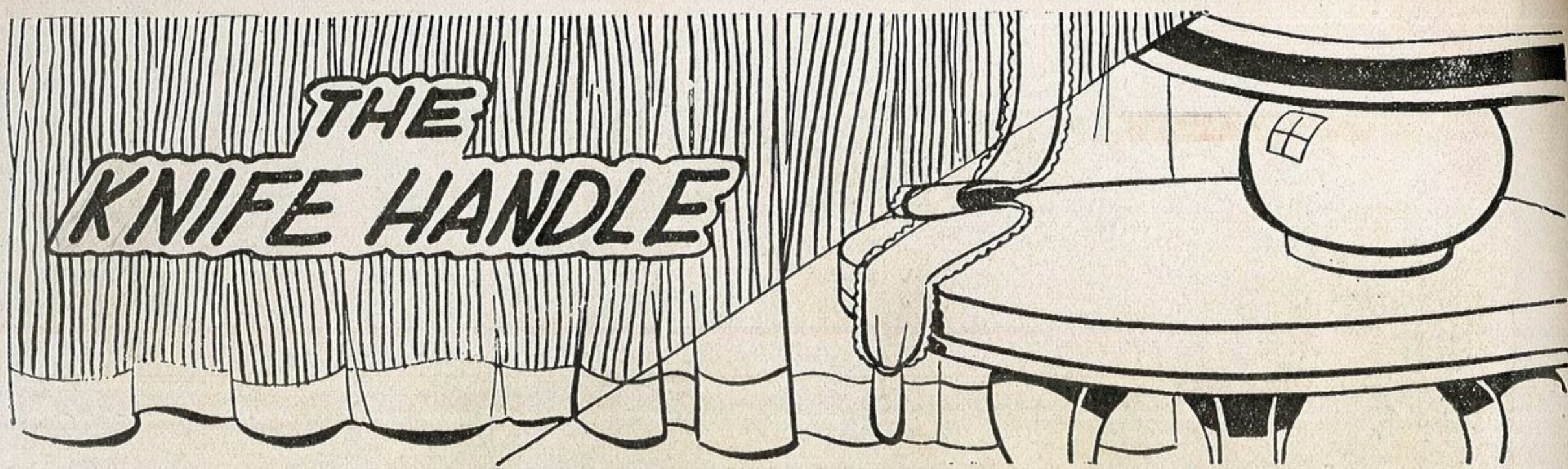
Young King Cole

DETECTIVE TALES

FALL
VOL.1 C NO.1
10¢



Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



By **PAM ROBINSON**

THE small beanery was crowded with longshoremen and sailors. They talked noisily above the clatter of silver and china while raucous dance music blared out of a tiny radio on one end of the long counter. Wisps of smoke curled upward from dozens of cigarettes and escaped thinly through the ventilators. The windows were tightly closed against the cold, dank air of the waterfront. It was an hour before midnight.

Pete Miller sipped his coffee and watched Monk's wizened face twist in a grimace of earnest appeal. They sat in a tiny booth, their heads close together.

"I don't know nothing," Monk whined, "except that Chuck didn't do it."

"Of course, he didn't!" Pete answered angrily, "but who'll believe that when his fingerprints are on the knife and he hasn't an alibi that'll hold water!" Then he paused and looked carefully at the small man opposite him. "Why the boy scout act, Monk?" he asked softly. "Your boss, Revere, wouldn't like you feeling so sorry for Chuck. After all, Revere's partner was the one killed."

"Don't let on I said nothing," his companion pleaded, "but Chuck was onto something big and Revere decided it was time he was put a stop to, see?"

"Then it's a frame and you know Chuck is innocent," Pete observed tersely.

"I didn't say that!" Monk snarled, and glanced warily around at the nearby tables. "Revere would tear my heart out if he knew I was wising you up."

"Why bother then?" Pete snapped.

"Chuck did me a good turn once and I ain't forgetting," Monk answered nastily, "so don't go asking smart questions." He shuffled to his feet without another word and after drawing his coat collar high about his face, slid through the opened door and dissolved quickly into the night.

"Fine time for a run-out powder," Pete muttered furiously beneath his breath, but then he noticed the two men in the next booth. Pete wasn't a newspaper photographer for nothing. He usually remembered faces, and now he recalled that the two men in deep conversation were sidekicks of Revere's. "So that's it," Pete chuckled. "Being seen with me isn't Monk's idea of a healthy pastime." He paid his check and strolled casually down toward the docks.

* * *

Chuck Campbell was being held for first degree murder. The same Chuck Campbell who had untangled countless puzzles for the police department during his three years as star reporter for the Eagle.

Pete knew Chuck was innocent. But how could he prove it? The case was cut and dried. The only strange thing in the whole setup was the position of Chuck's fingerprints on the knife. The fatal thrust had been downward, yet the thumbprint pointed toward the blade, and it didn't seem right. Holding the knife as a fencer held his sword didn't fit in at all. The worst of it was that Chuck vowed he'd never laid eyes on the knife before. "Great Scott, Chuck!" Pete had exclaimed, "you must have! How else could your prints be on the knife?" "I don't know, Pete," Chuck had replied wearily. "I don't know. I'm sure Revere is behind this for I've unearthed some deadly information about his dope racket, but I can't for the life of me figure it all out!" Pete had urged Chuck to remember about the

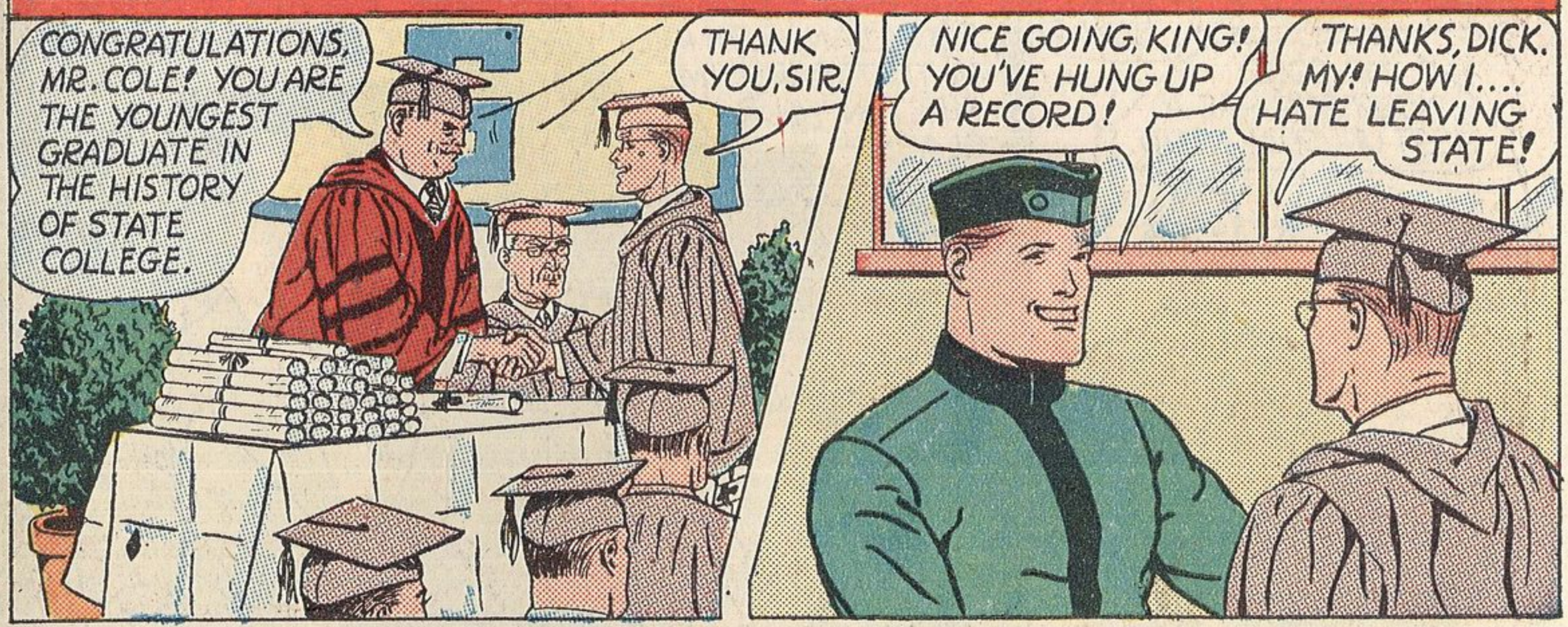
(Continued inside back cover)

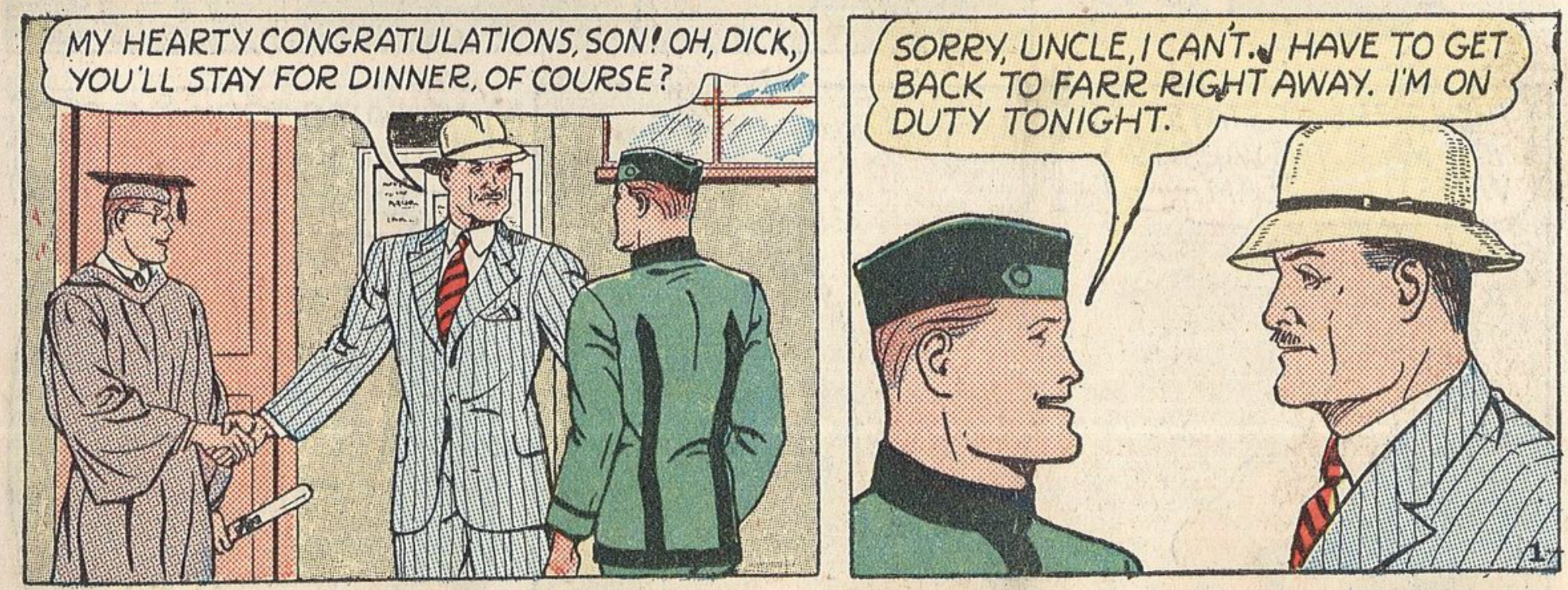
YOUNG KING COLE

DETECTIVE AGENCY MASTER MIND

KINGSTON COLE, JR. [*KING COLE, JR.*] IS RECEIVING HIS DIPLOMA TODAY AT STATE COLLEGE AFTER COMPLETING THE *FOUR YEAR COURSE* IN *TWO AND A HALF YEARS*... SUMMA CUM LAUDE! KING COLE'S COUSIN, *DICK COLE*, HAS COME TO THE GRADUATION EXERCISES WITH KING'S FATHER....

JIM WILCOX





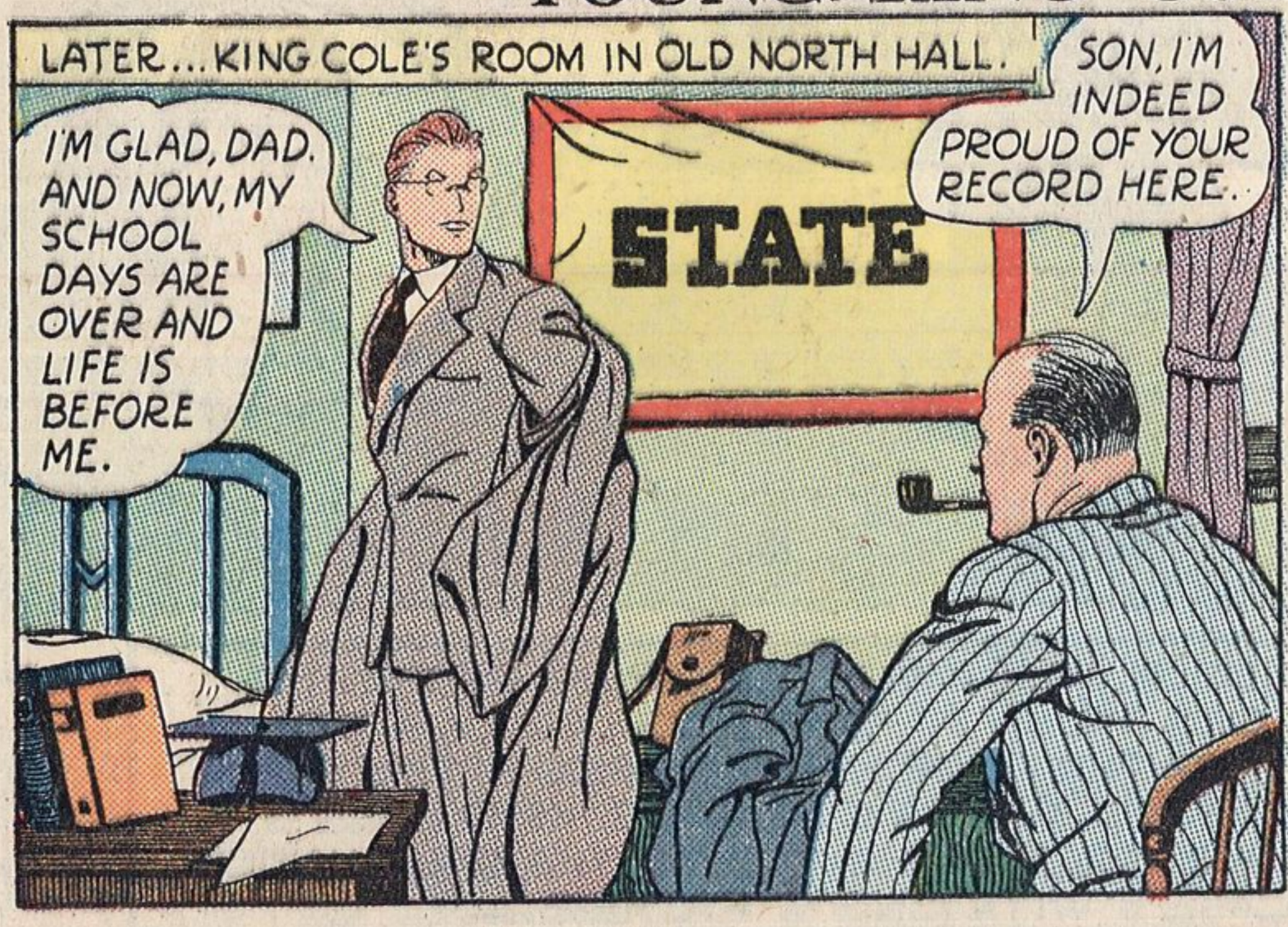
Art Director
MEL CUMMIN

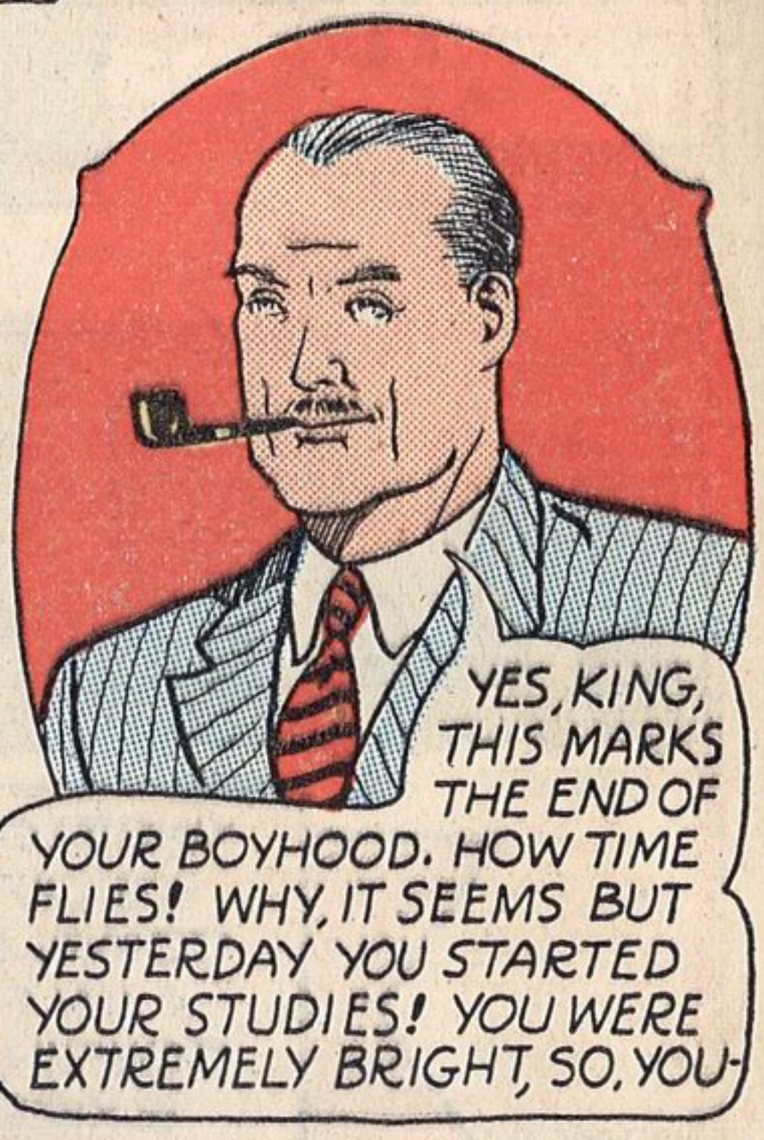
Editor and General Manager—ROBERT D. WHEELER
Associate Editor—JANE SPAULDING NYE

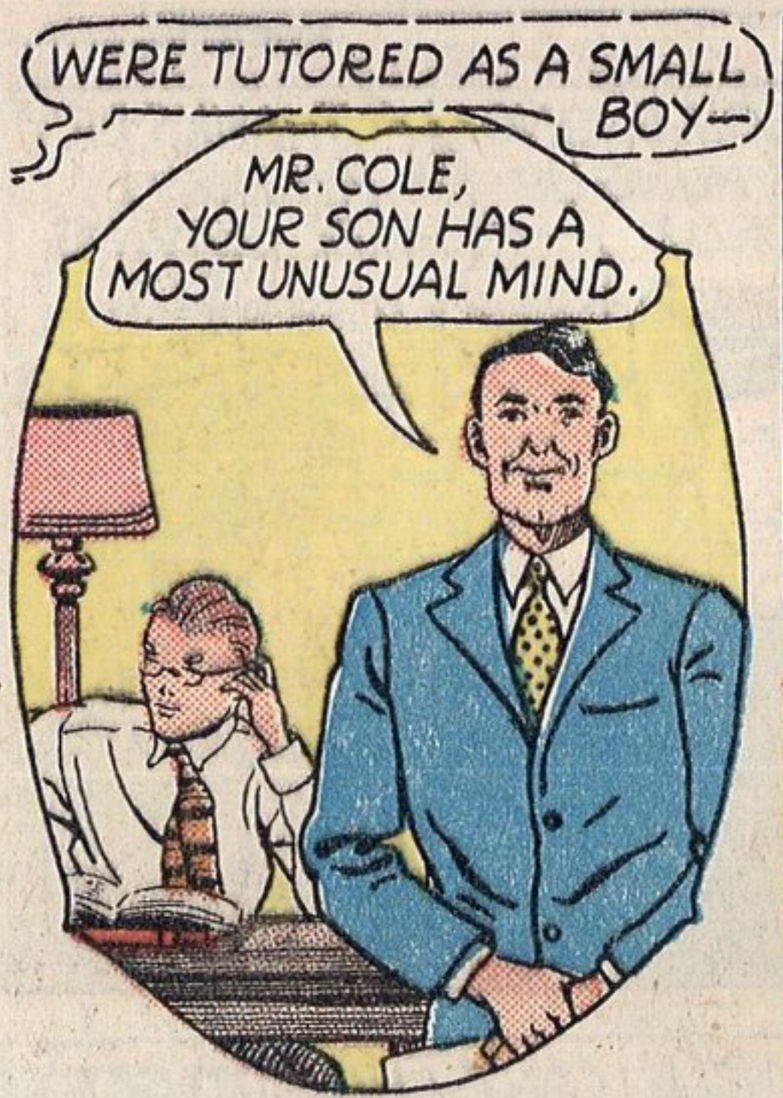
Editorial Assistant
PEGGY ANN CROWLEY

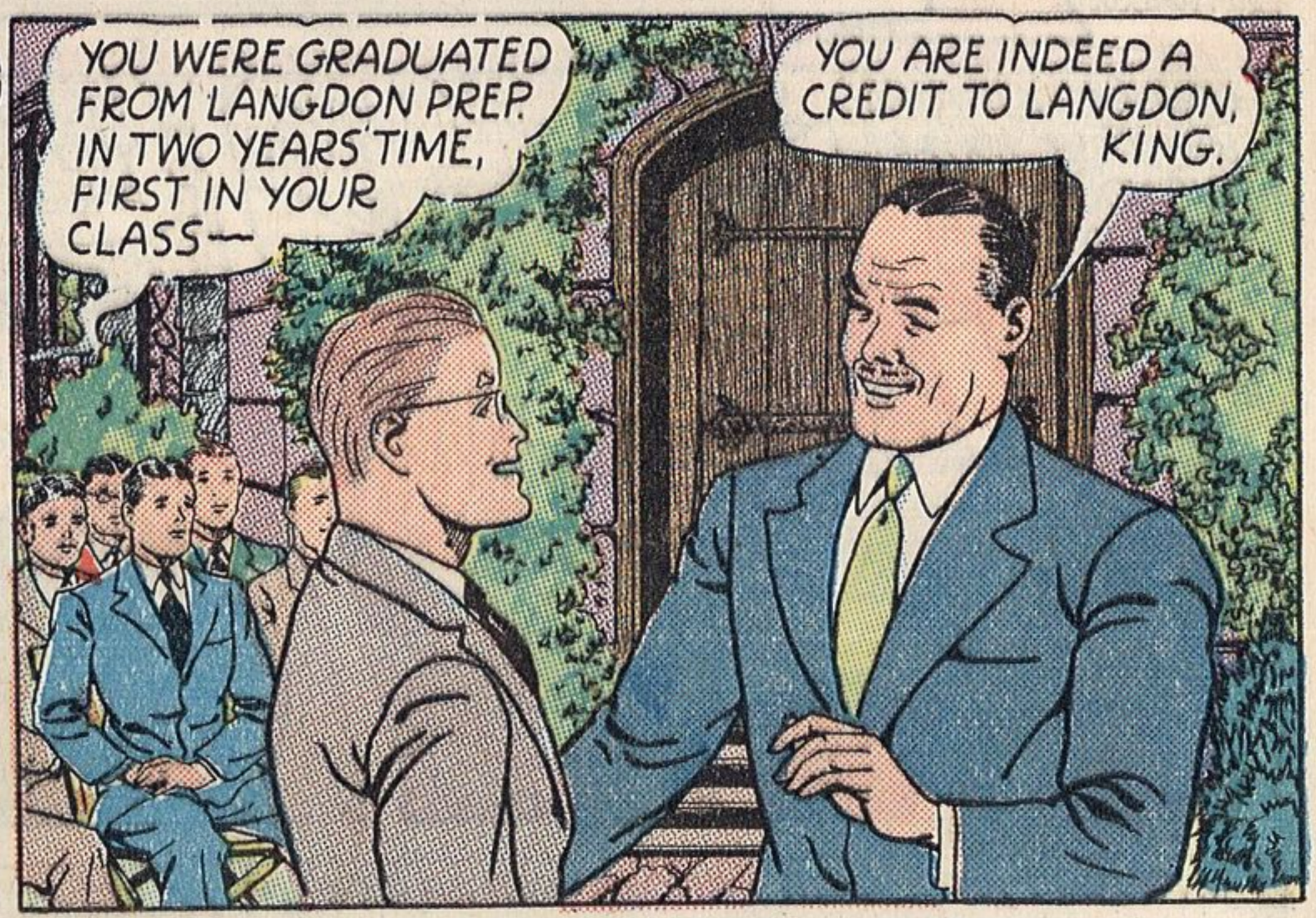
YOUNG KING COLE, Vol. 1, No. 1, Fall, 1945, published by Novelty Press Division of The Premium Service Co. Inc., P. O. Box 1198, Philadelphia, Pa., editorial offices, 111 West 19th St., New York 11, N. Y. Printed in U.S.A.,copyright 1945, by The Premium Service Co. Inc. Price 10 cents per copy. No living person named or delineated in this magazine except historical personages.

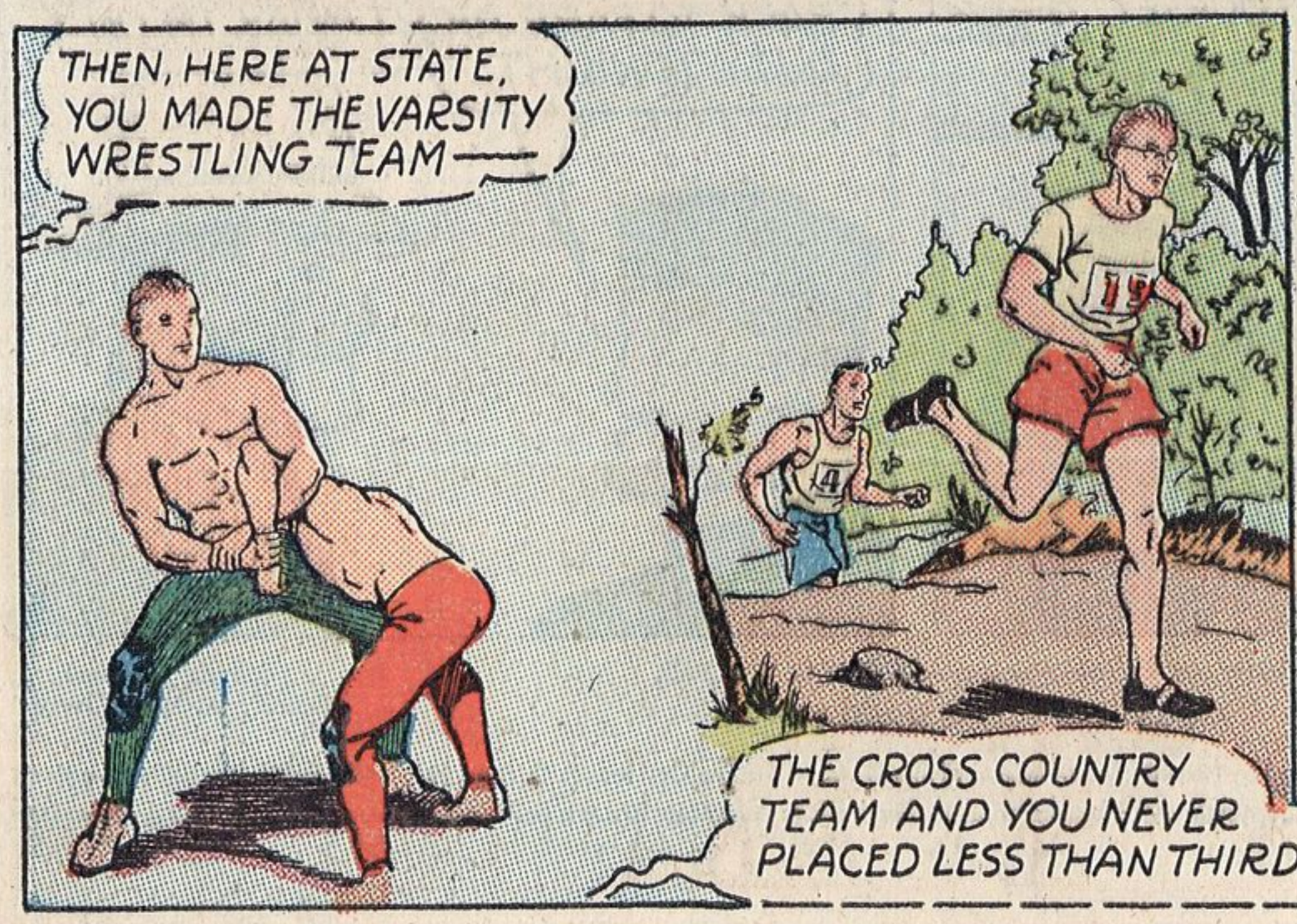
YOUNG KING COLE

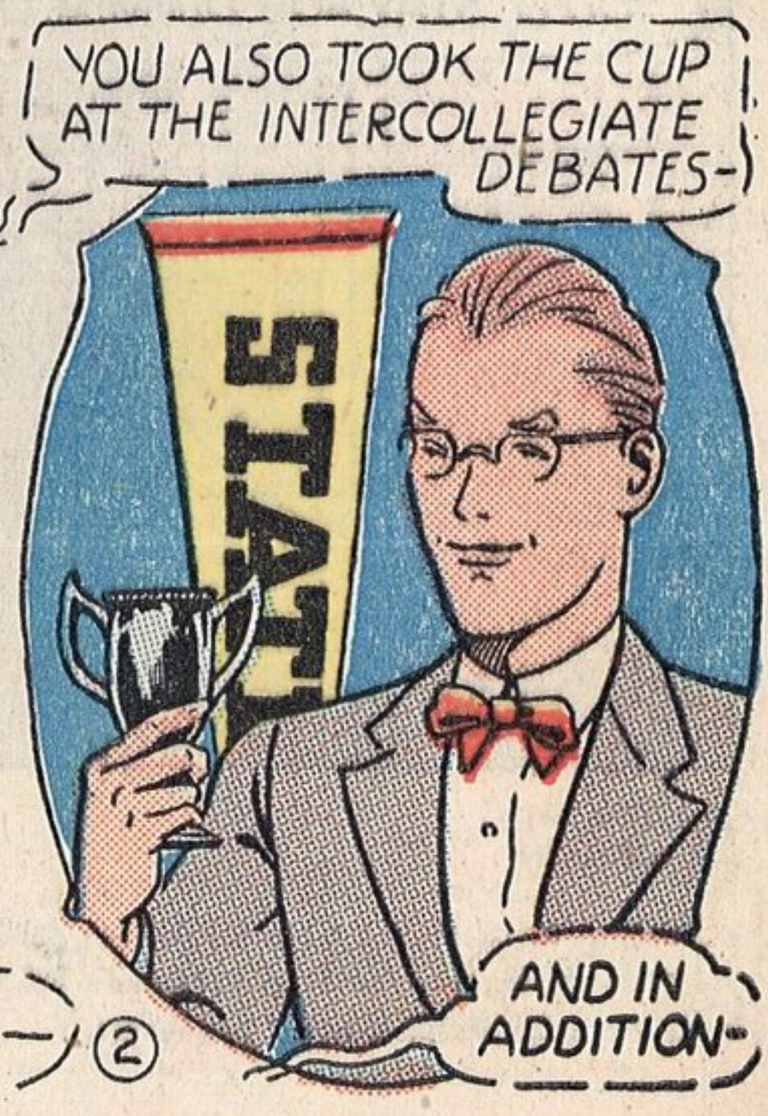






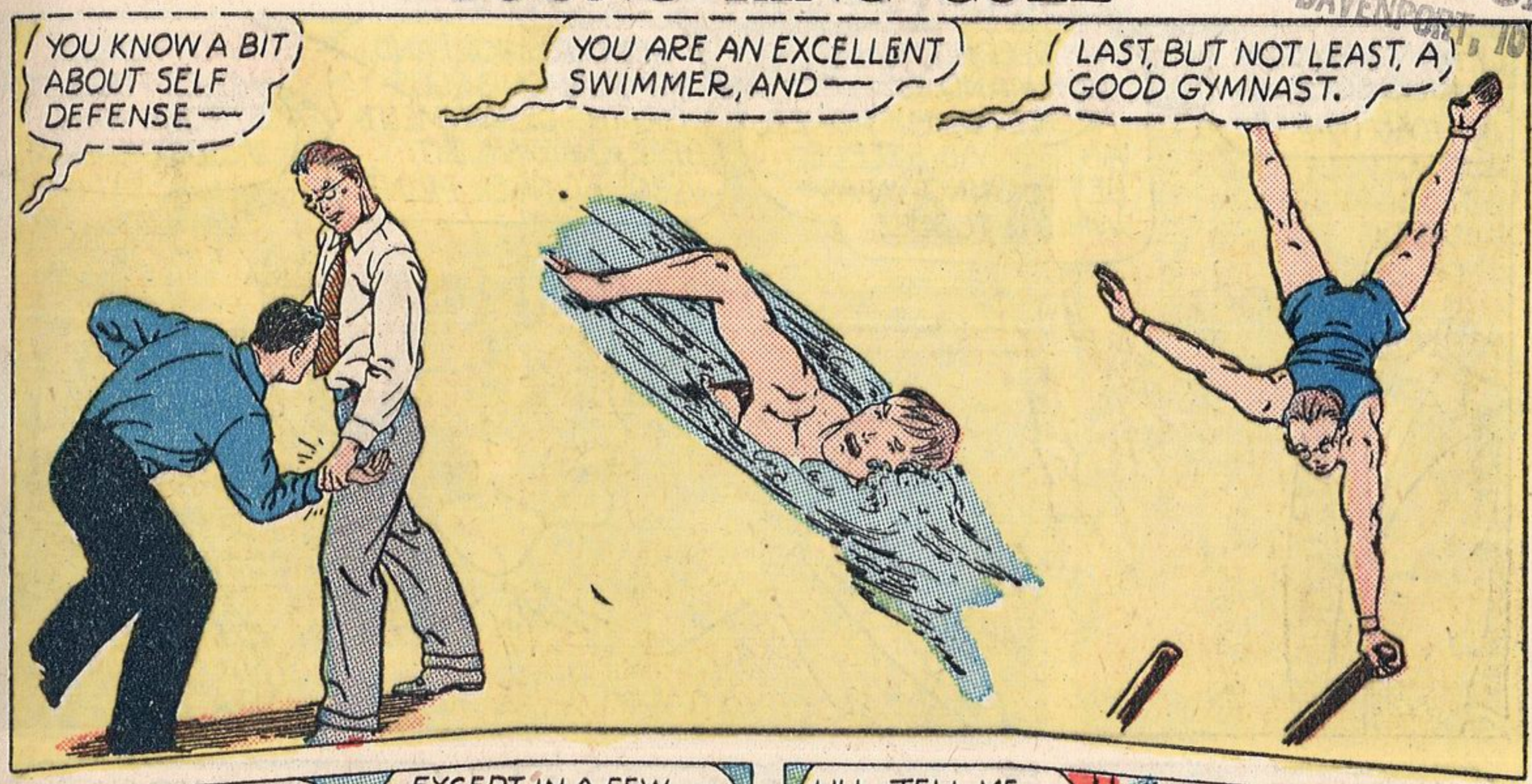


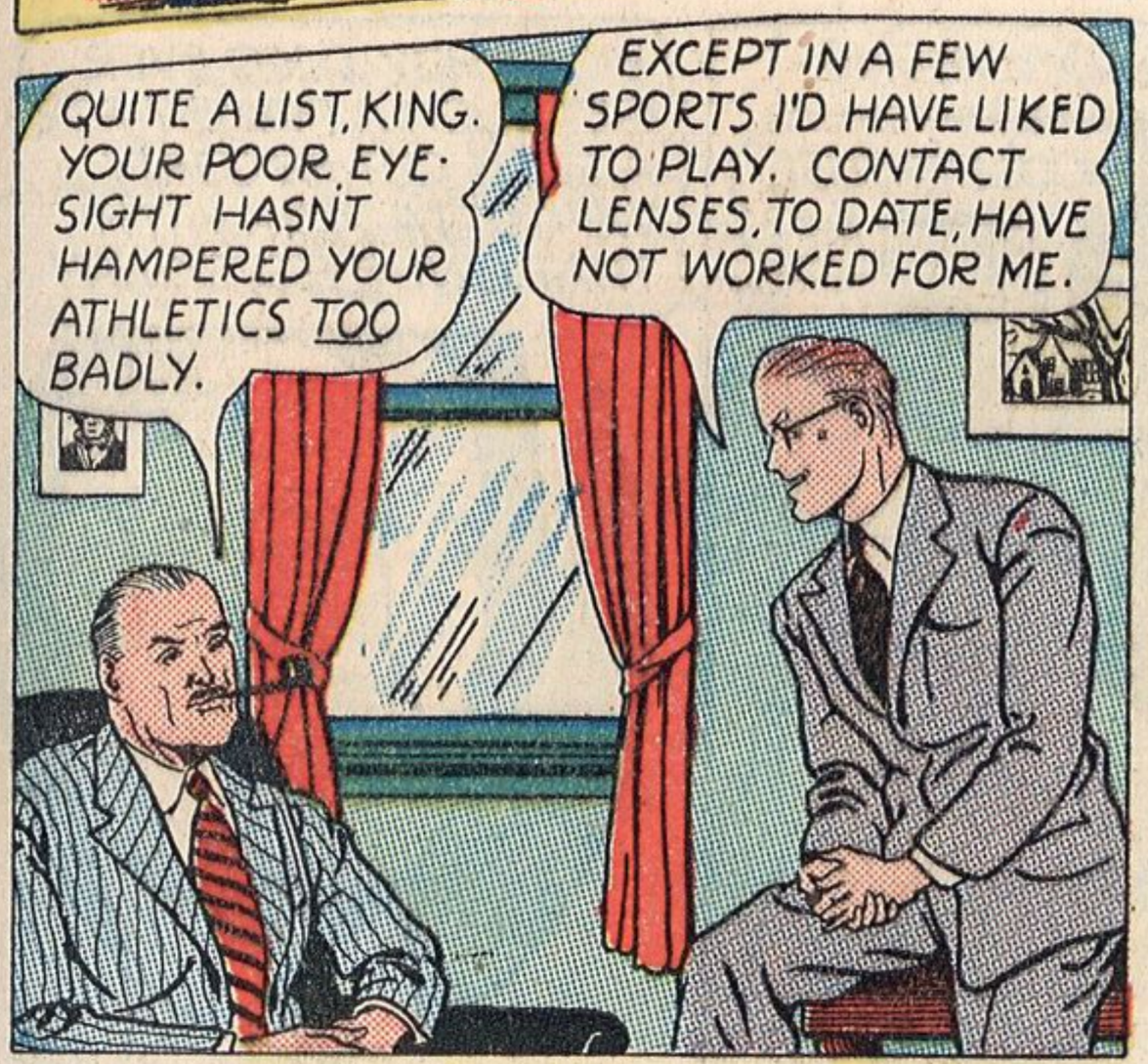


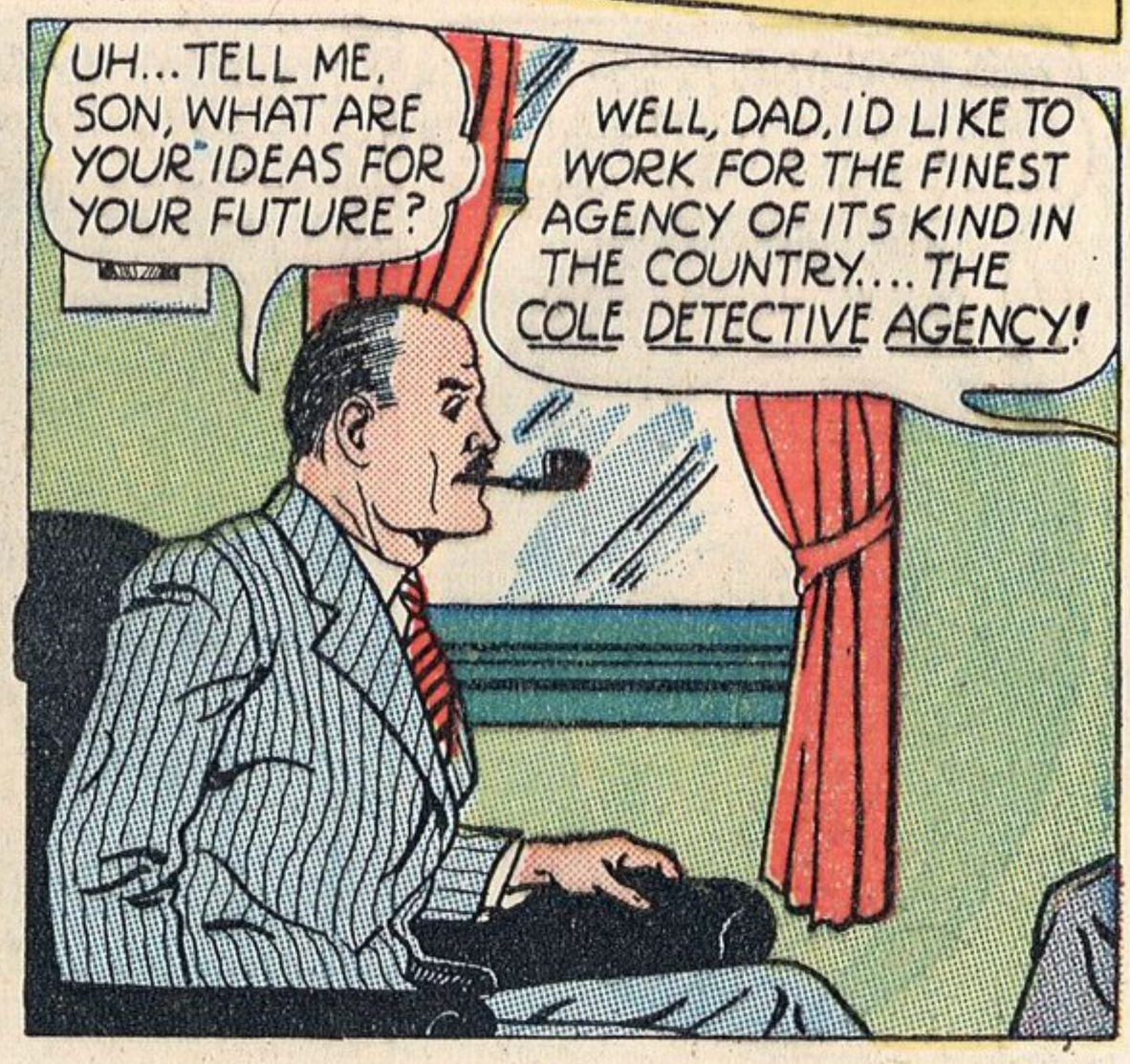


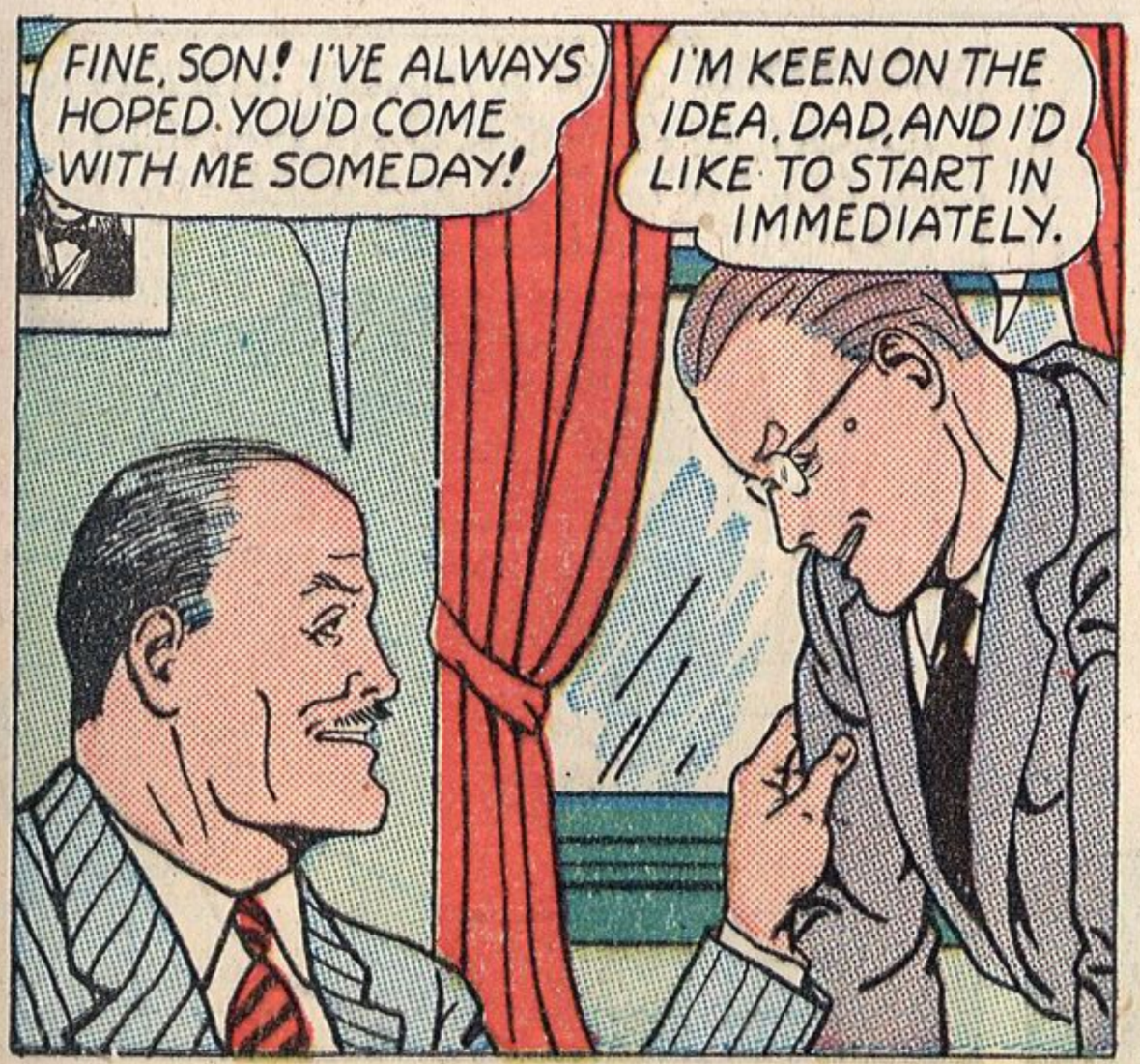
MILES' TRADE THIS AT 2nd HAND STORE
503 - 507 BRADY ST. - DAVENPORT, IOWA

YOUNG KING COLE

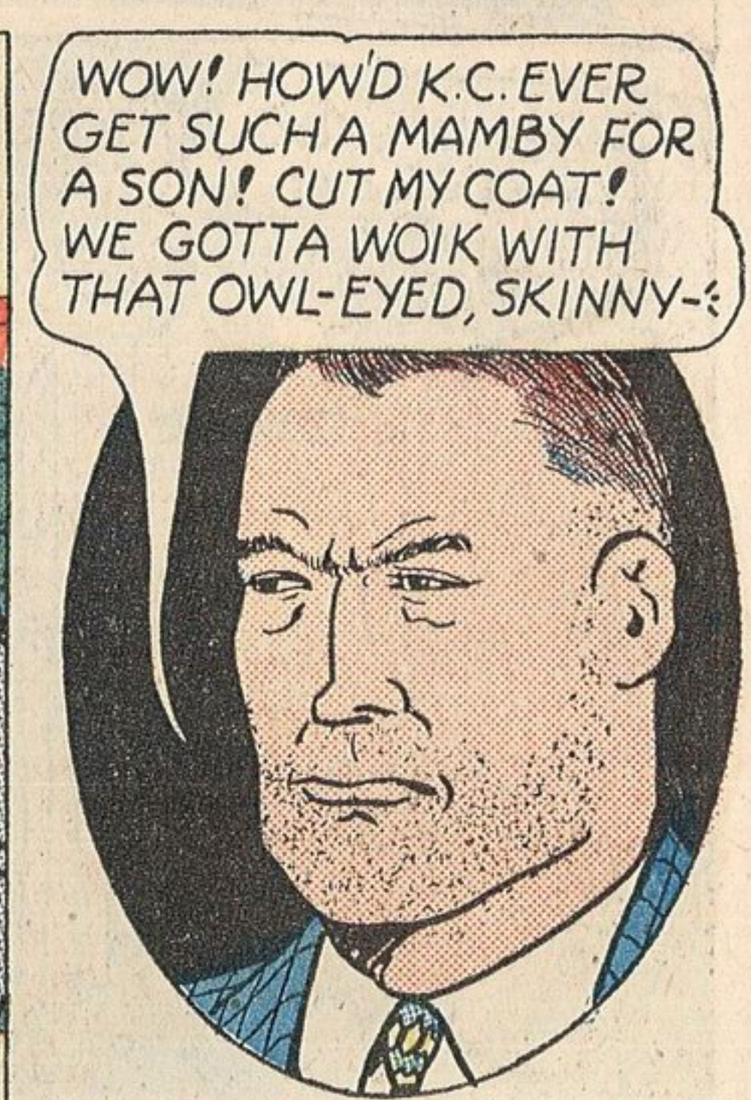




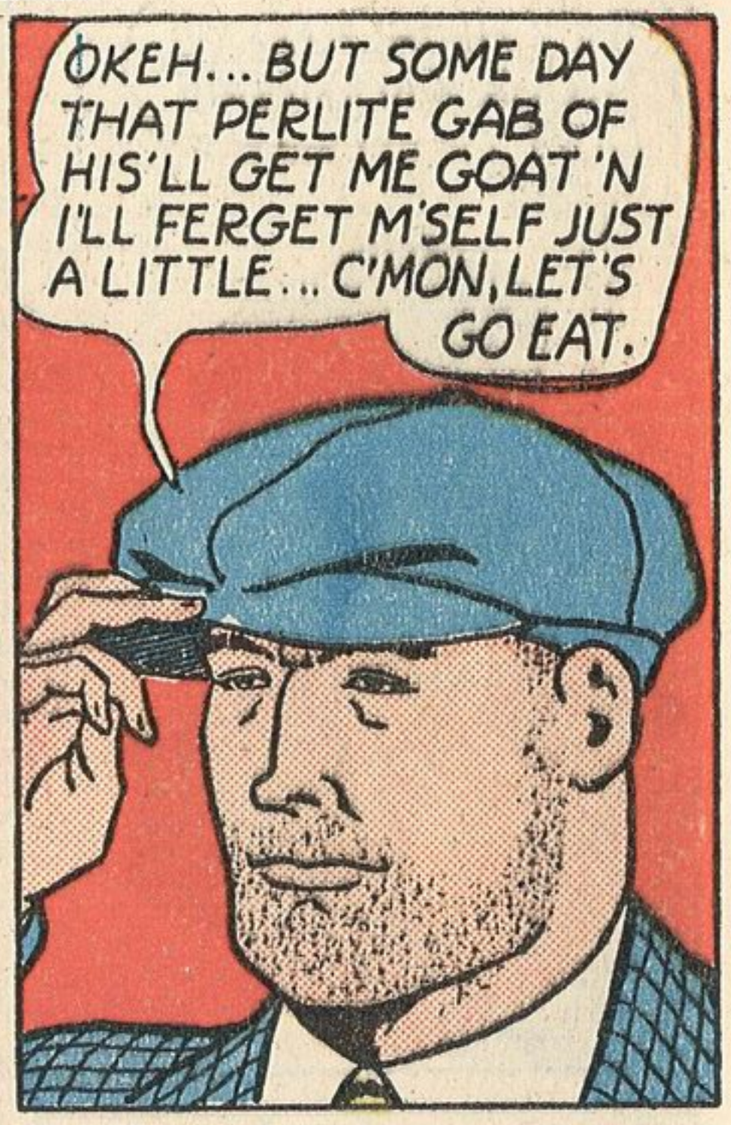




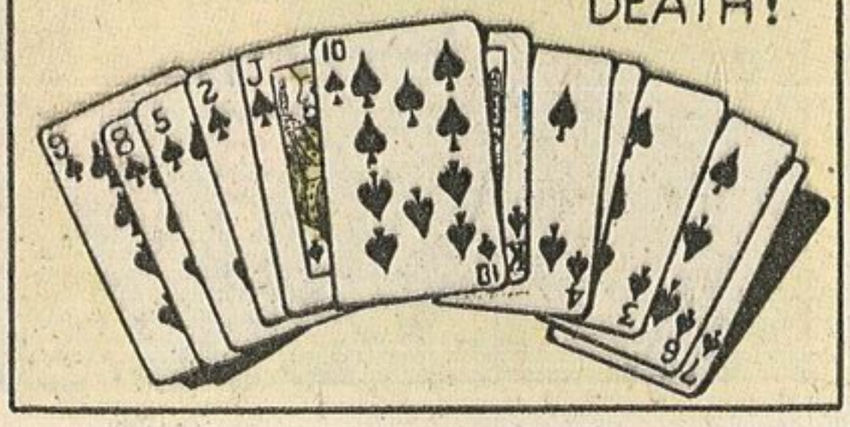
YOUNG KING COLE

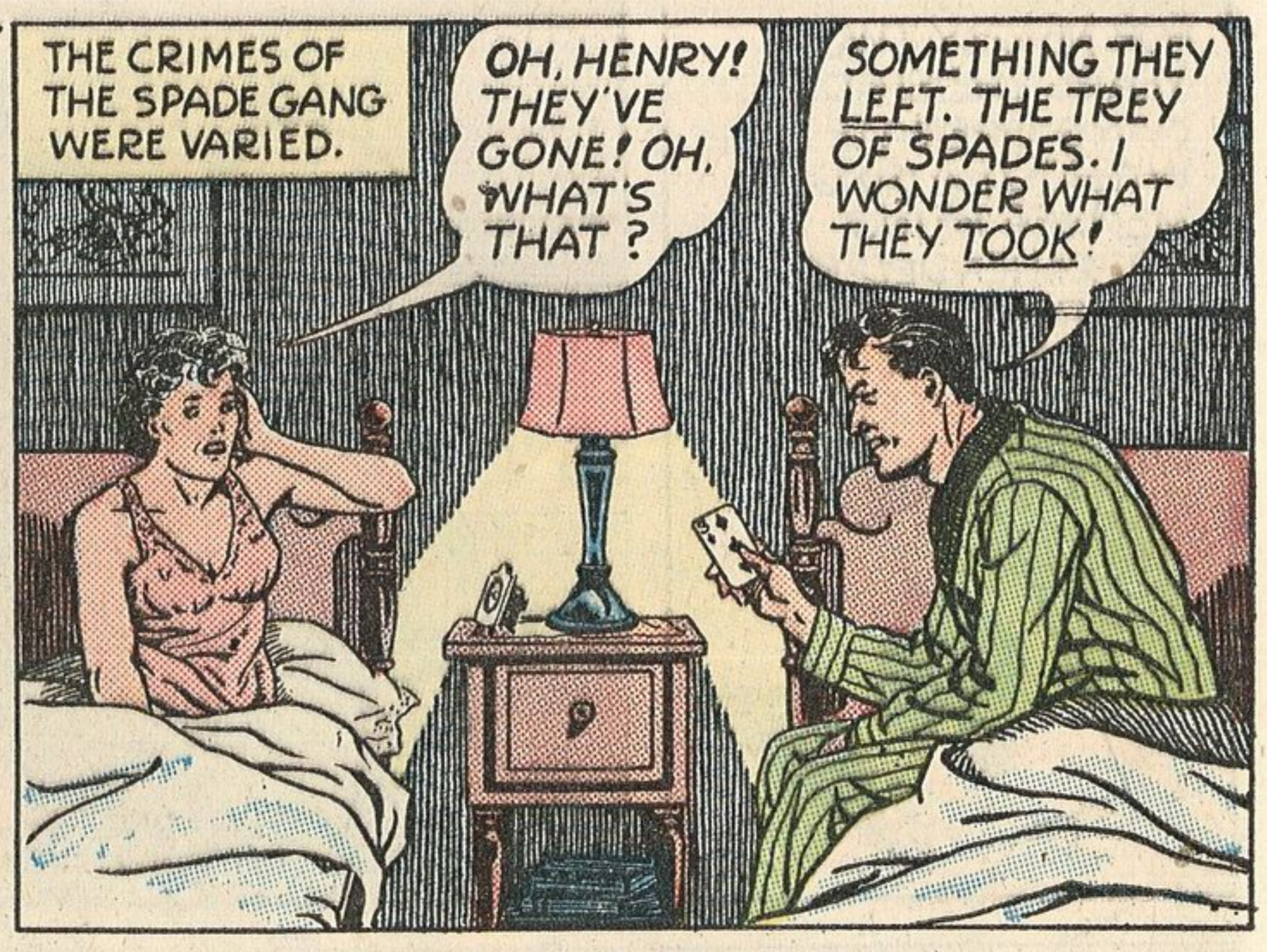


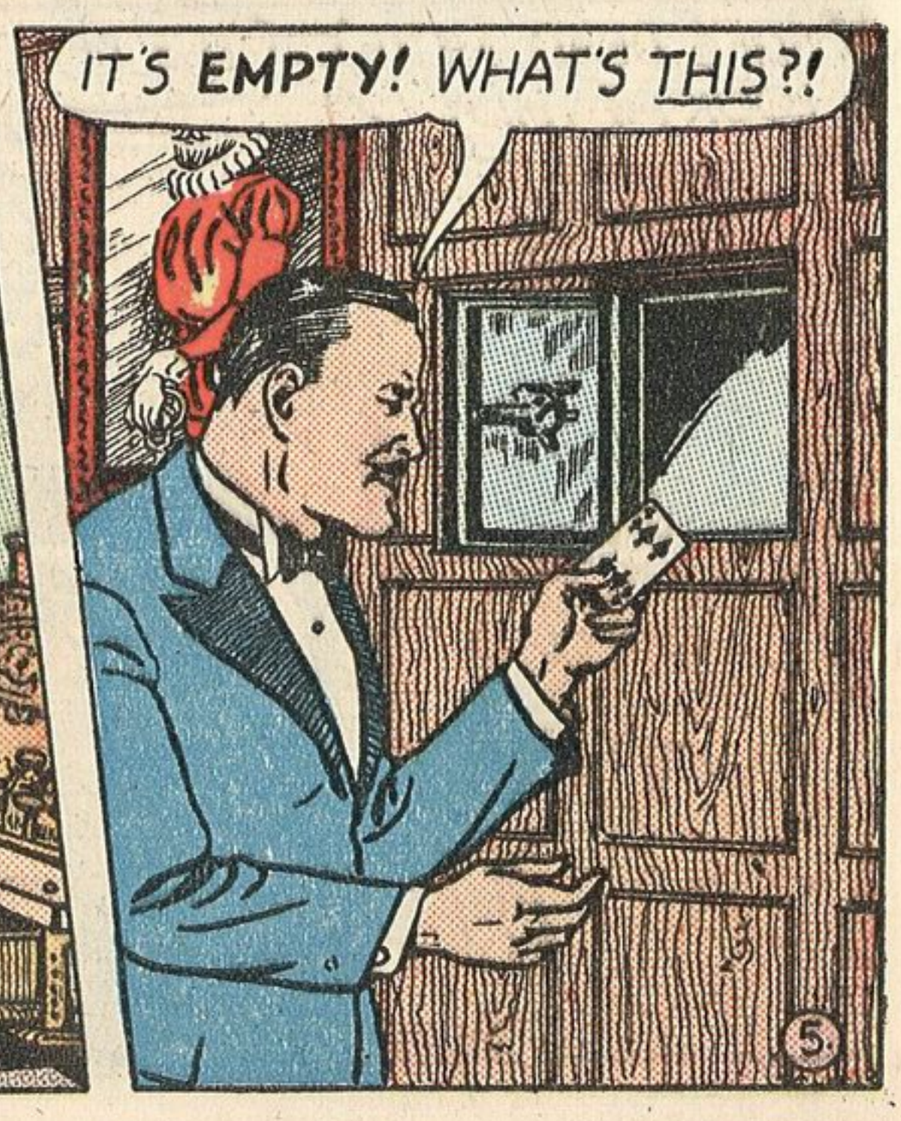
YOUNG KING COLE



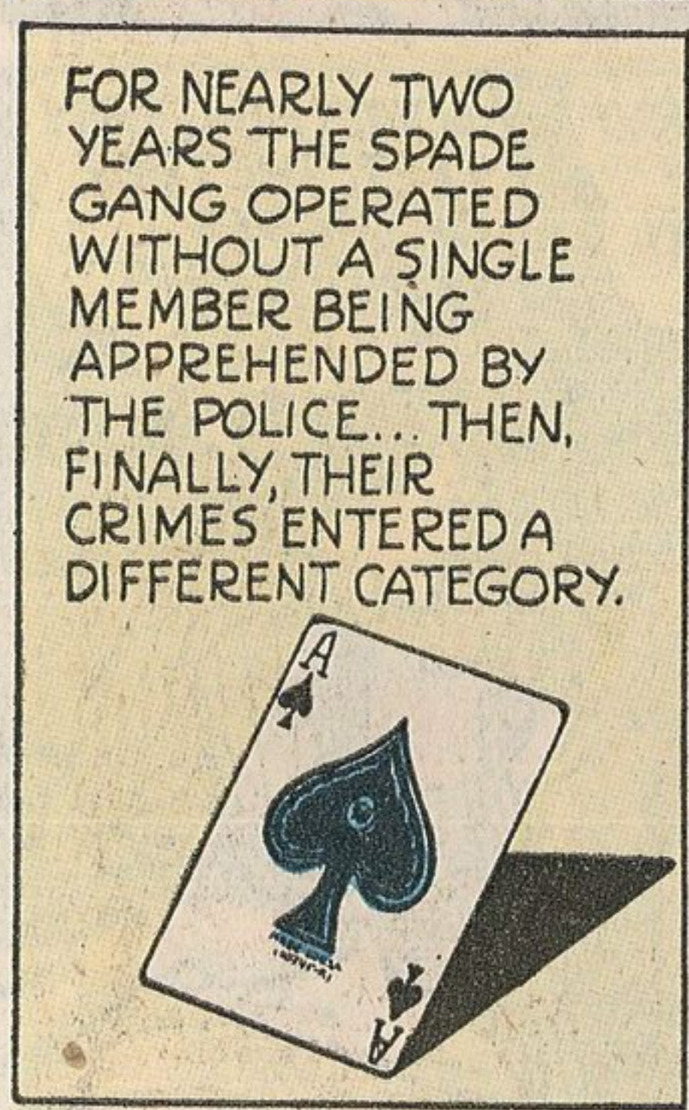
LET US GO BACK TWO YEARS..... AT THIS TIME, KING COLE, JR. HAS JUST ENTERED STATE COLLEGE, AND, IN BIG CITY, THE **SPADE GANG** HAS BEGUN TO OPERATE – AND ADVERTISE ITS OPERATIONS BY LEAVING A CARD OF THE SPADE SUIT AT THE SCENE OF EACH CRIME. THAT IS, ANY CARD BUT THE ACE OF SPADES – CARD OF DEATH!

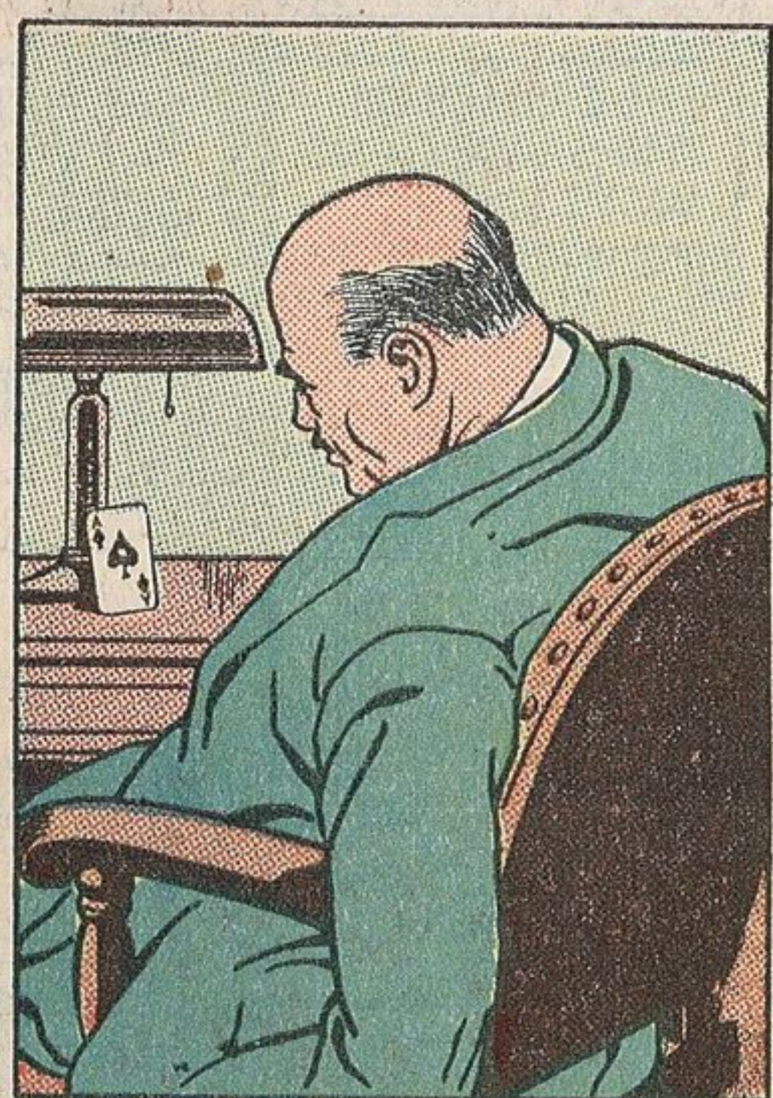


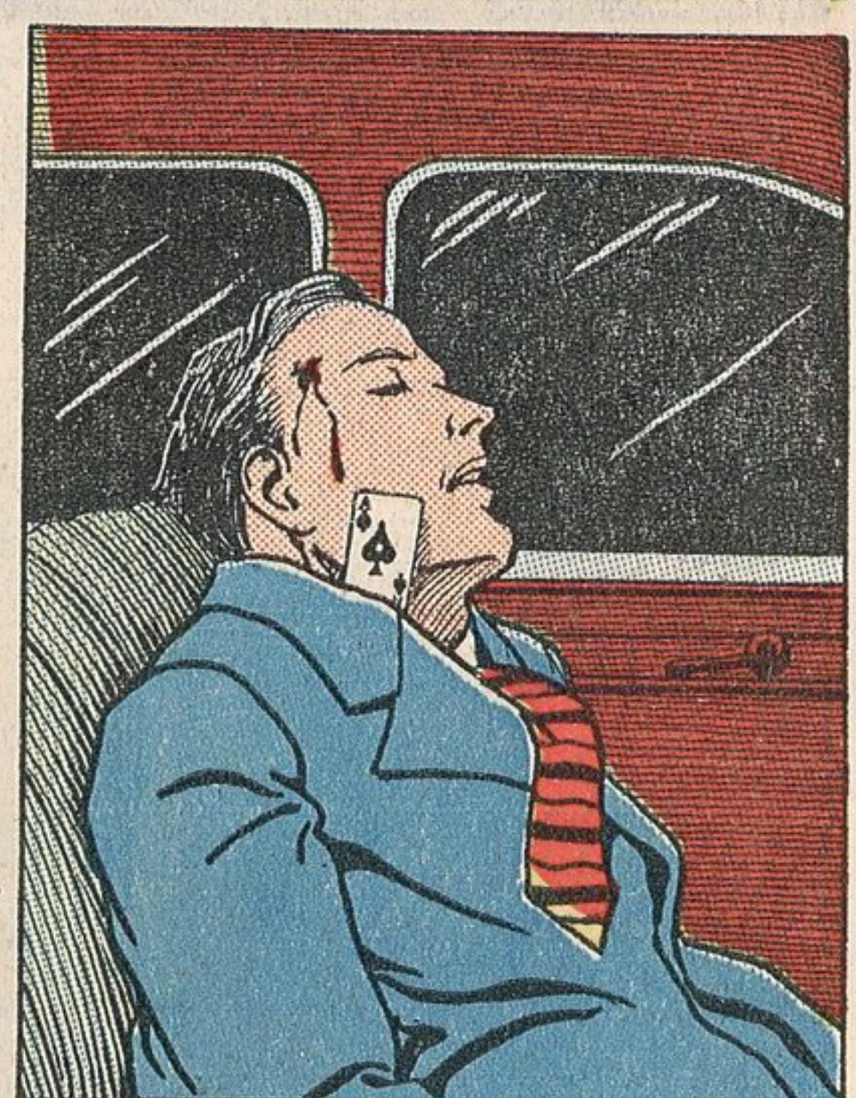


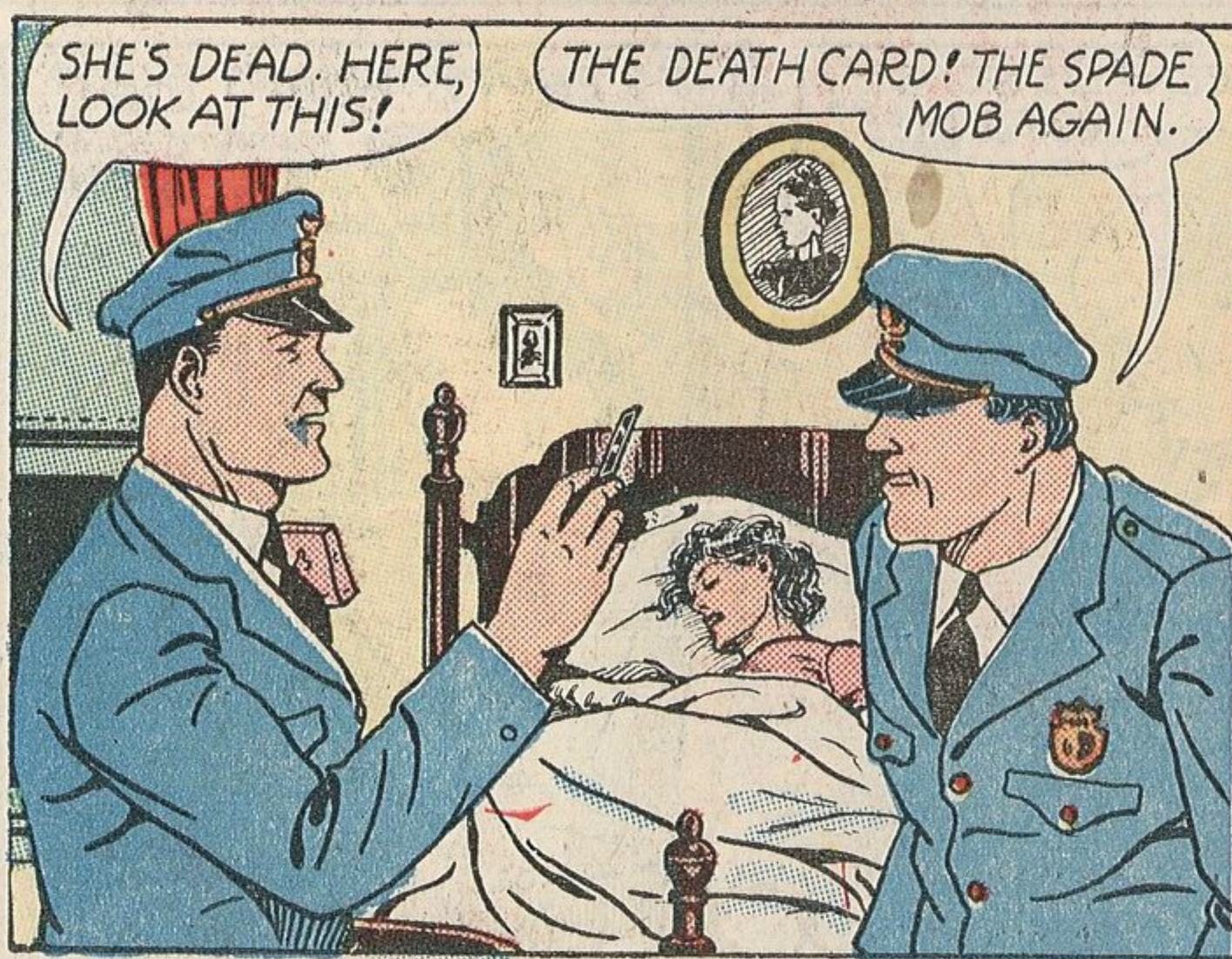


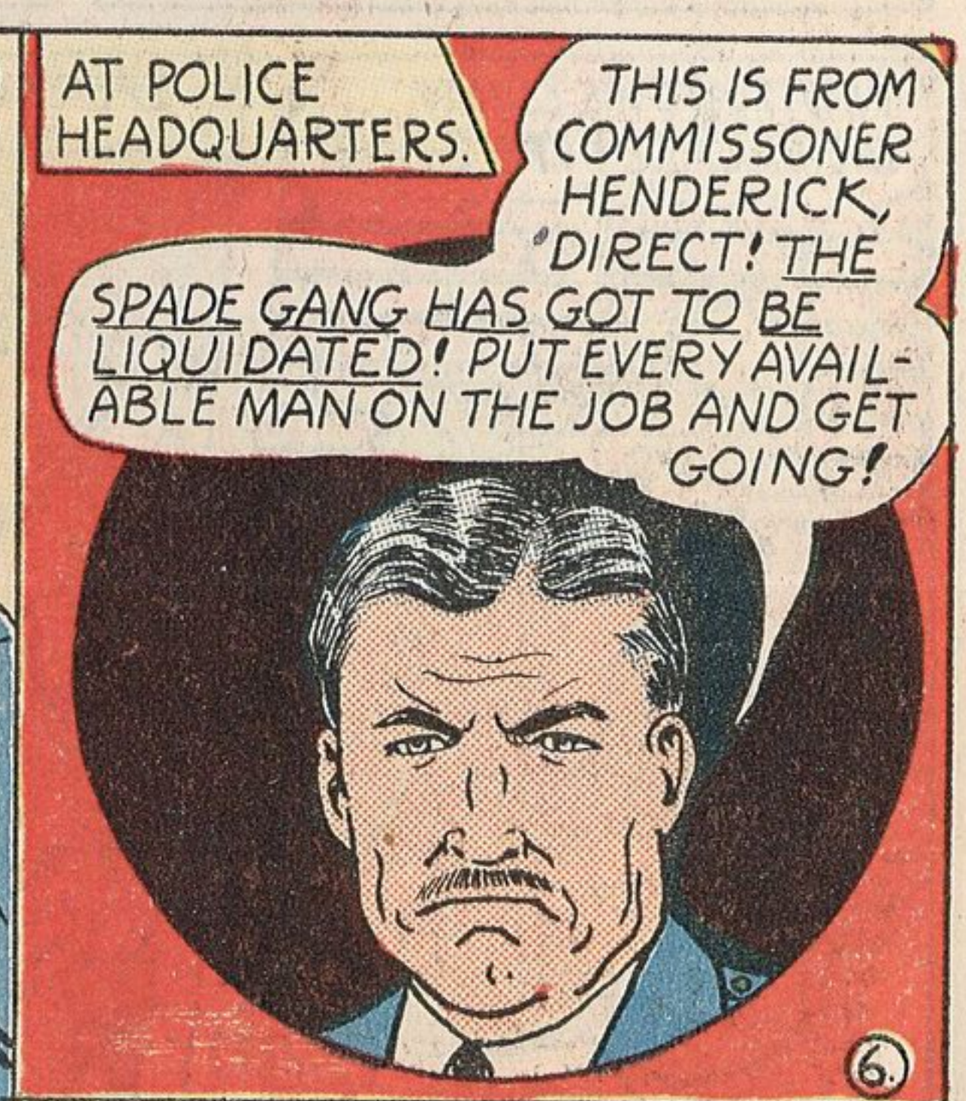
YOUNG KING COLE



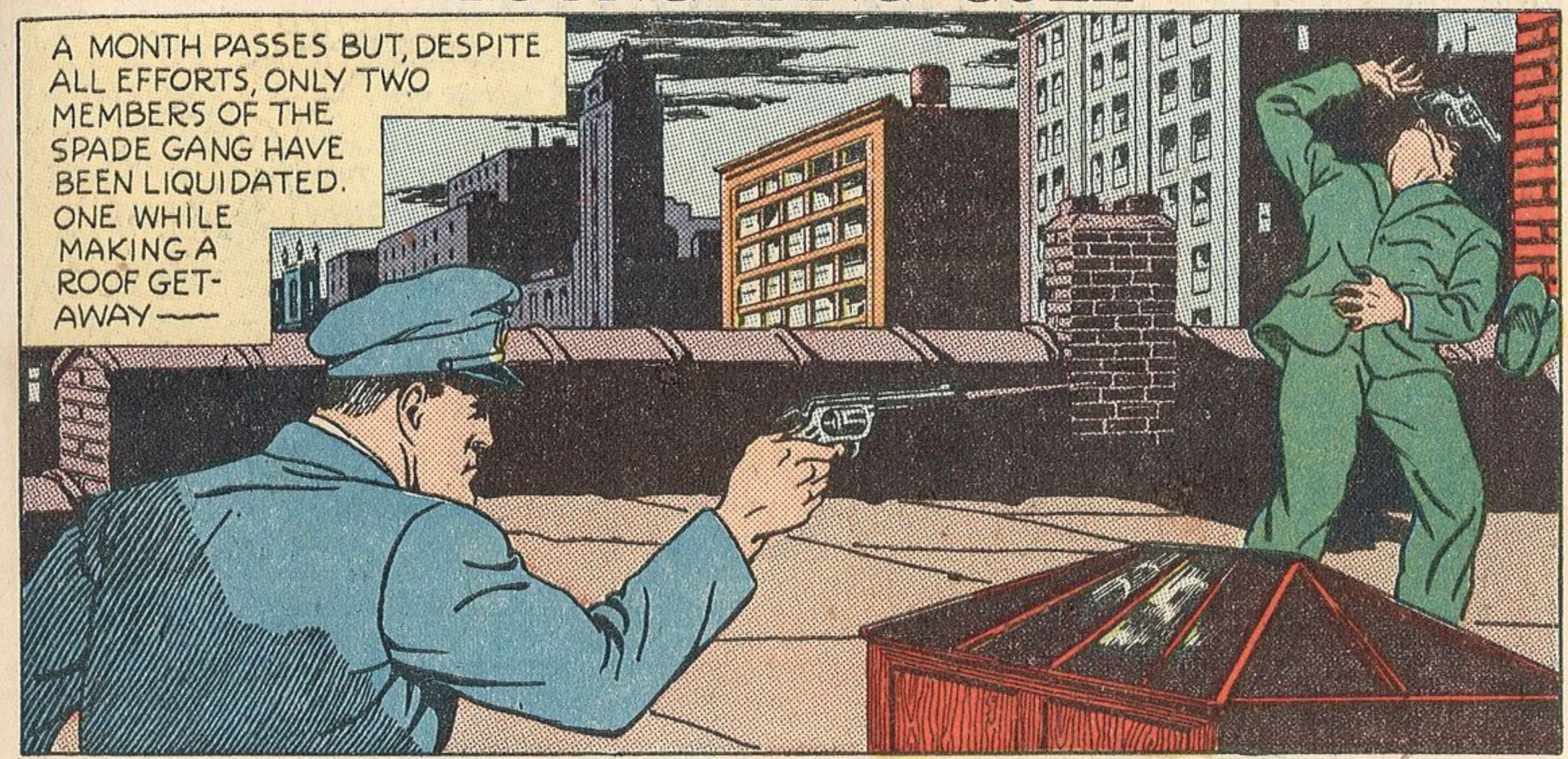


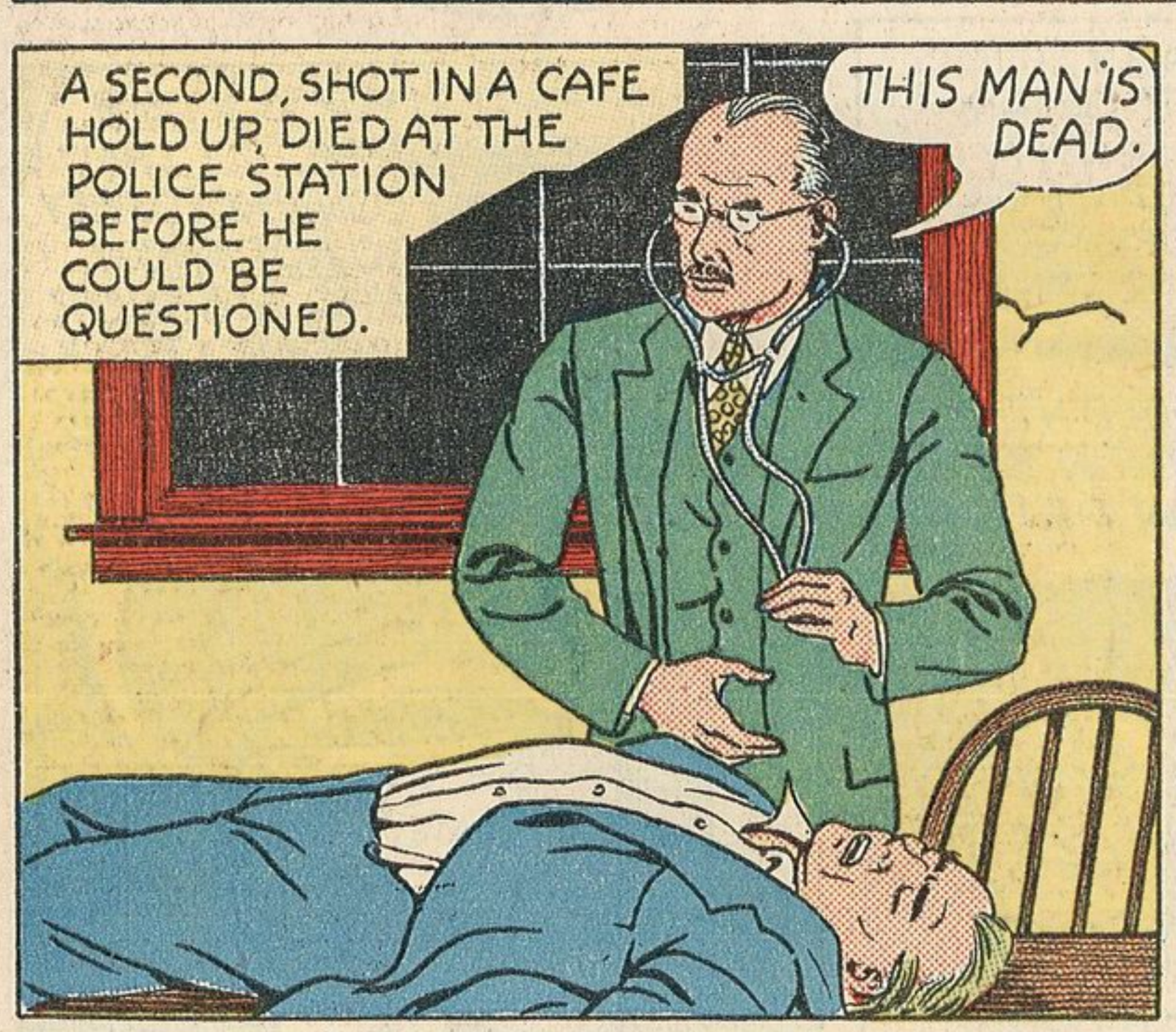


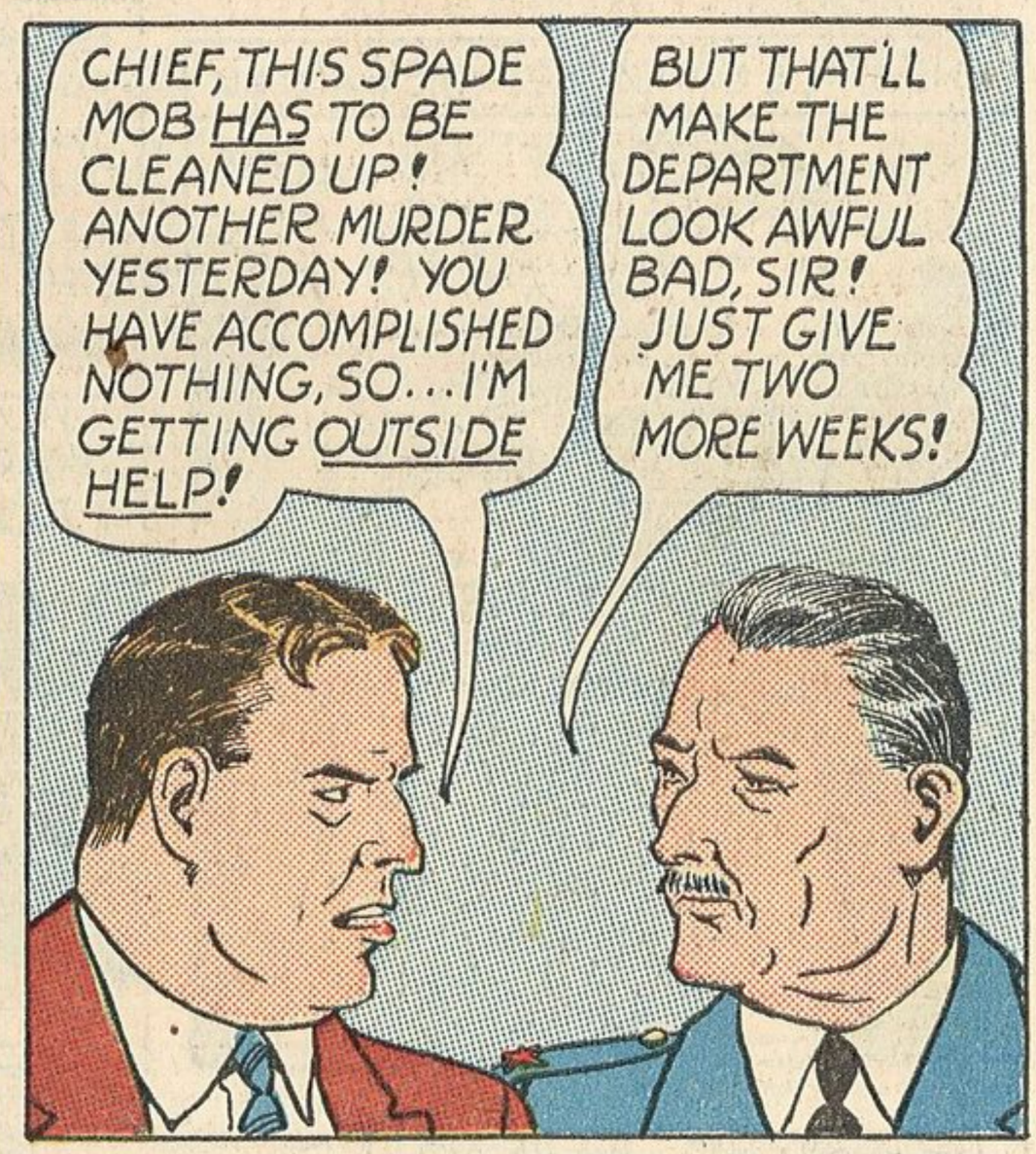


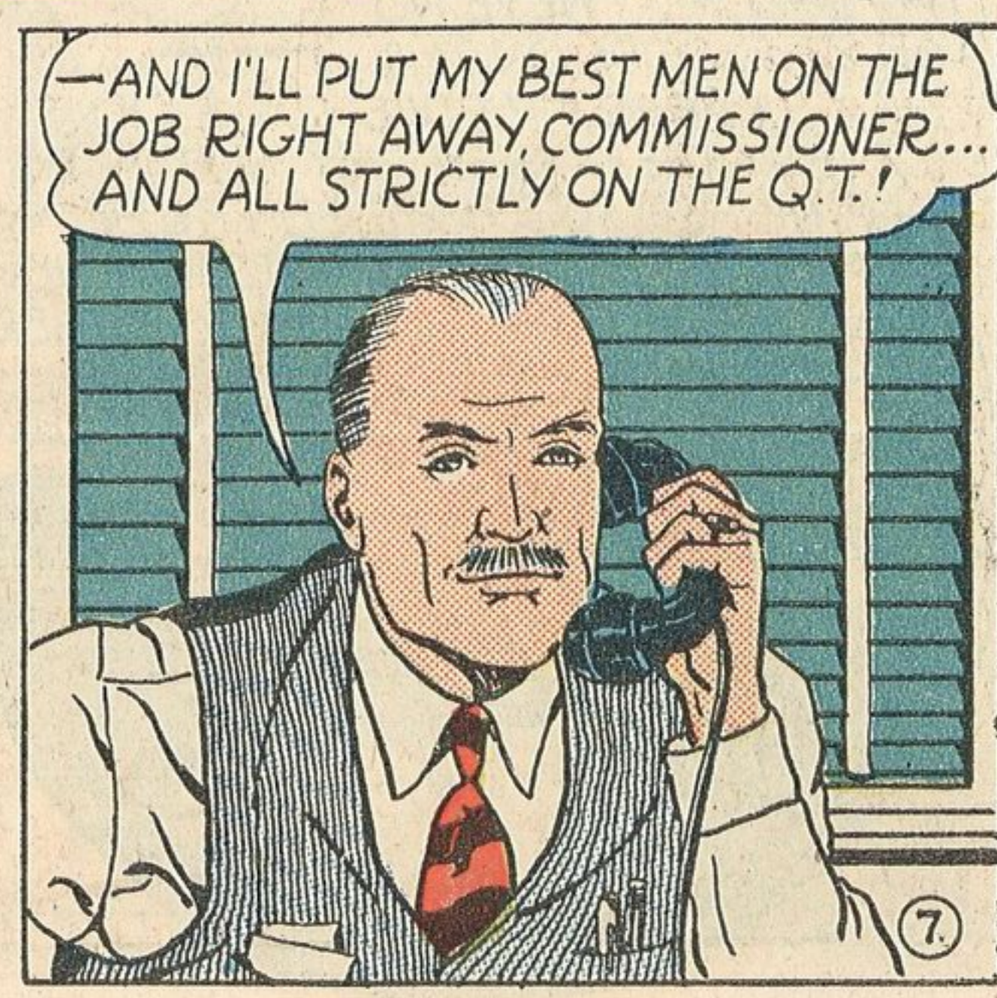


YOUNG KING COLE

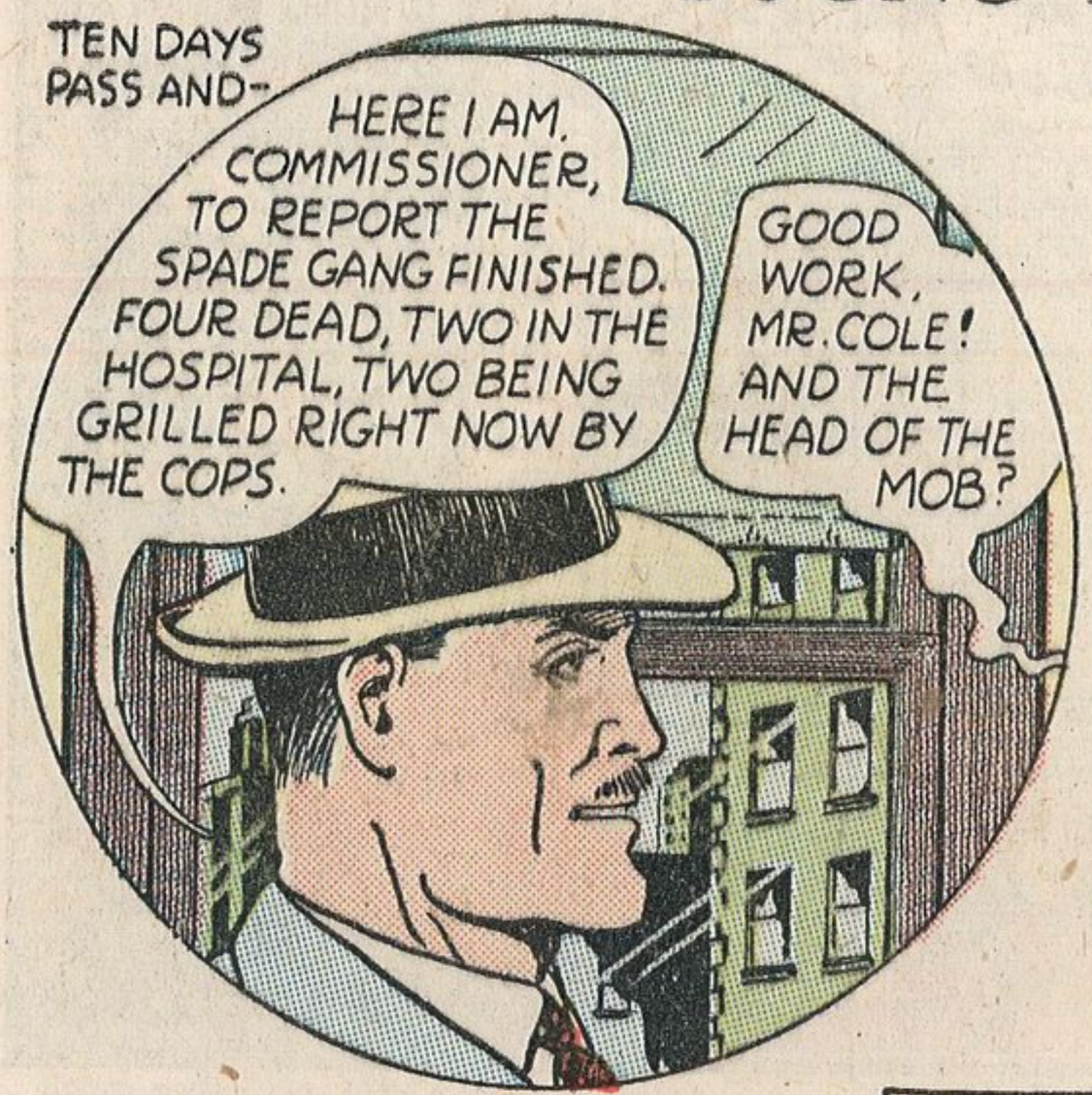


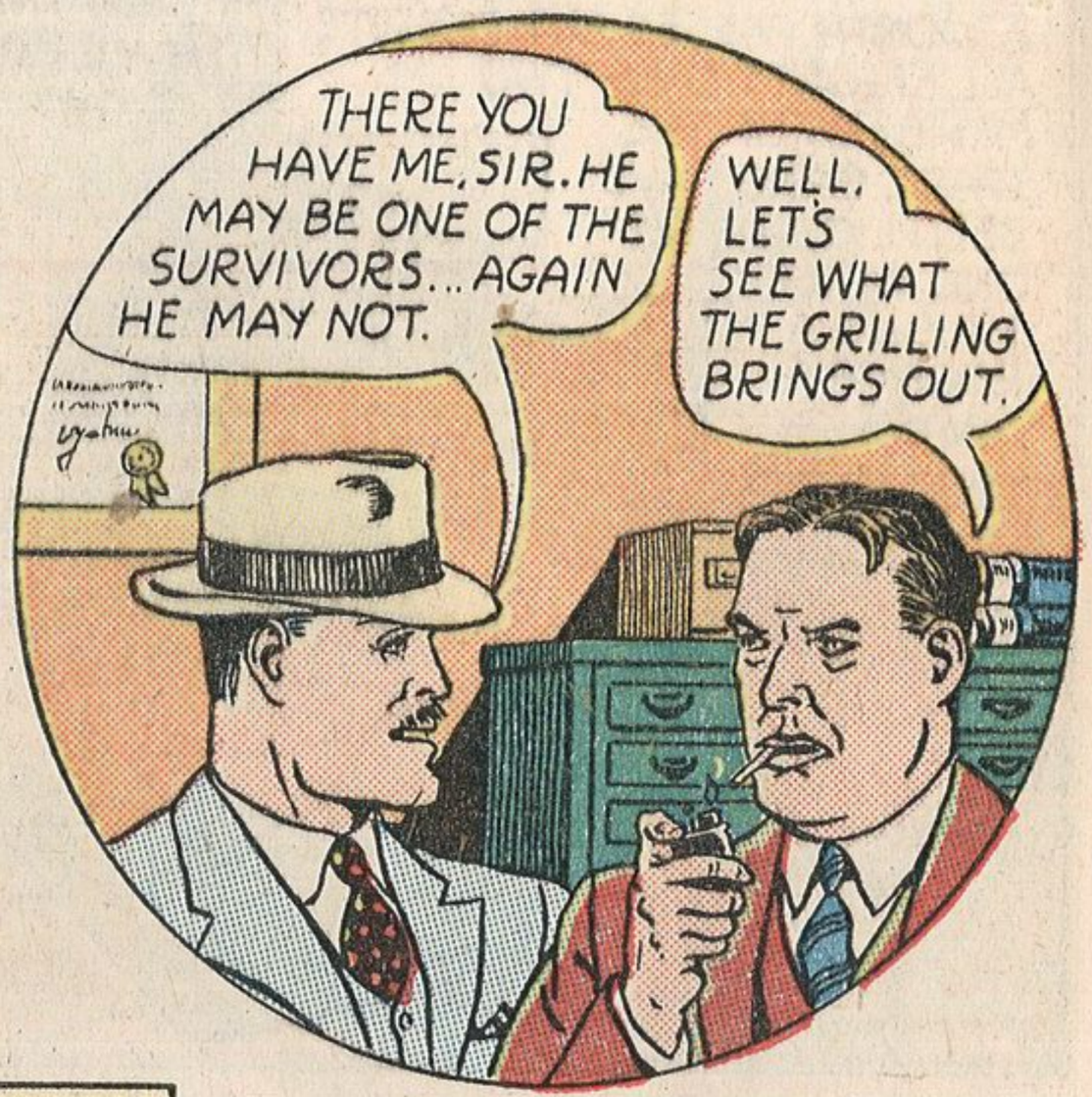


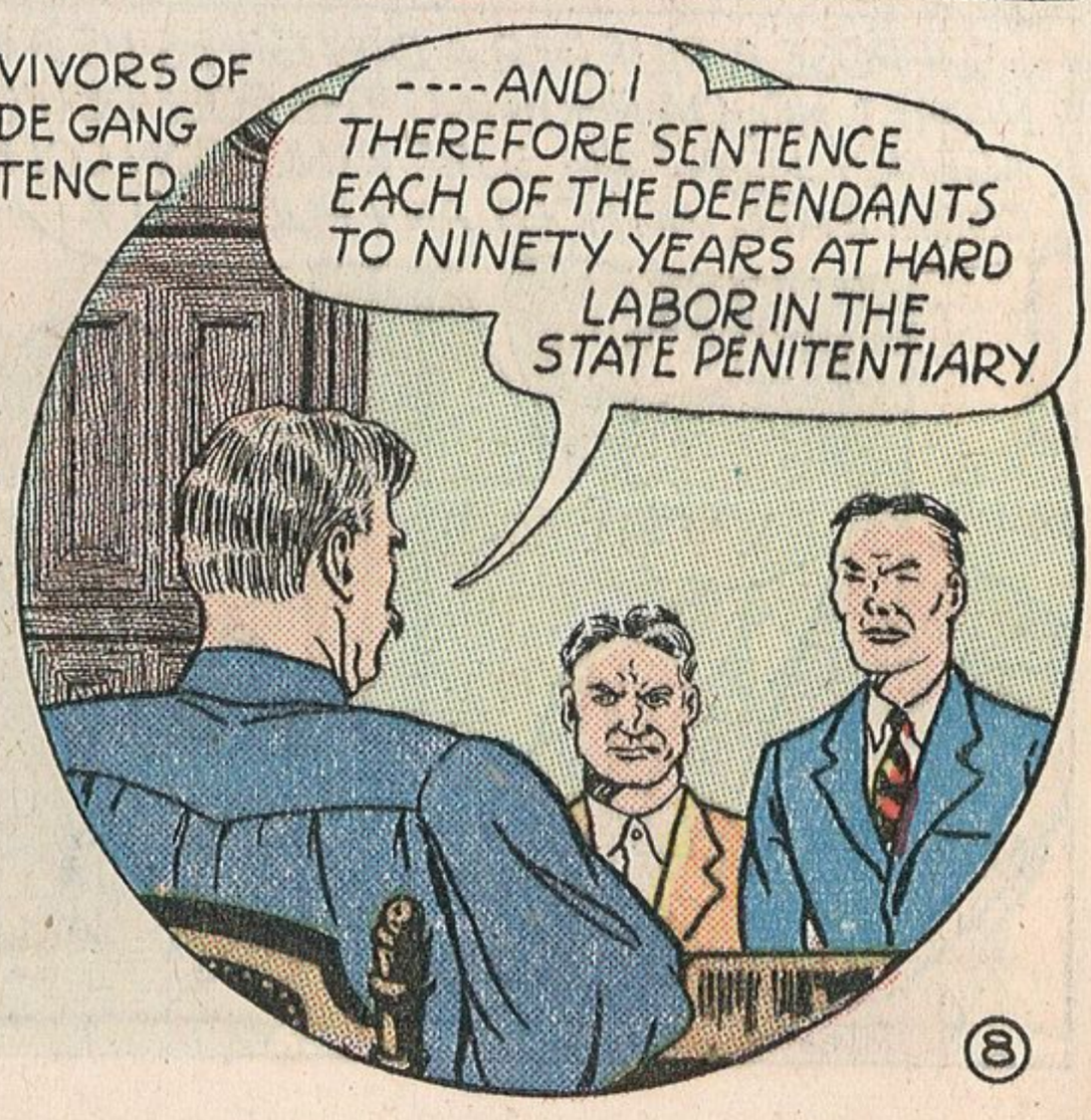




YOUNG KING COLE

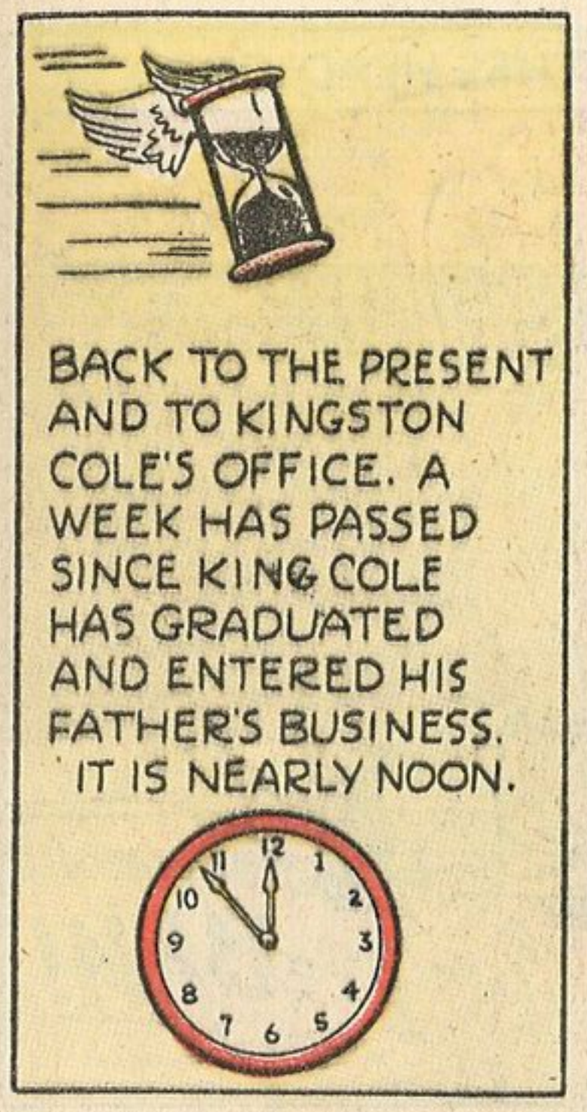


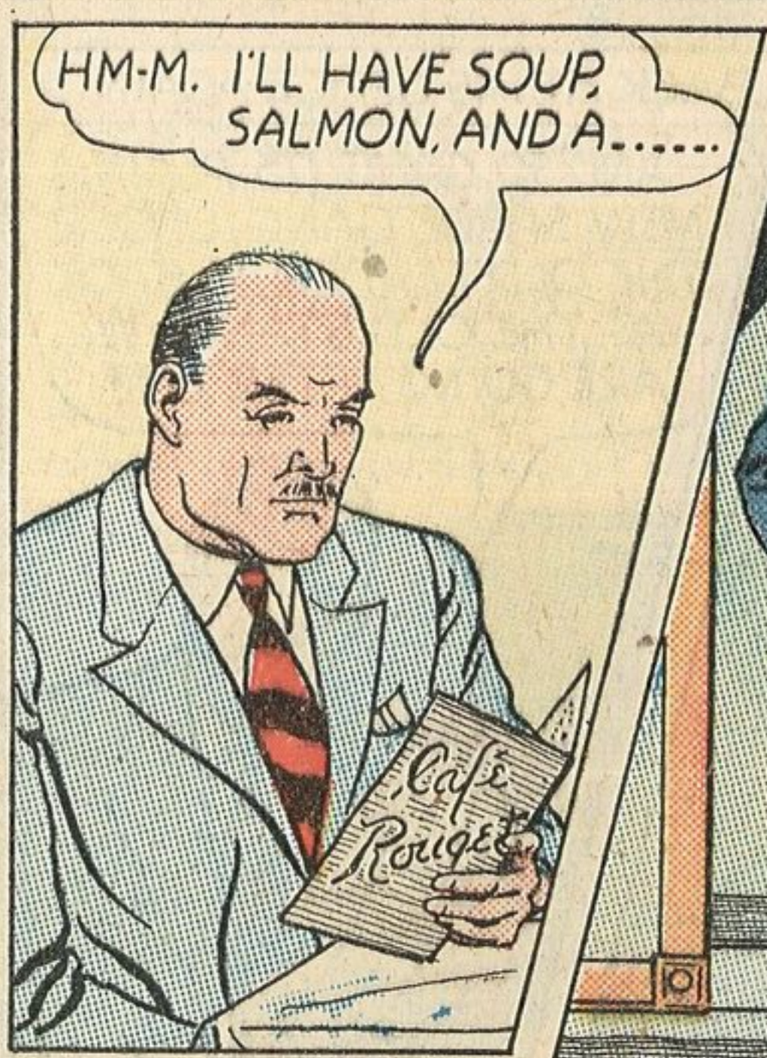


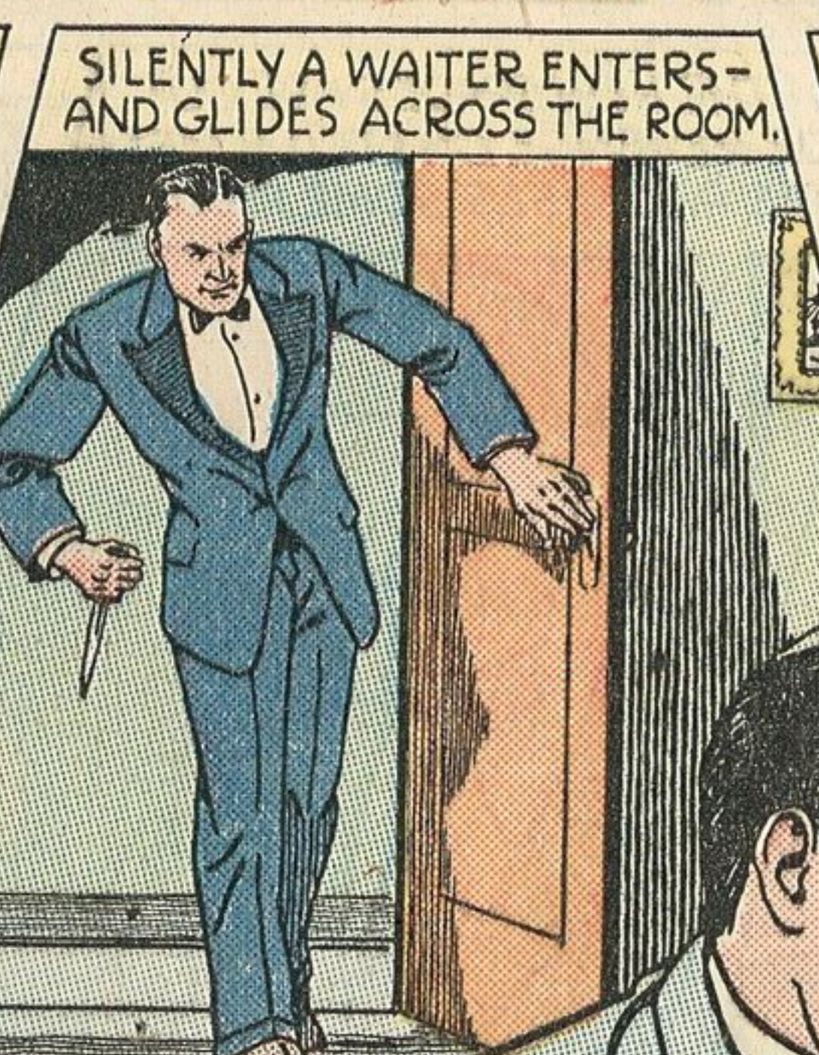


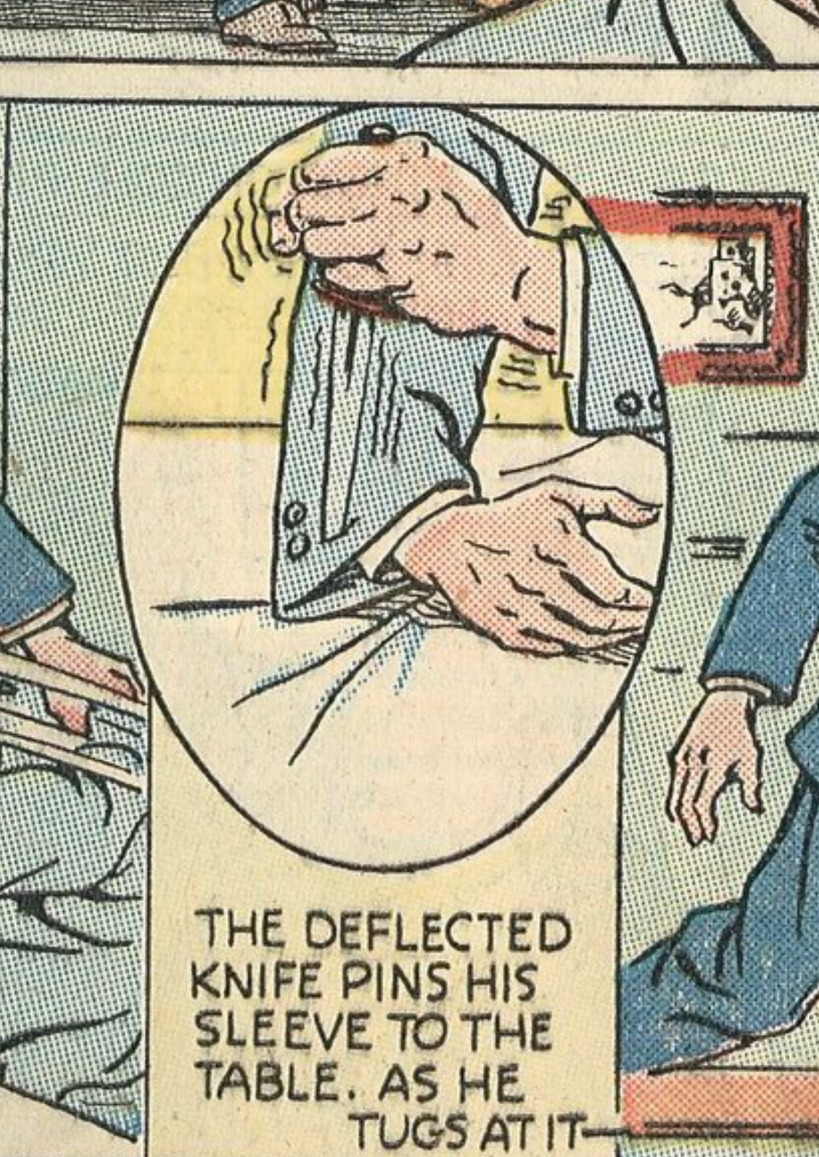
TRADE THIS AT
MILES' 2nd HAND STORE
503 - 507 BRADY ST. - DAVENPORT, IOWA

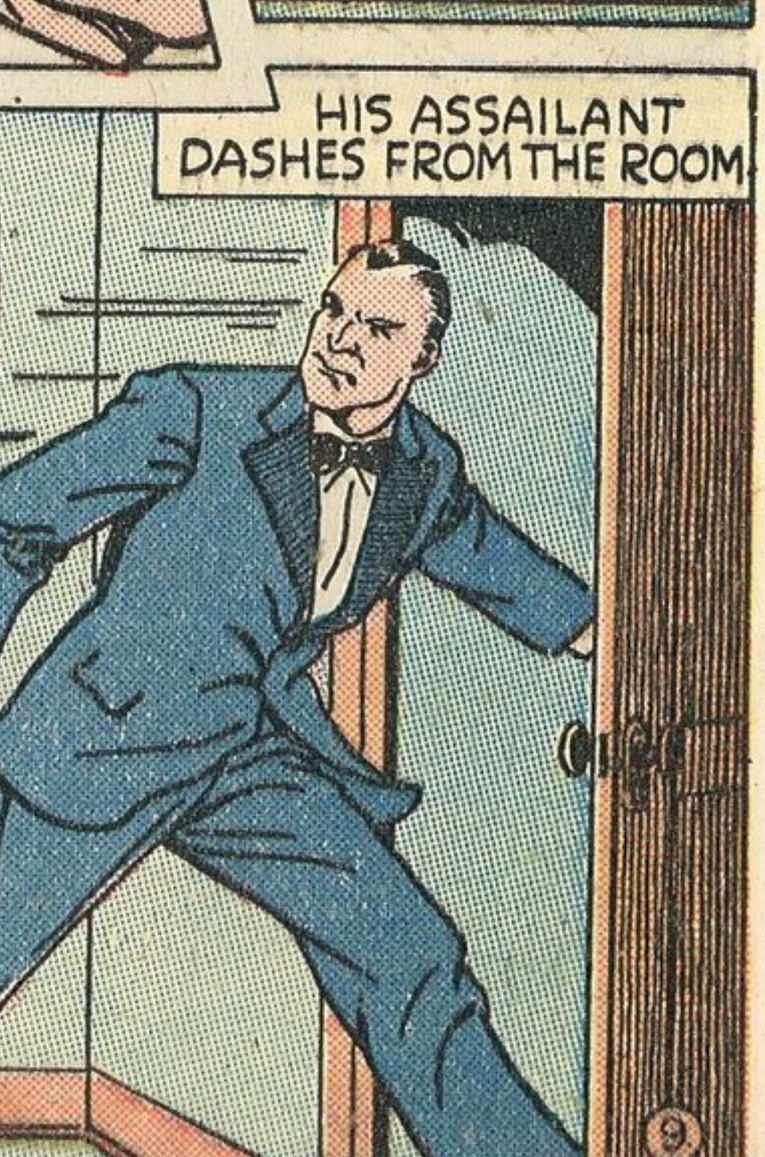
YOUNG KING COLE



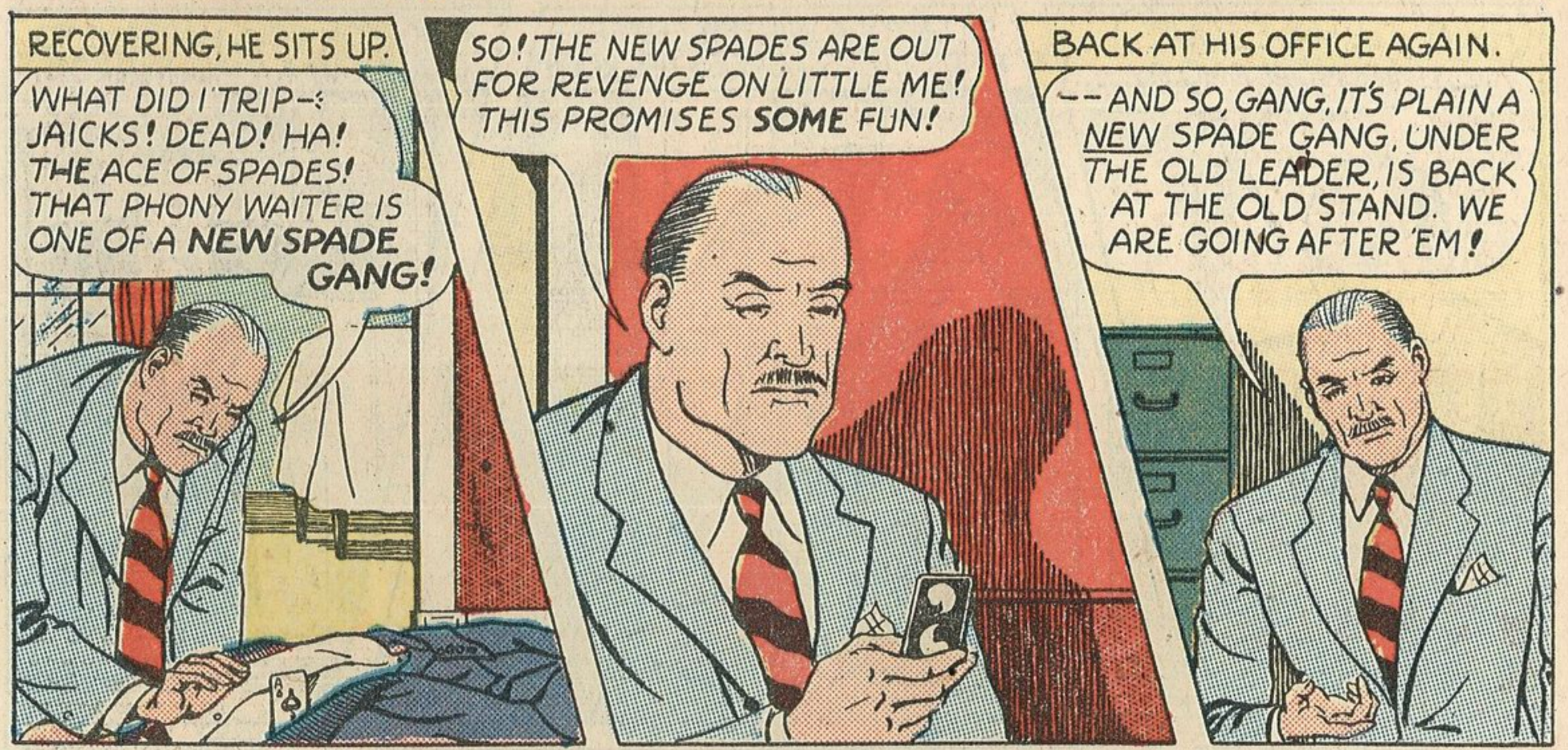




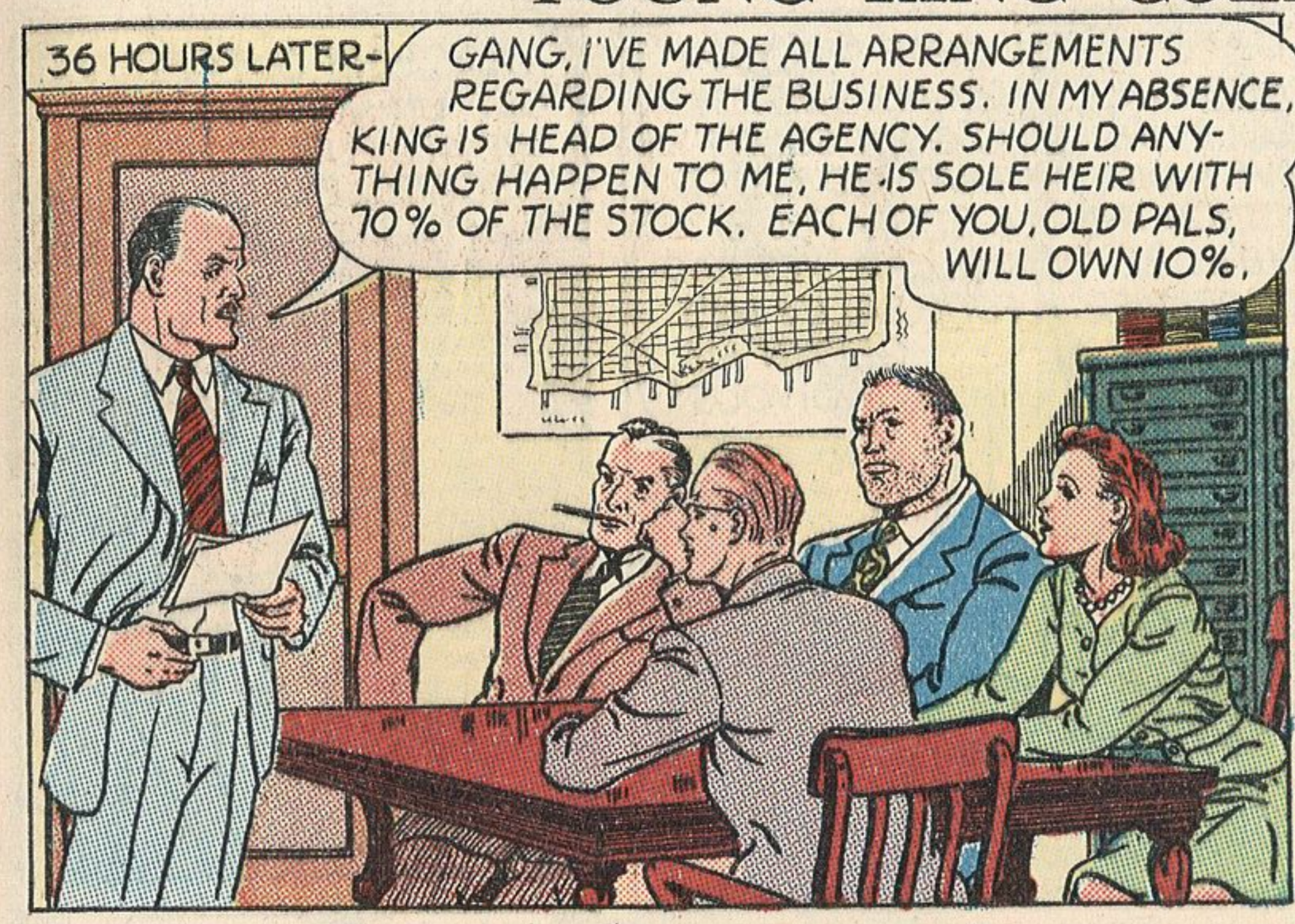


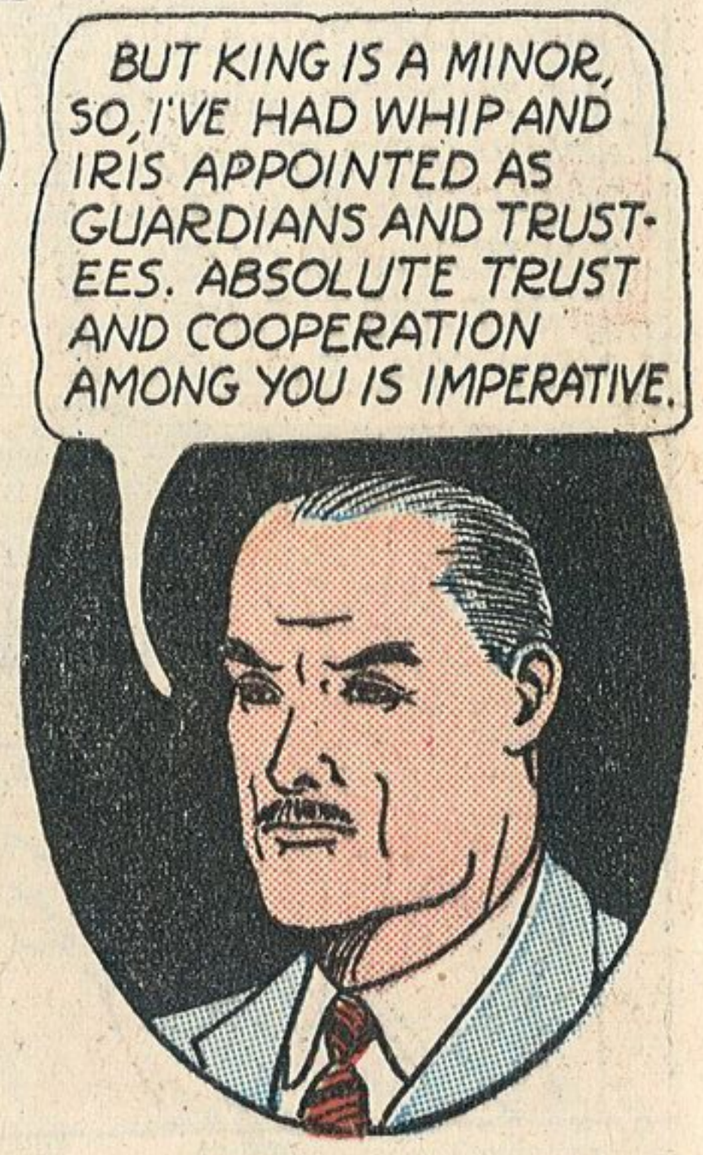


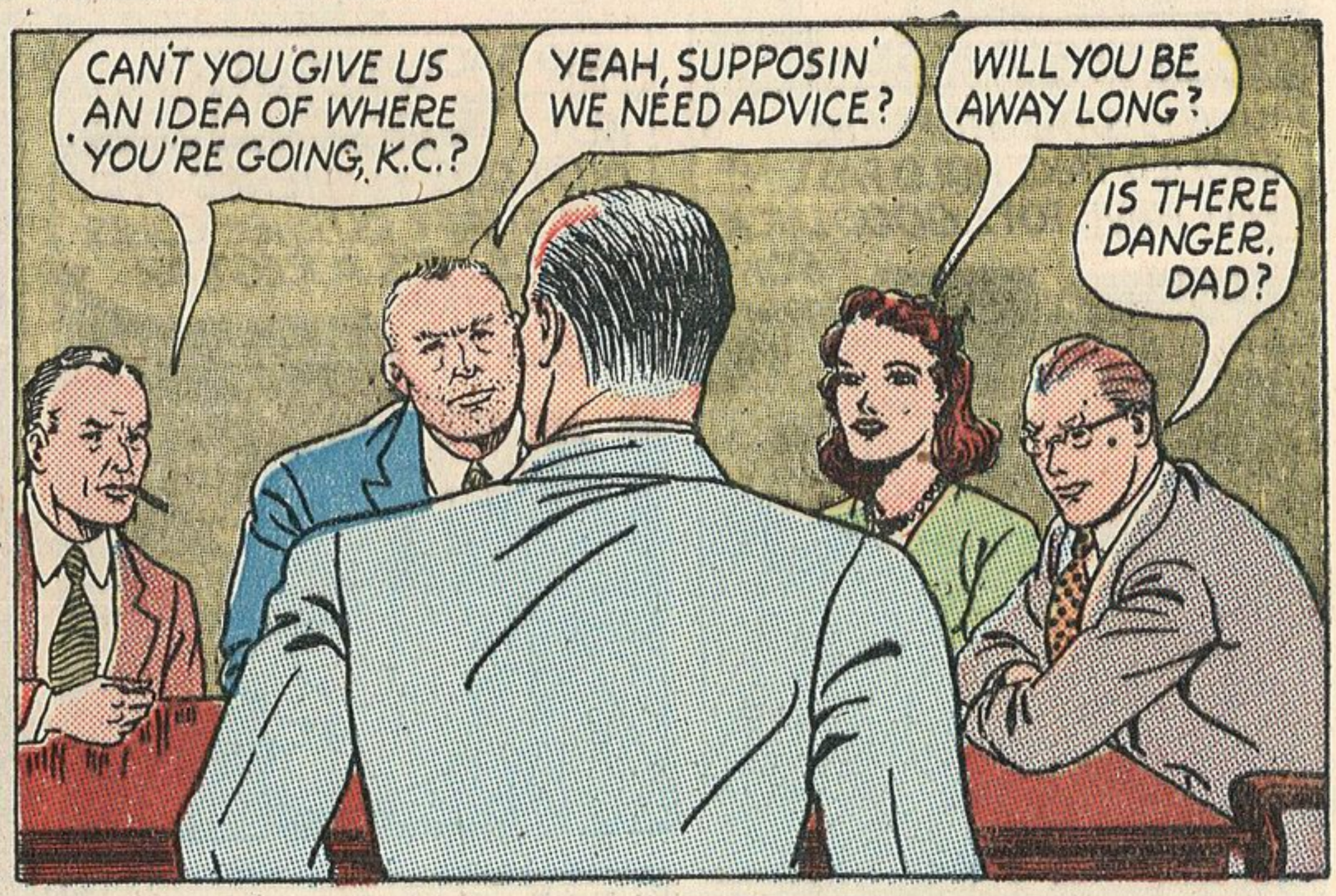
YOUNG KING COLE



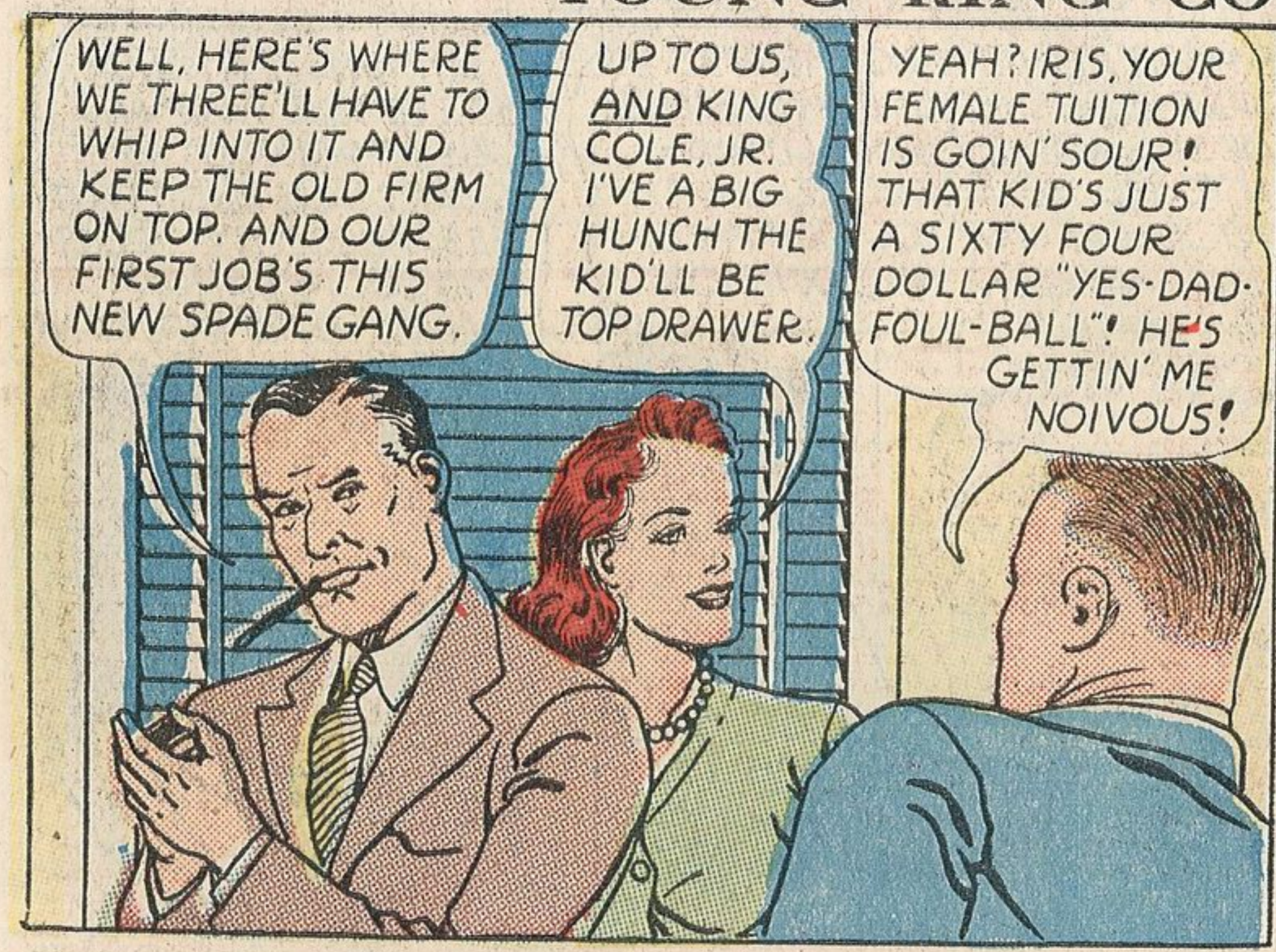
YOUNG KING COLE

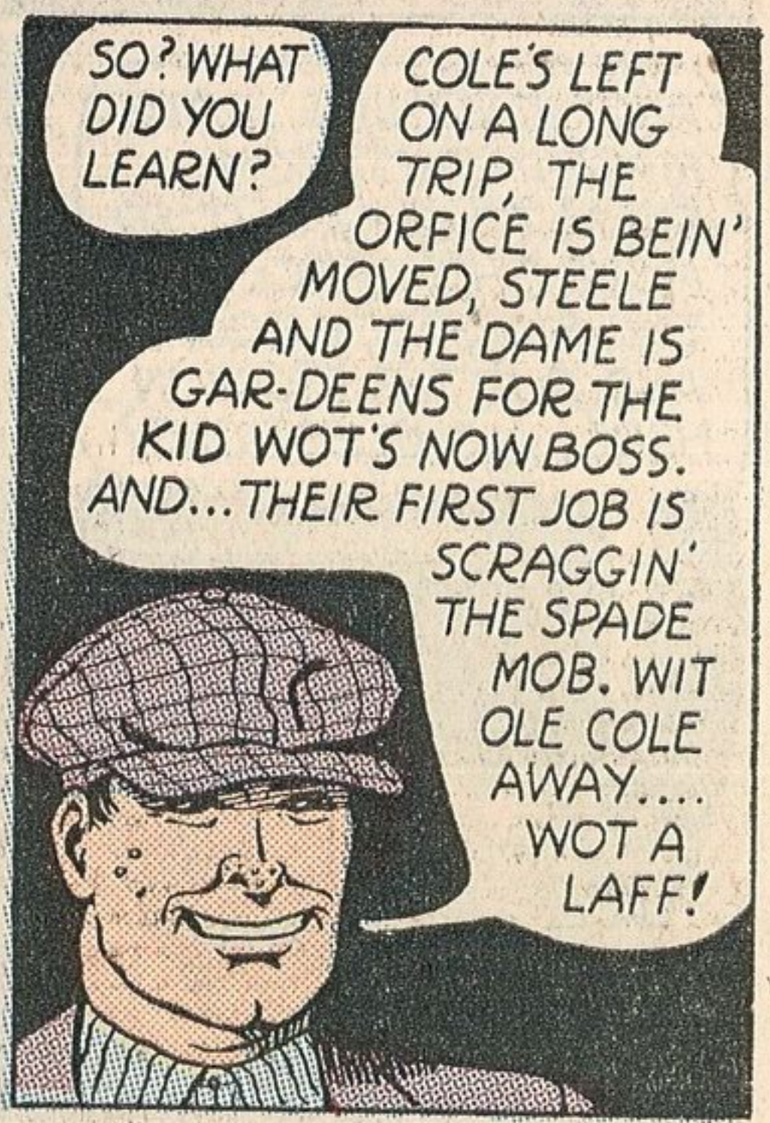


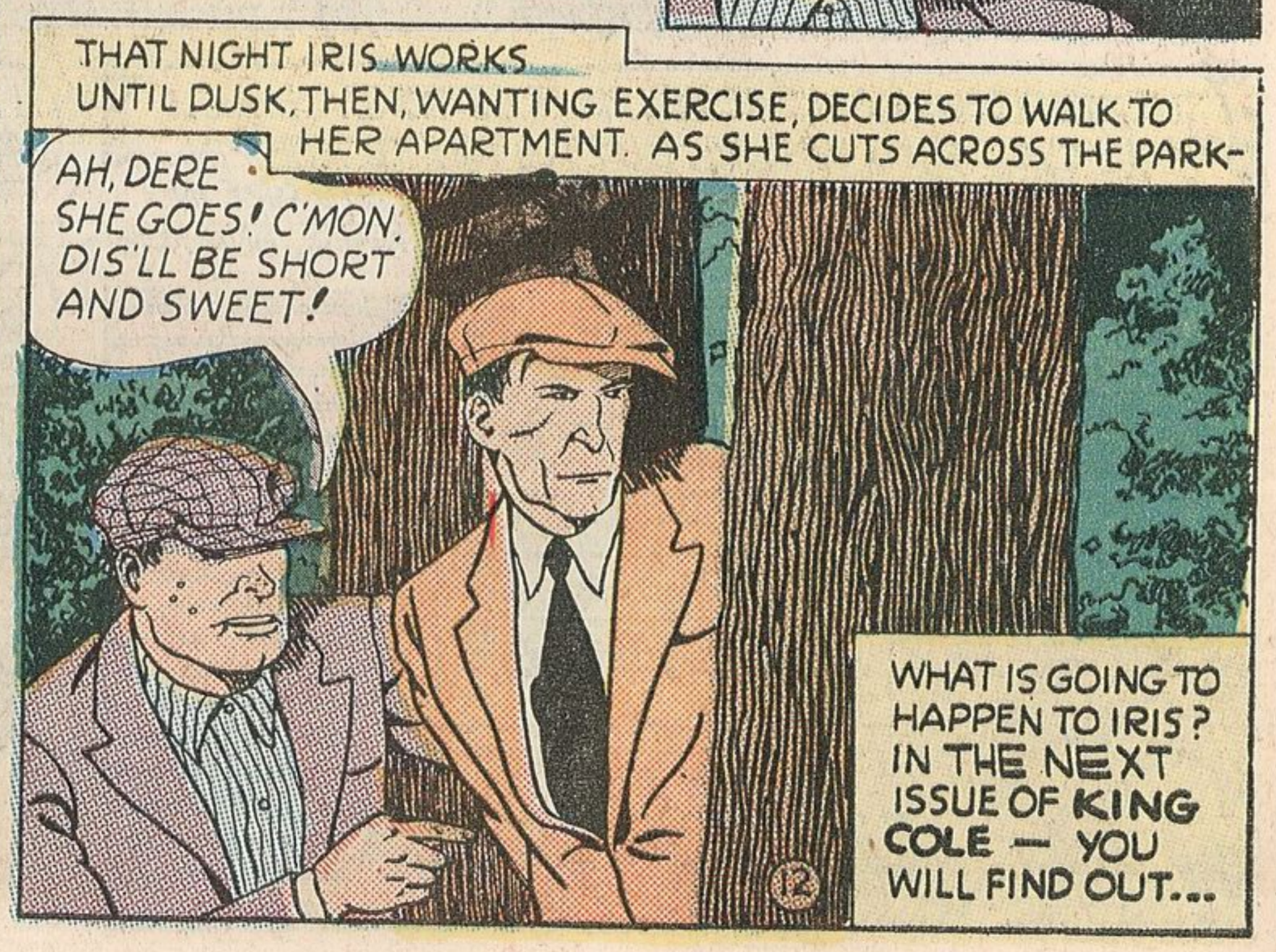




YOUNG KING COLE







TONI GAYLE

MEET TONI GAYLE, A GLAMOUROUS, BEAUTIFUL MODEL, CAST BY TRAGEDY INTO THE ROLE OF CRIME BATTLER! WHEREVER CRIMINALS STRIKE, LOOK FOR TONI, ARMED WITH SHARP WITS AND A PLUCKY HEART, SHE'S A MATCH FOR THE TOUGHEST KILLERS OF THE UNDERWORLD!

STRIKING VICIOUSLY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT AT THE CITY BLUE BLOODS, IS A SINISTER FIGURE, KNOWN ONLY AS **THE APE!**

WASN'T THE OPERA THRILLING TONIGHT, HADLEY?

YES, DEAR. SAY, WHO'S THAT CHAP STARING AT US?

FORK OVER THEM JEWELS—AND THE CASH, TOO, MAC!

MY GOOD MAN! I'M NOT IN THE HABIT OF GIVING AWAY MY JEWELS! HADLEY, **DO SOMETHING!**

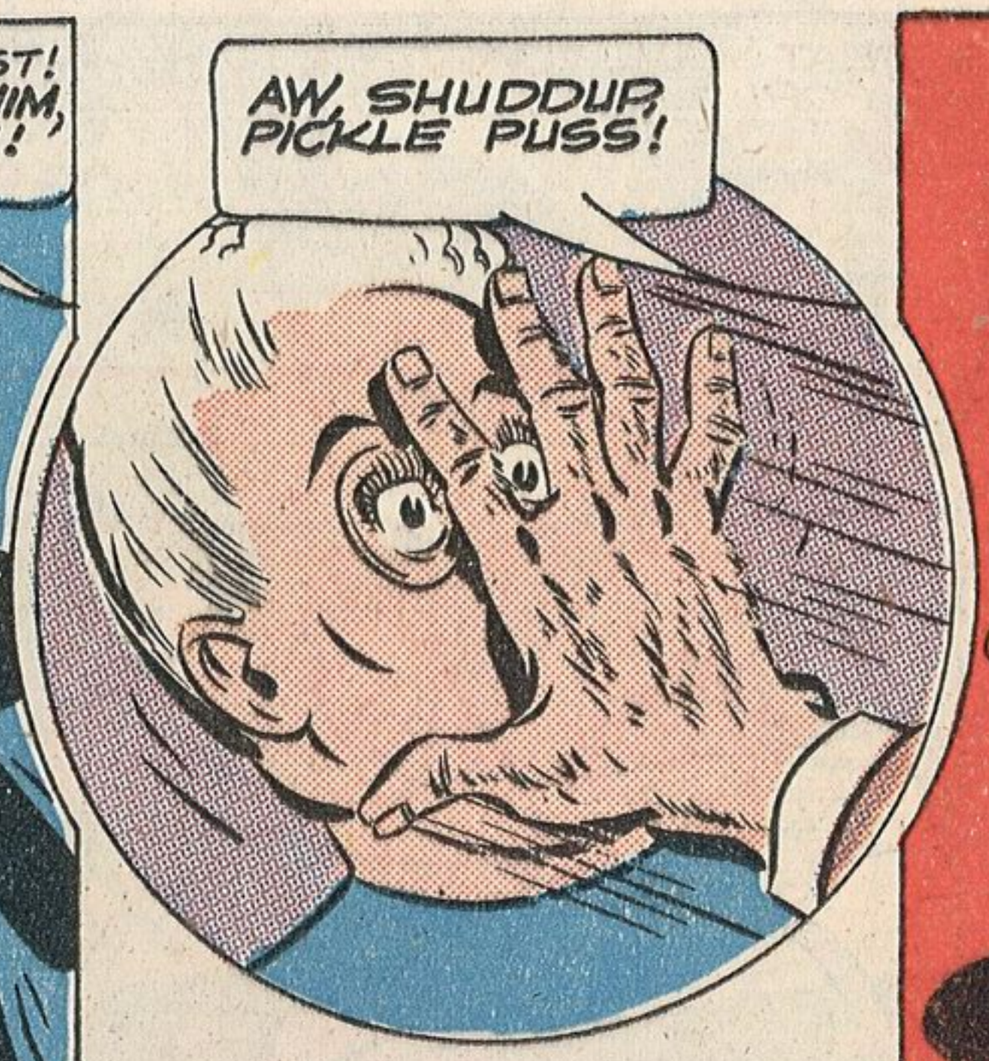
UH—WE BETTER DO AS THE GENTLEMAN SAYS, DEAR.

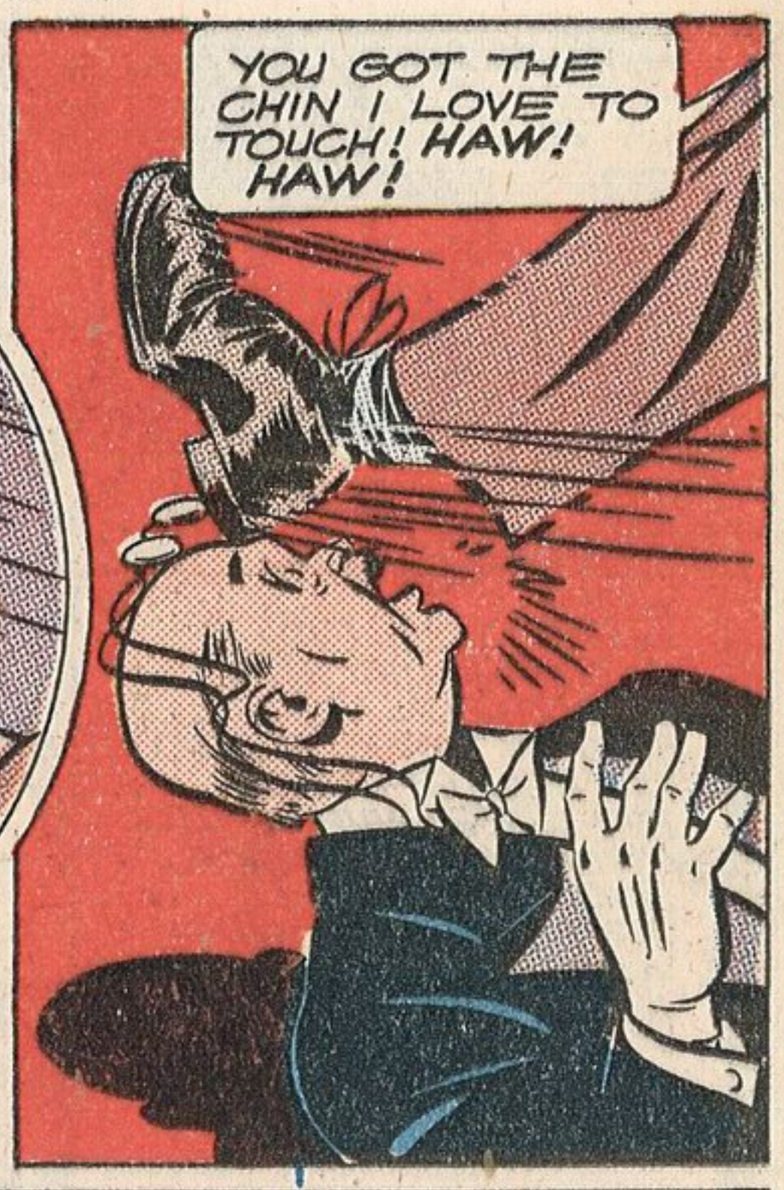
THE MAYOR WILL HEAR ABOUT THIS!

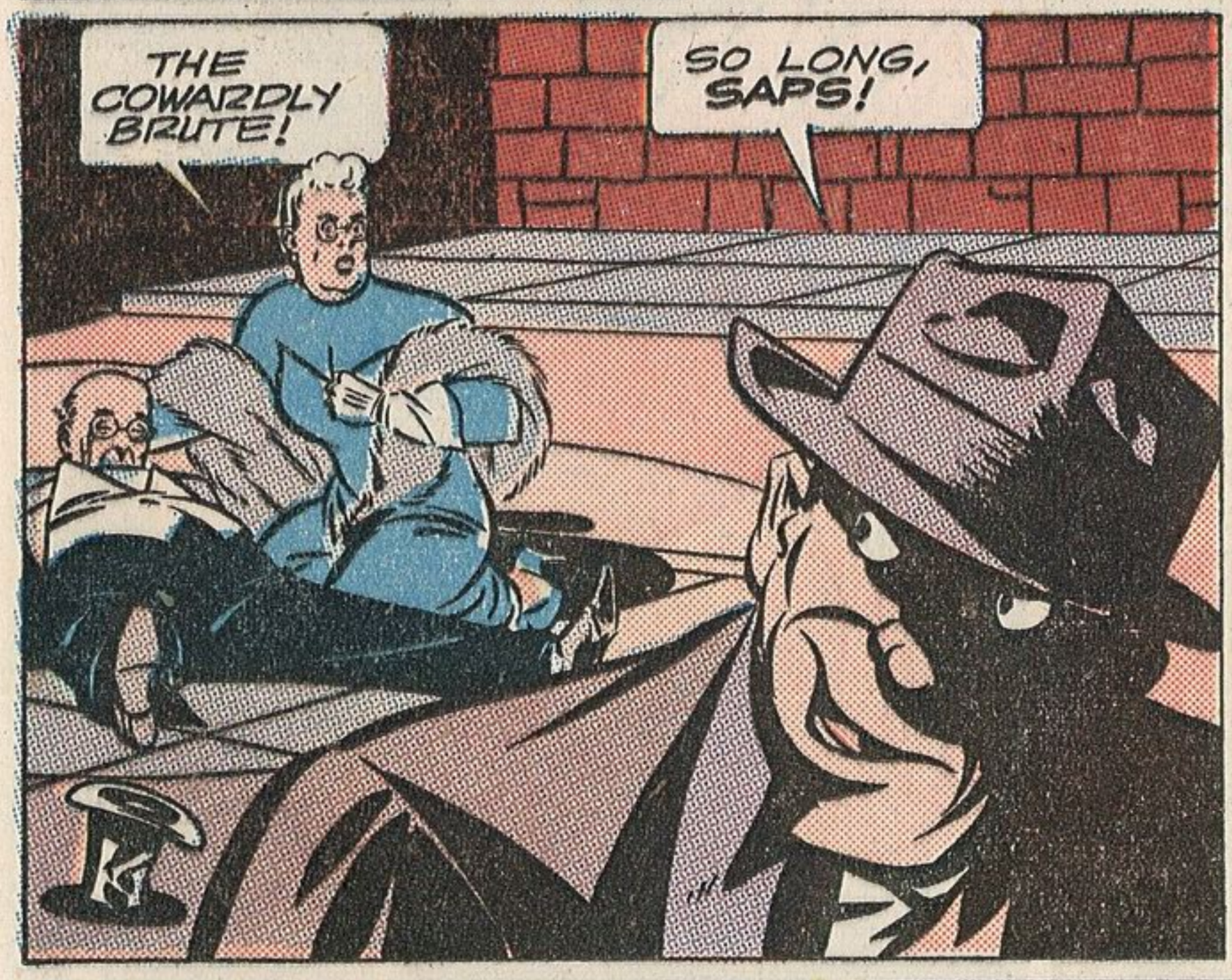
YOU HAVE WHAT YOU WANT. NOW LEAVE US ALONE.

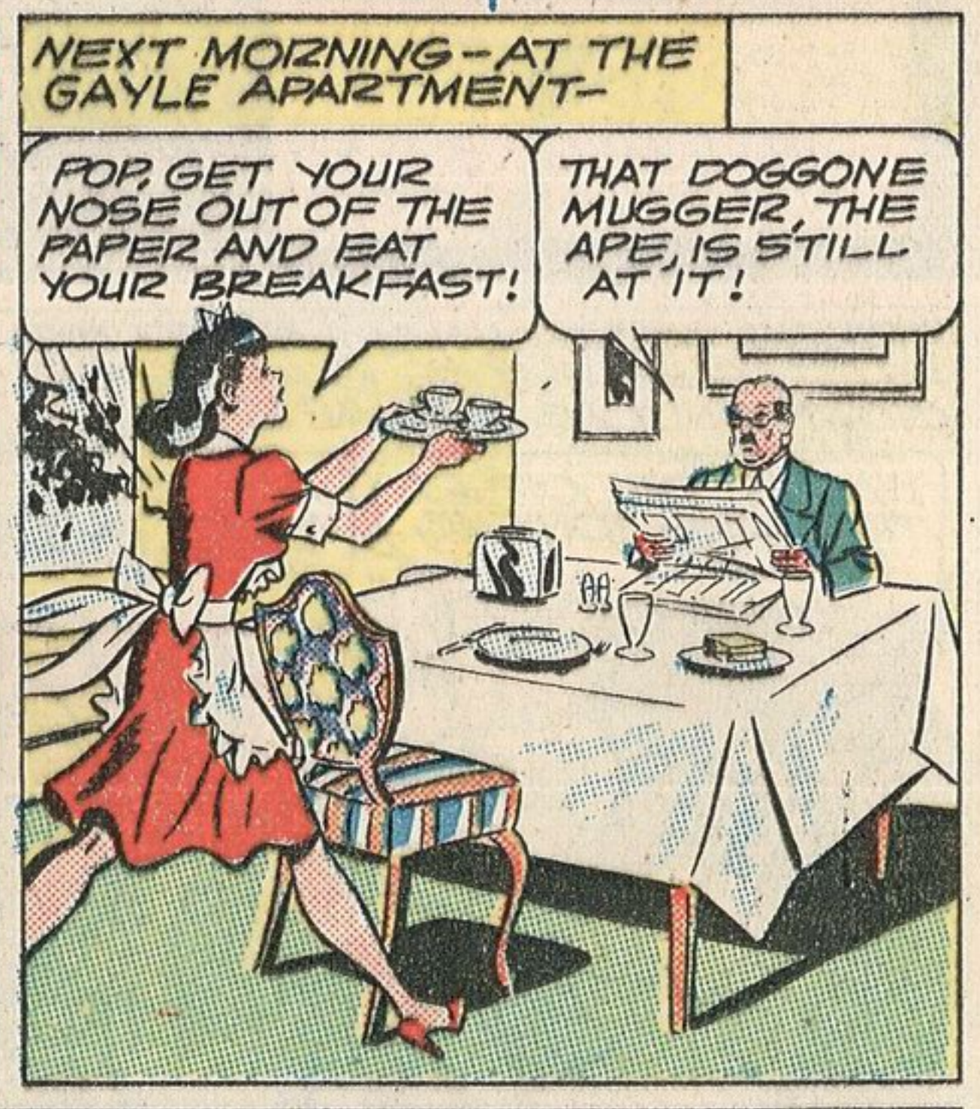
THANKS FOR THE OFFERINGS, CHUMPS!

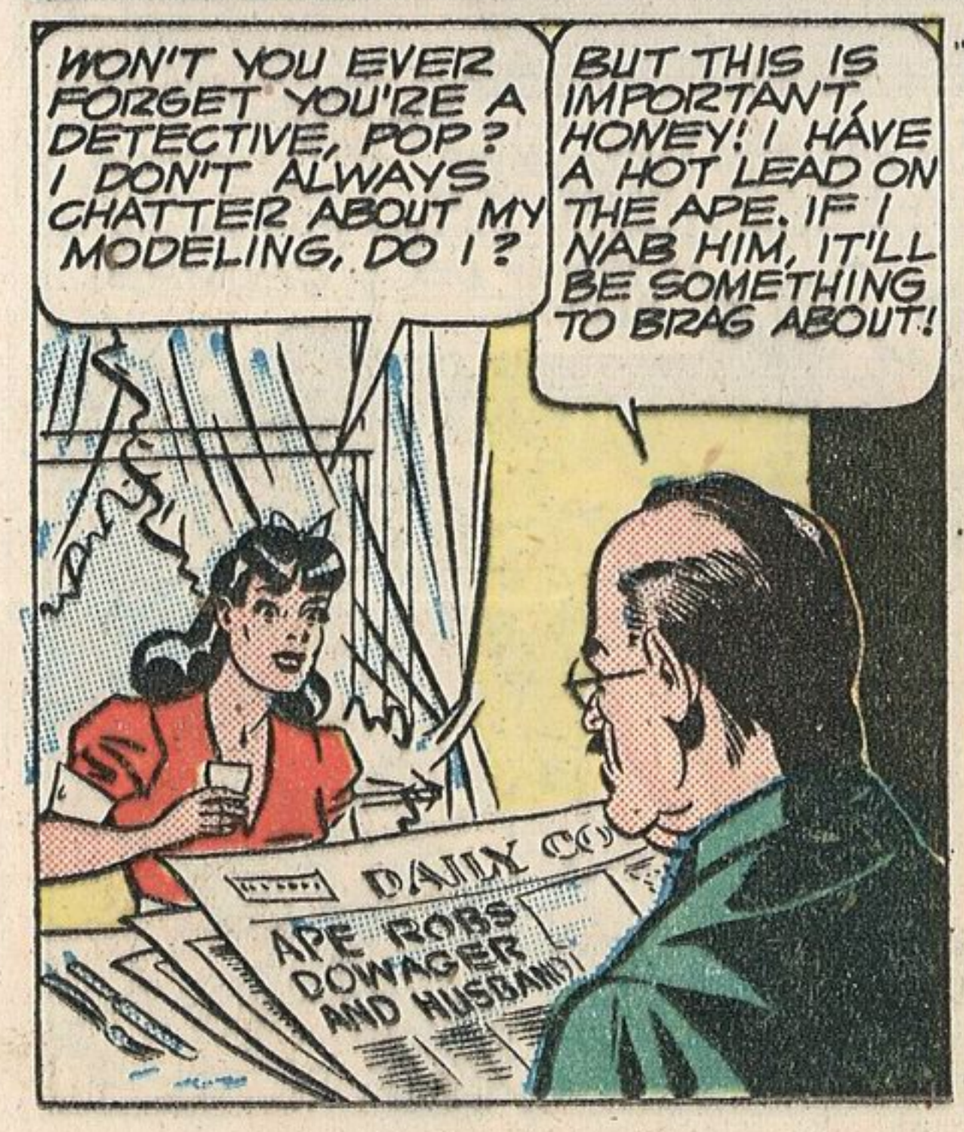
YOUNG KING COLE

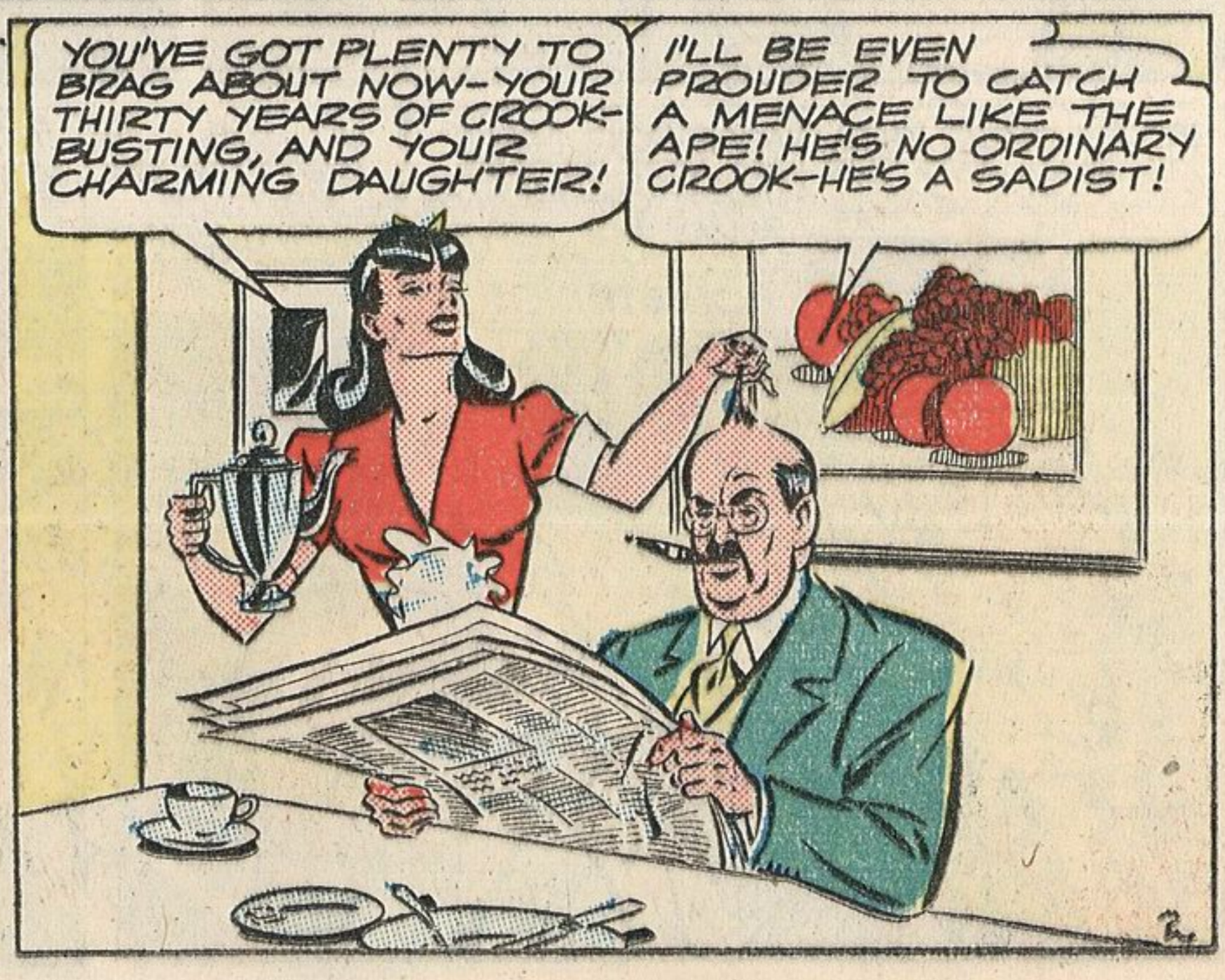




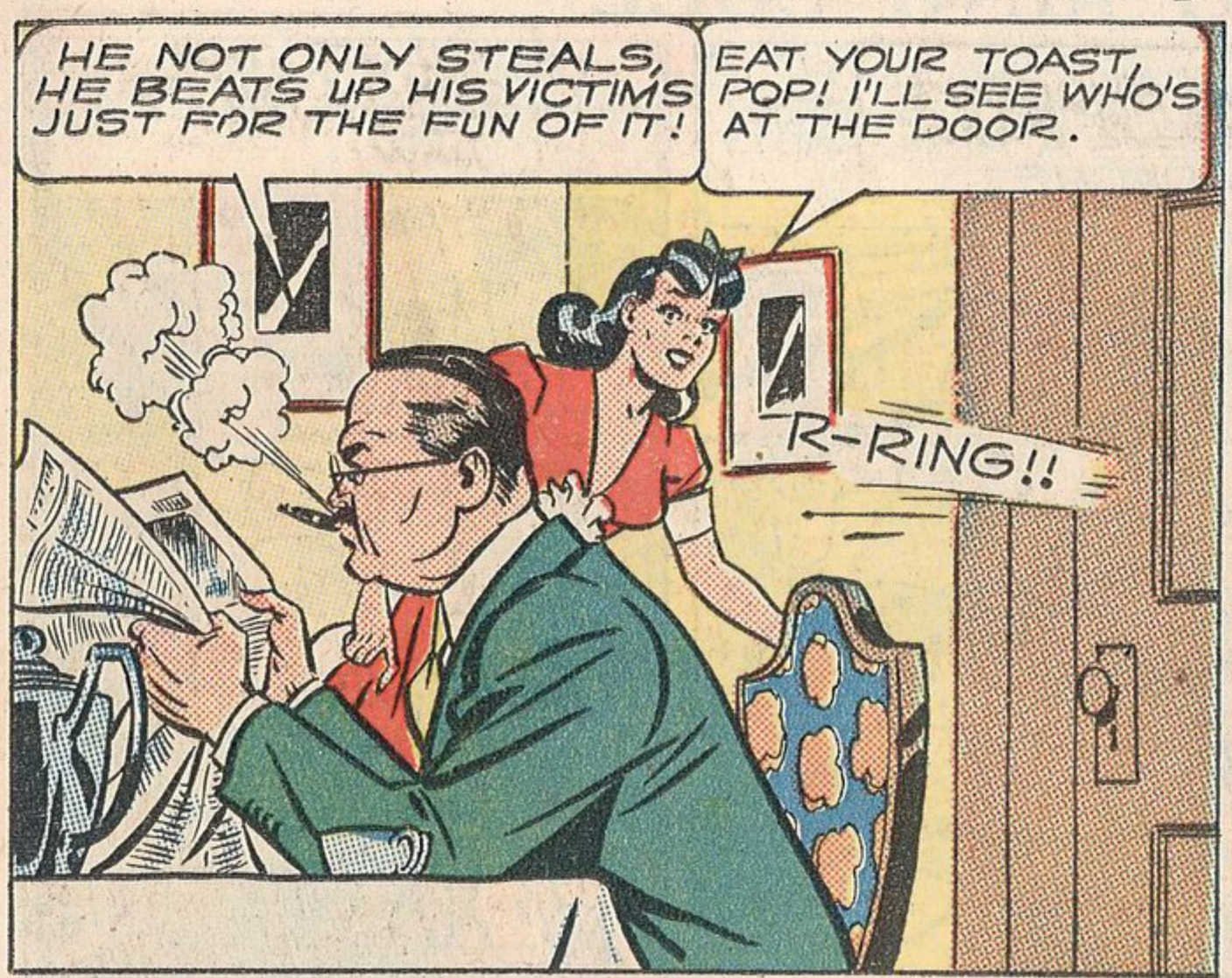


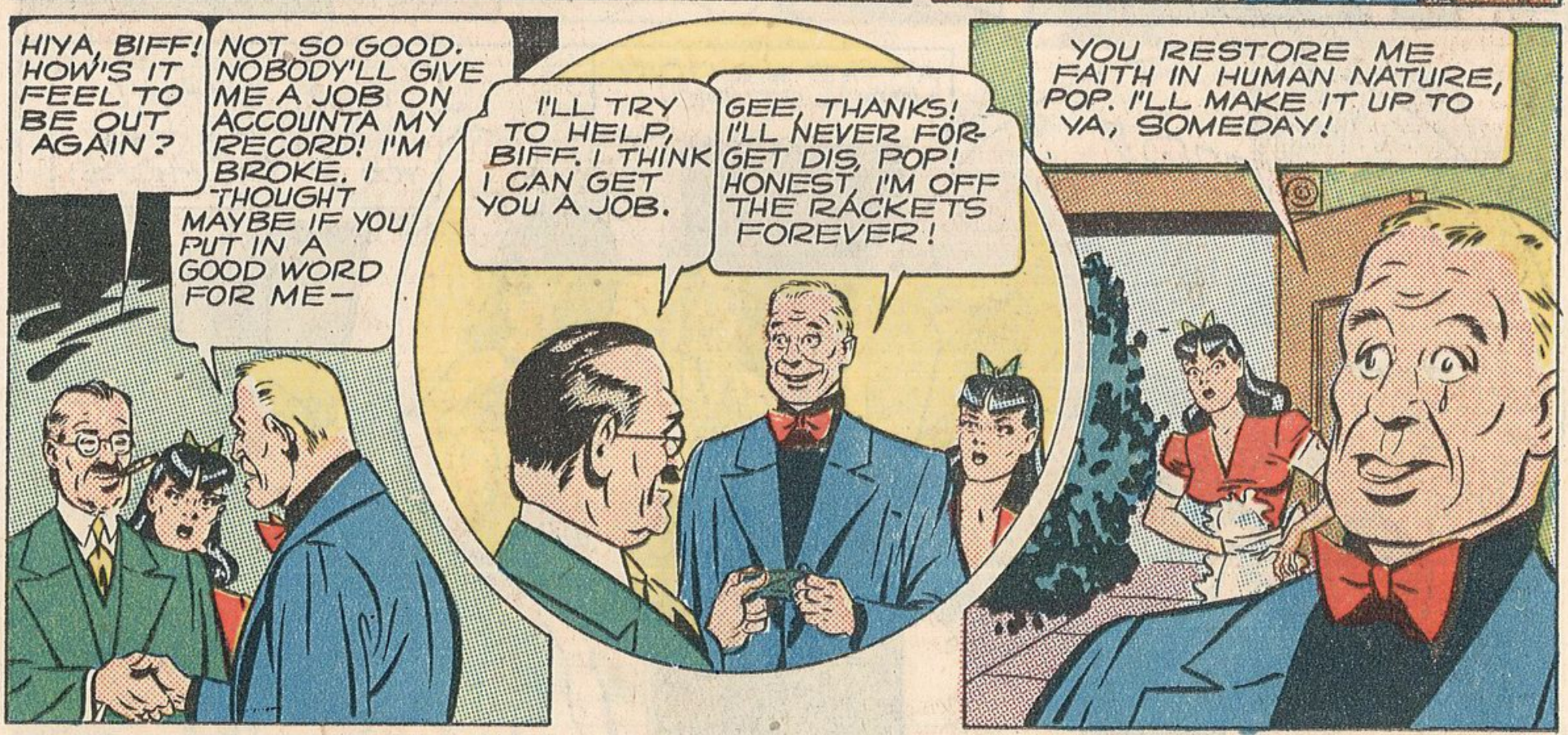


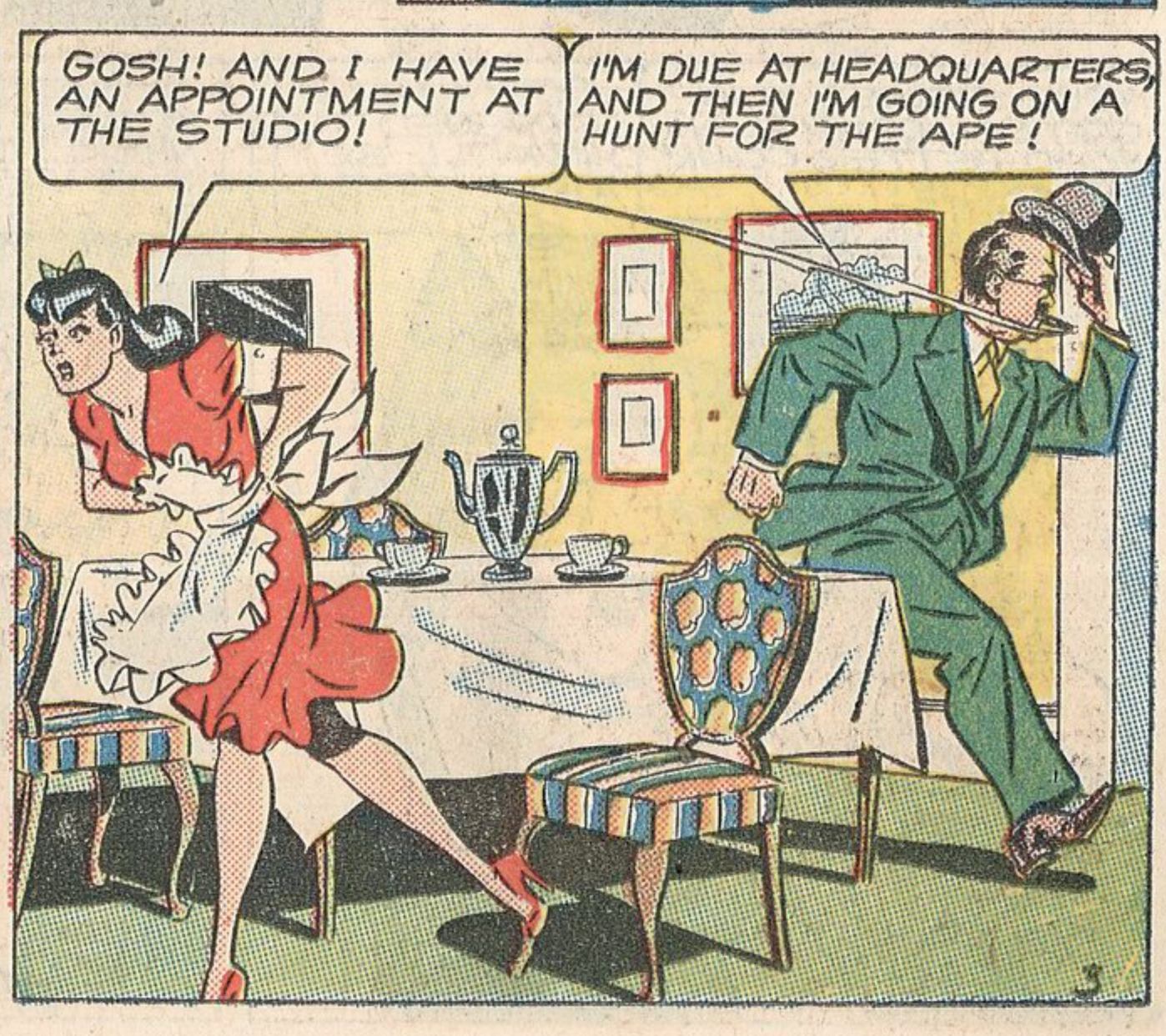




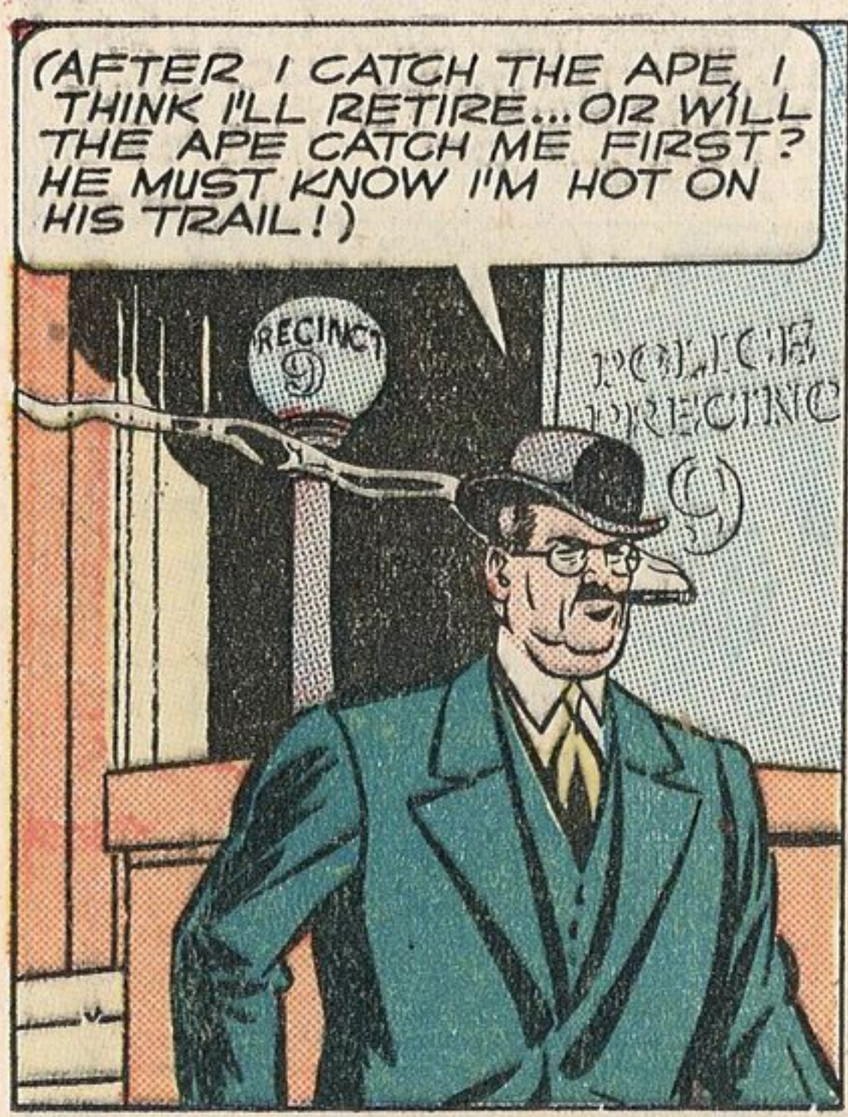
YOUNG KING COLE

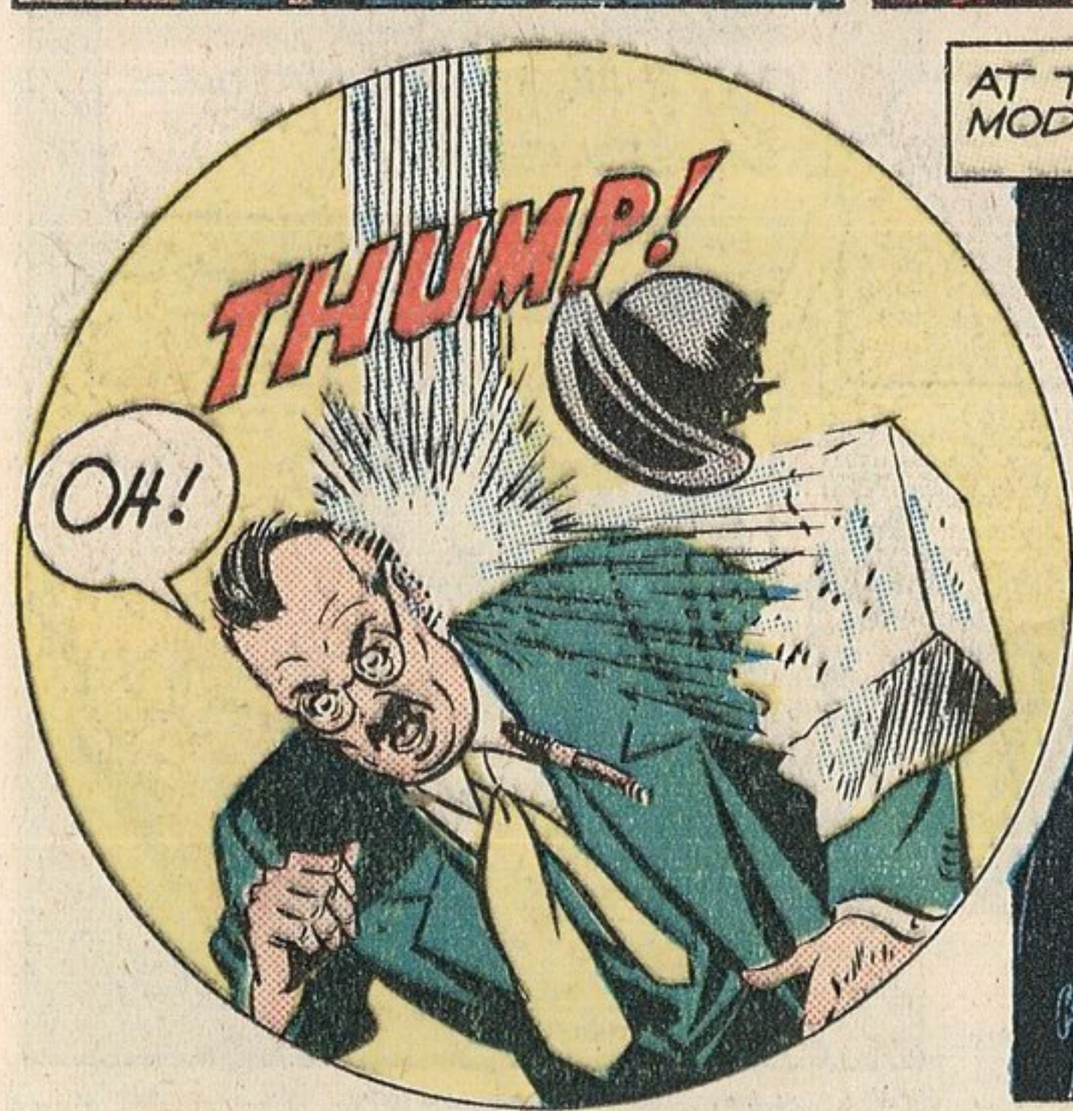


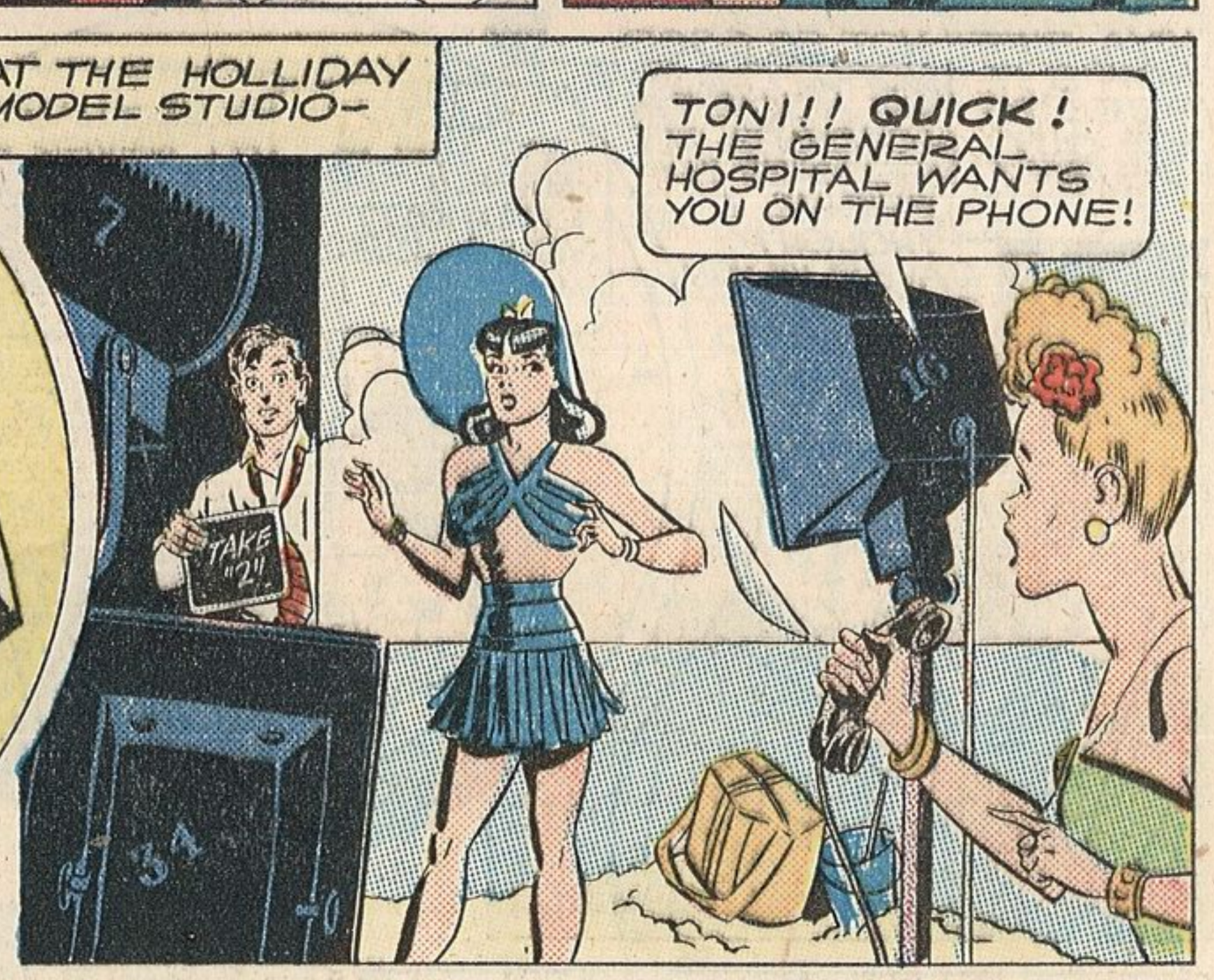


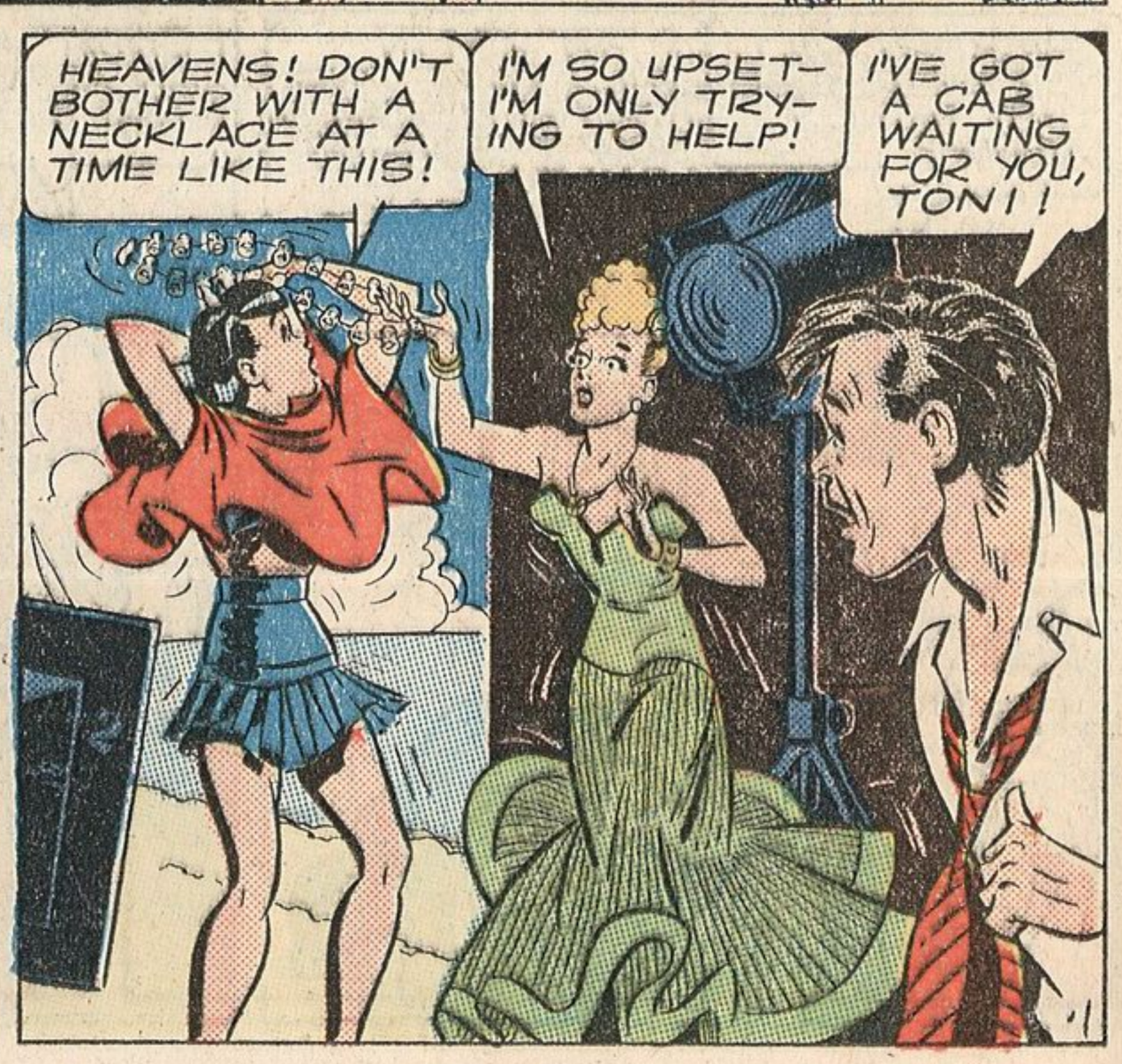


YOUNG KING COLE

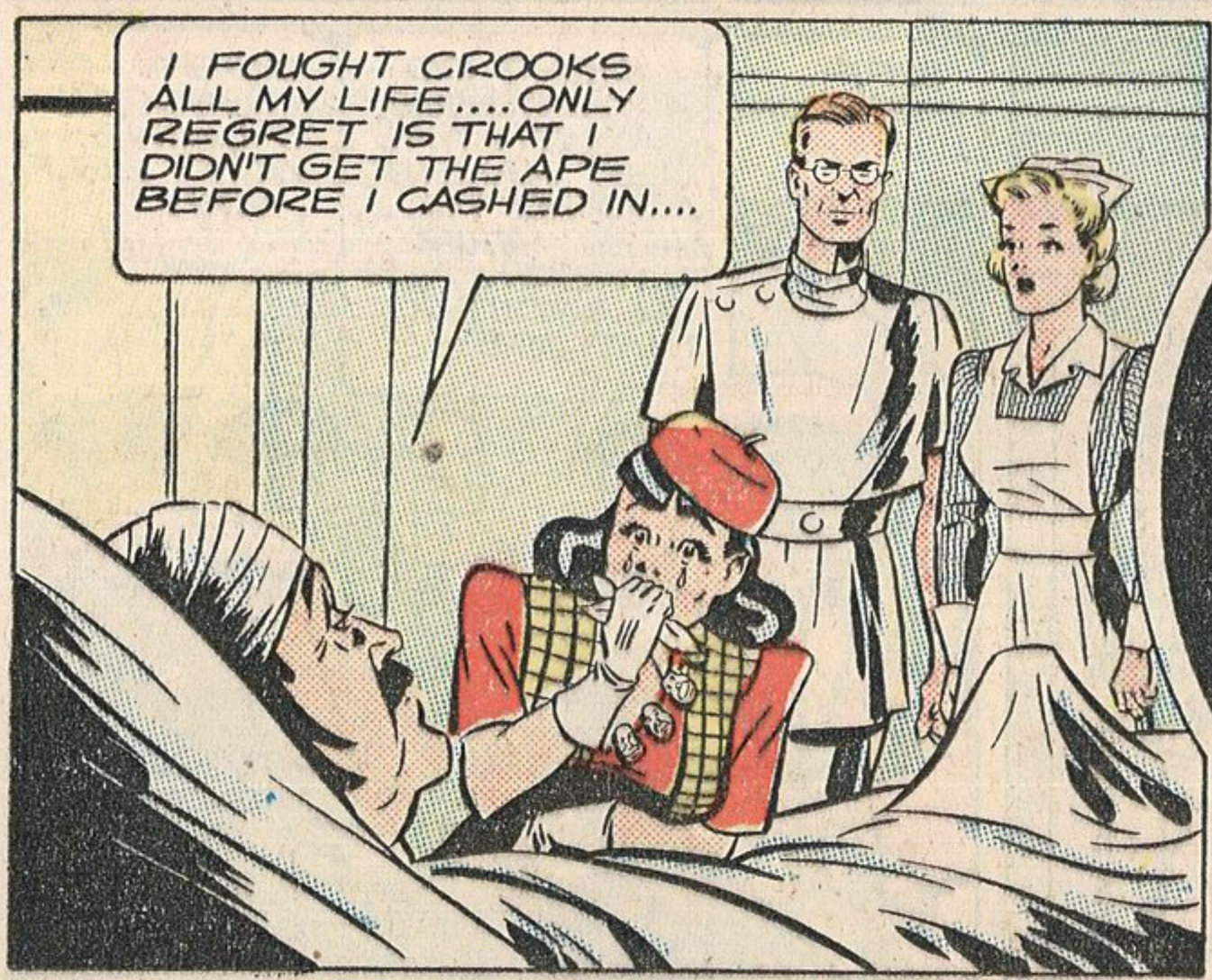




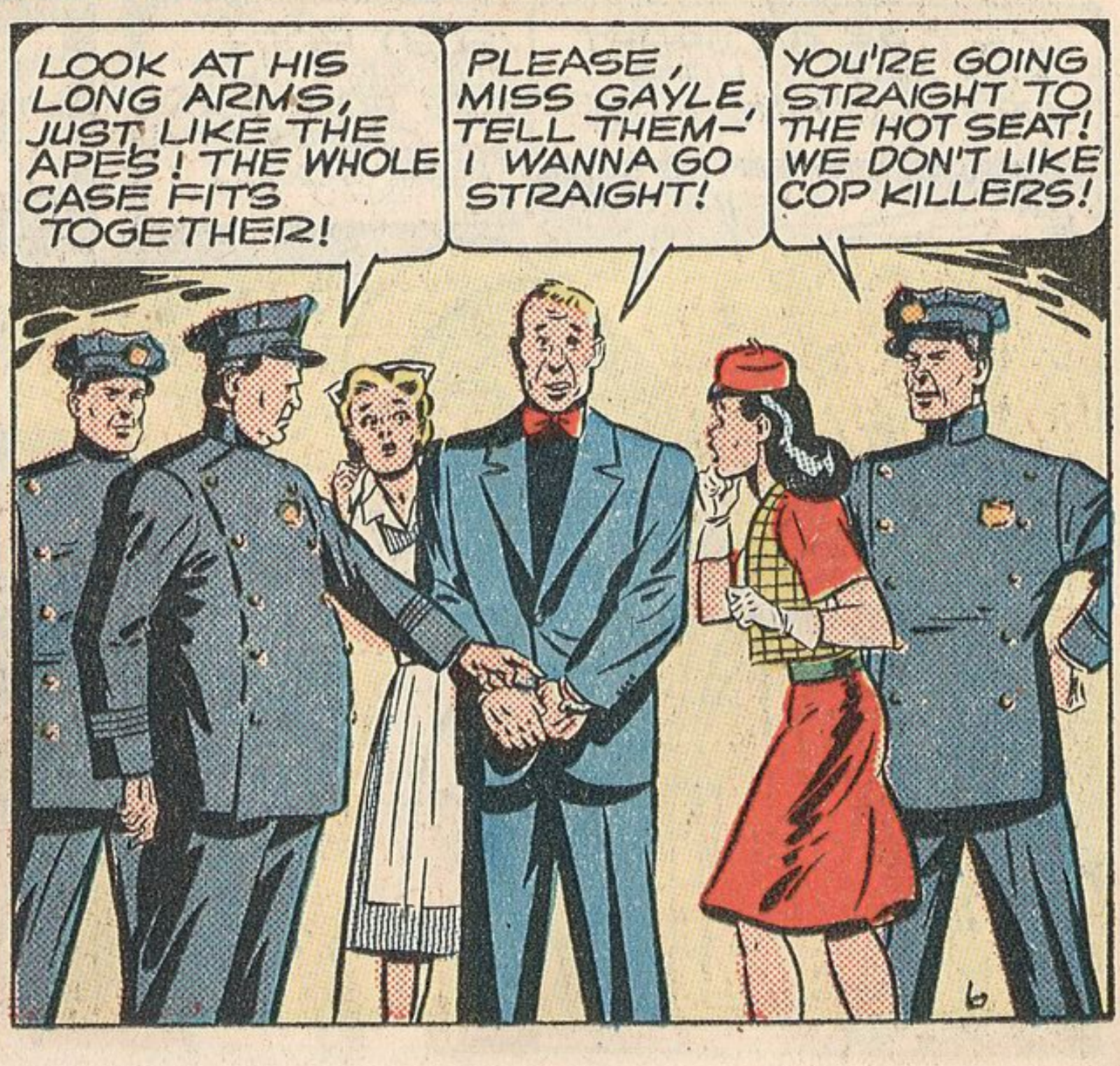




YOUNG KING COLE

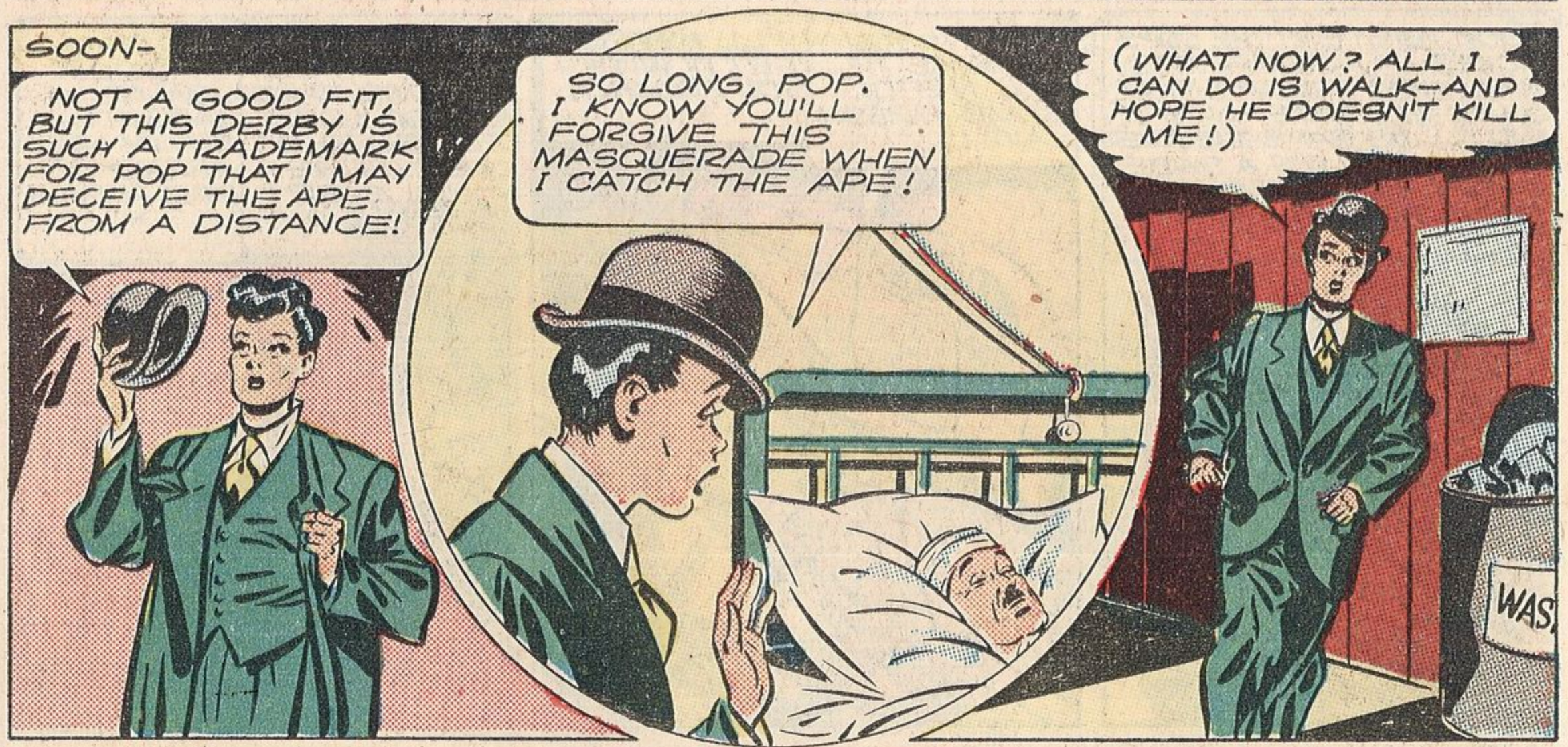


YOUNG KING COLE

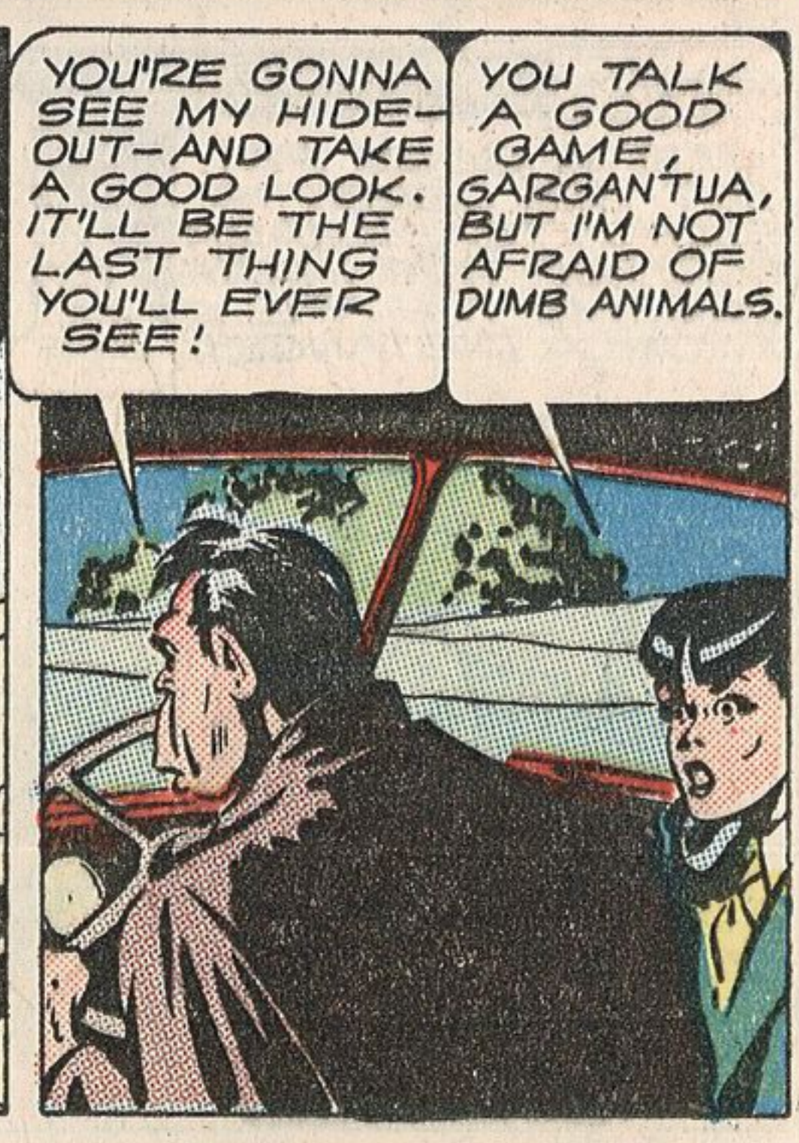


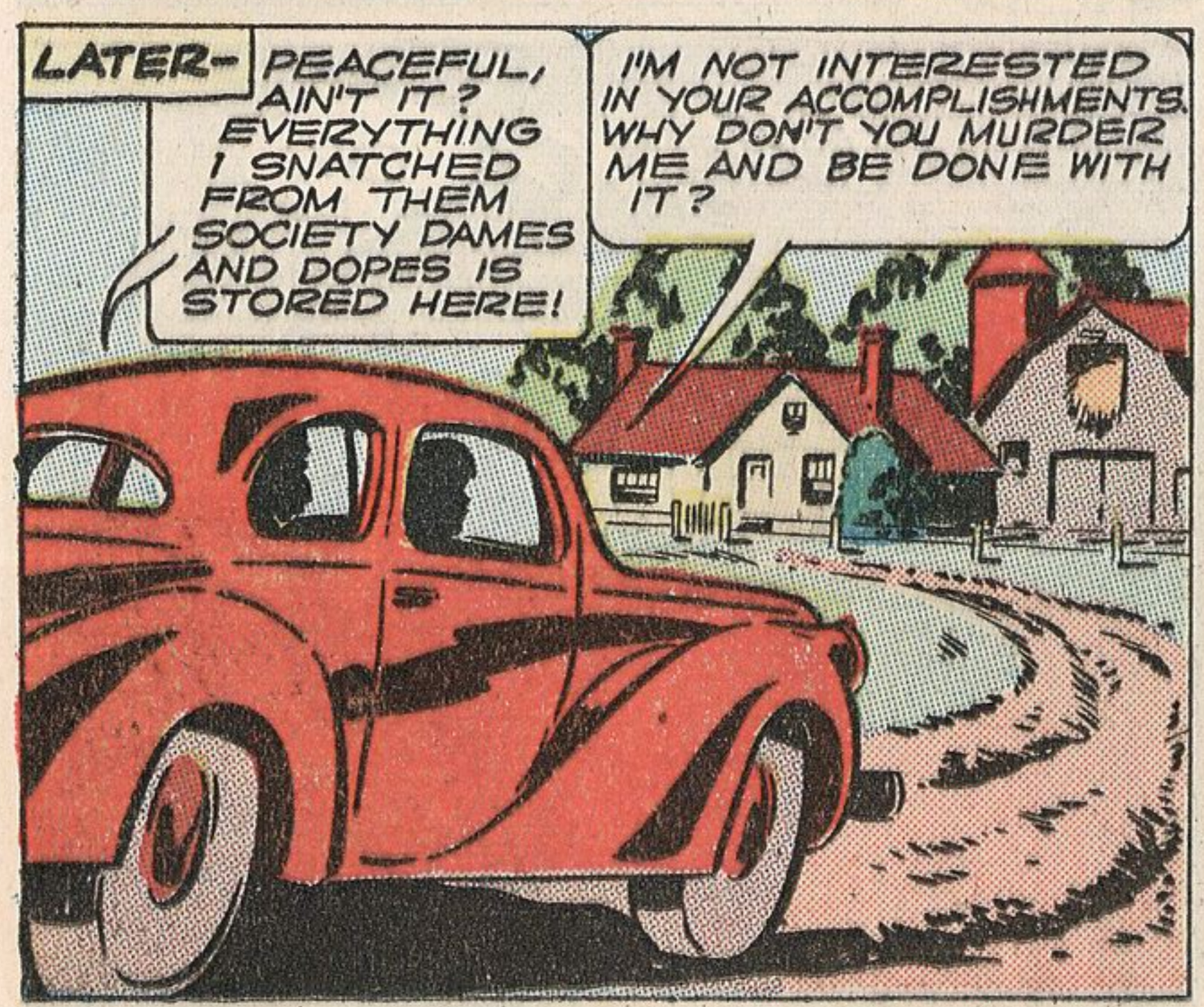
TRADE THIS AD
MILES' 2nd HAND STORE
503 - 507 BRADY ST. - DAVENPORT, IOWA

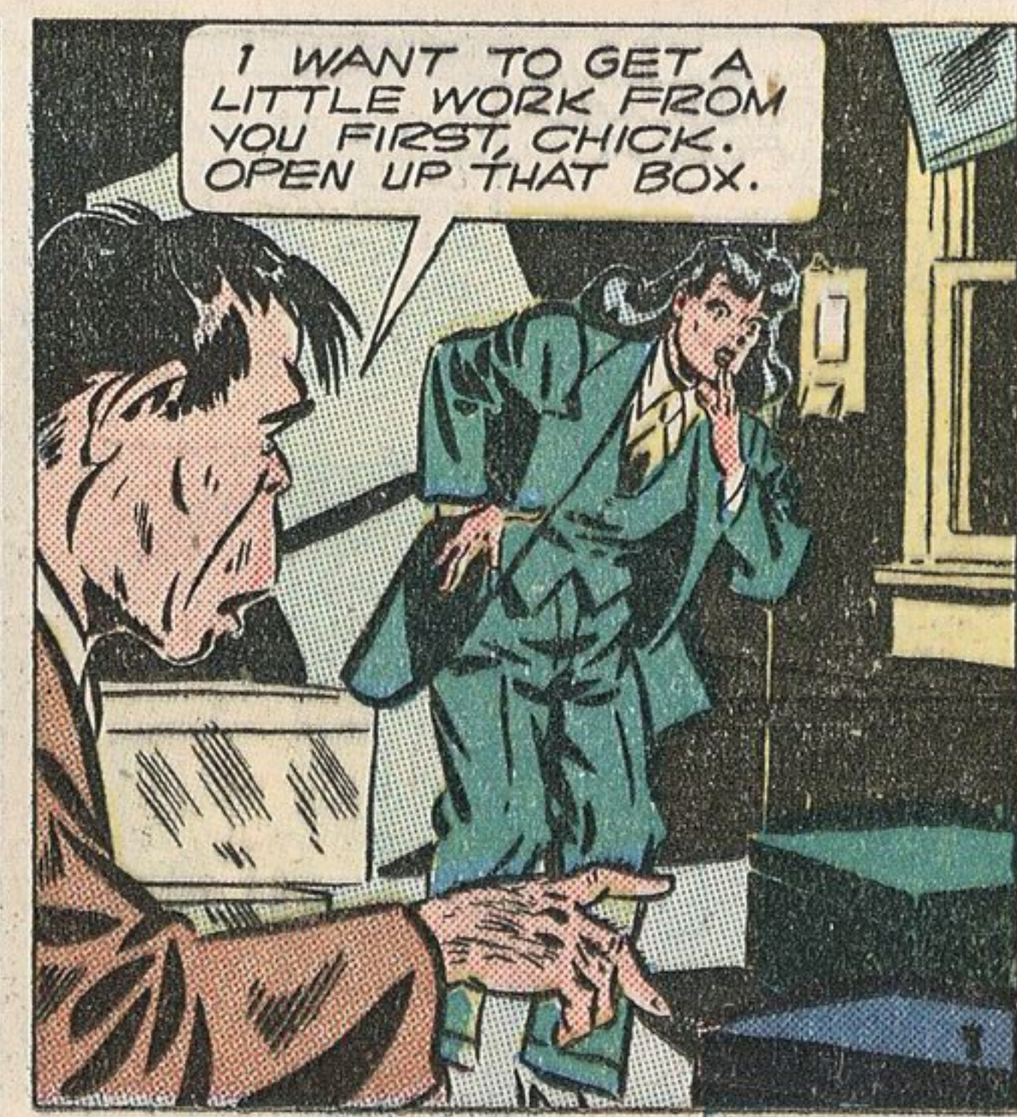
YOUNG KING COLE



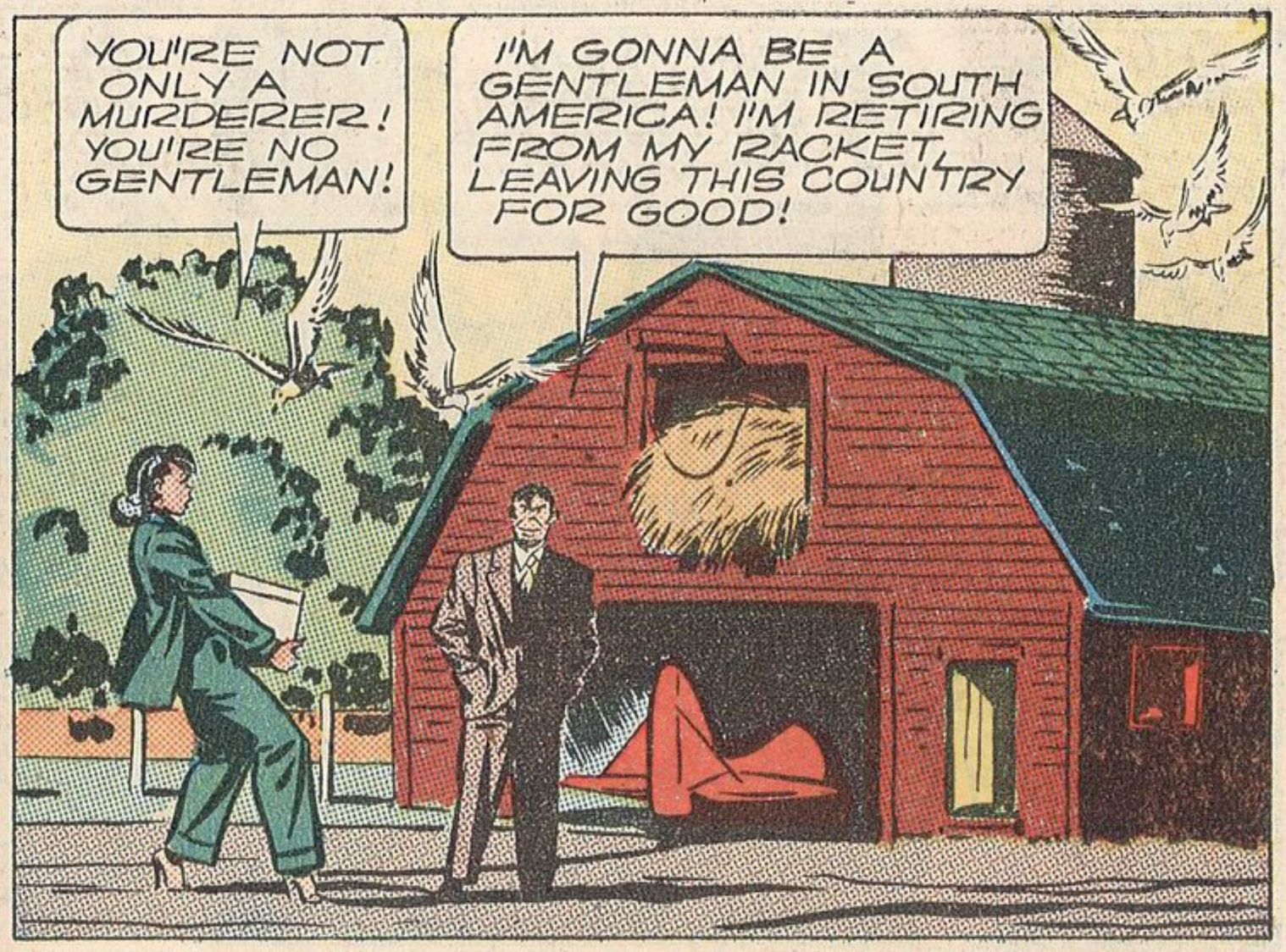
YOUNG KING COLE

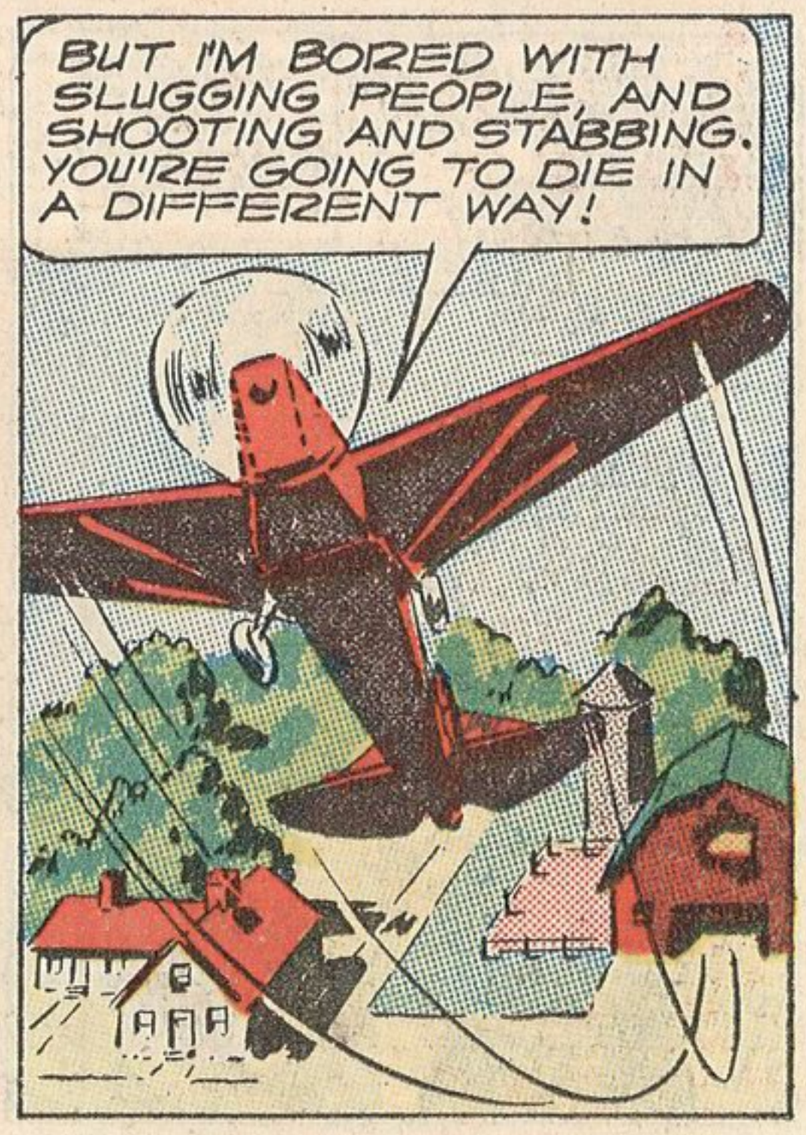


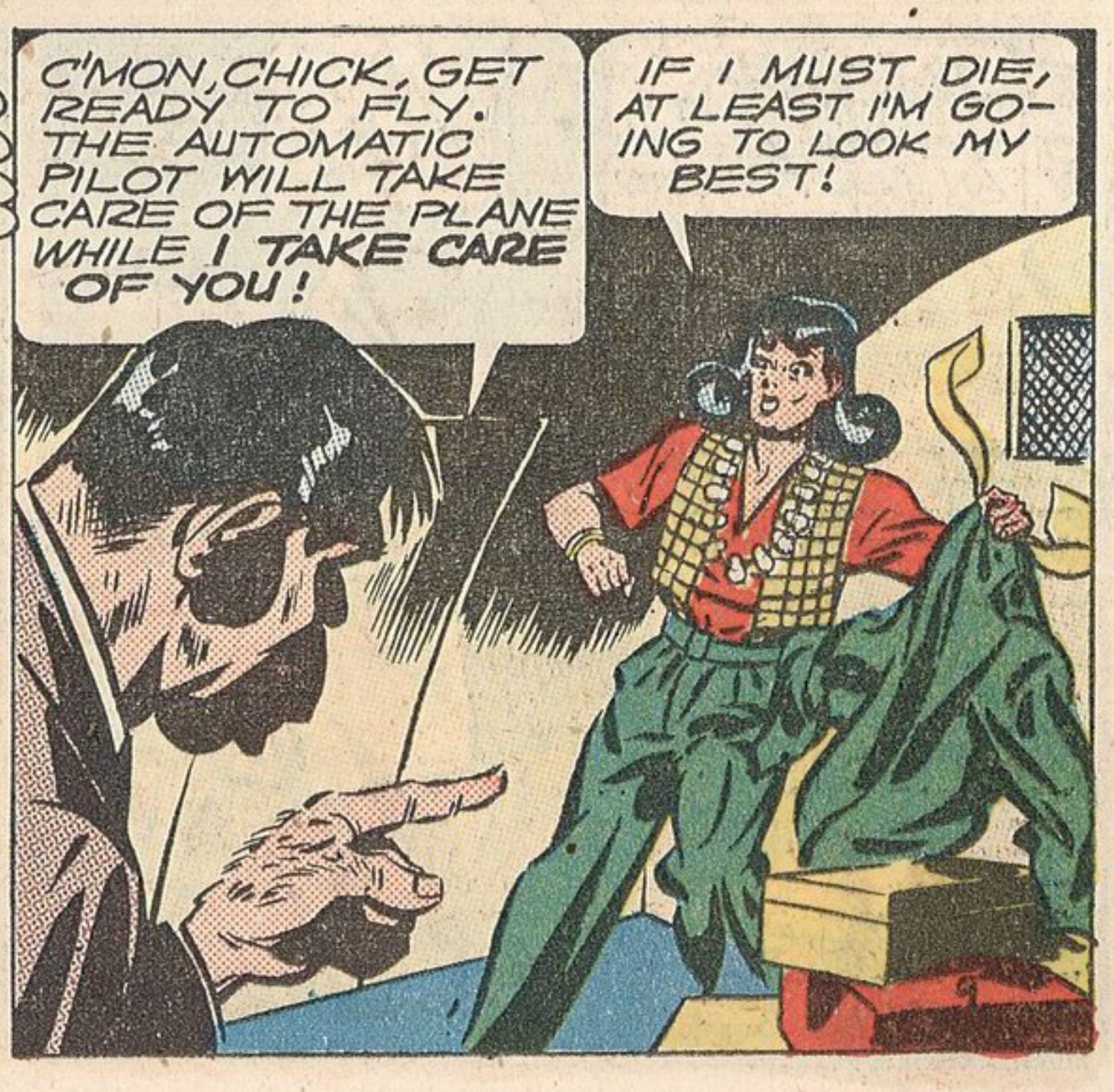


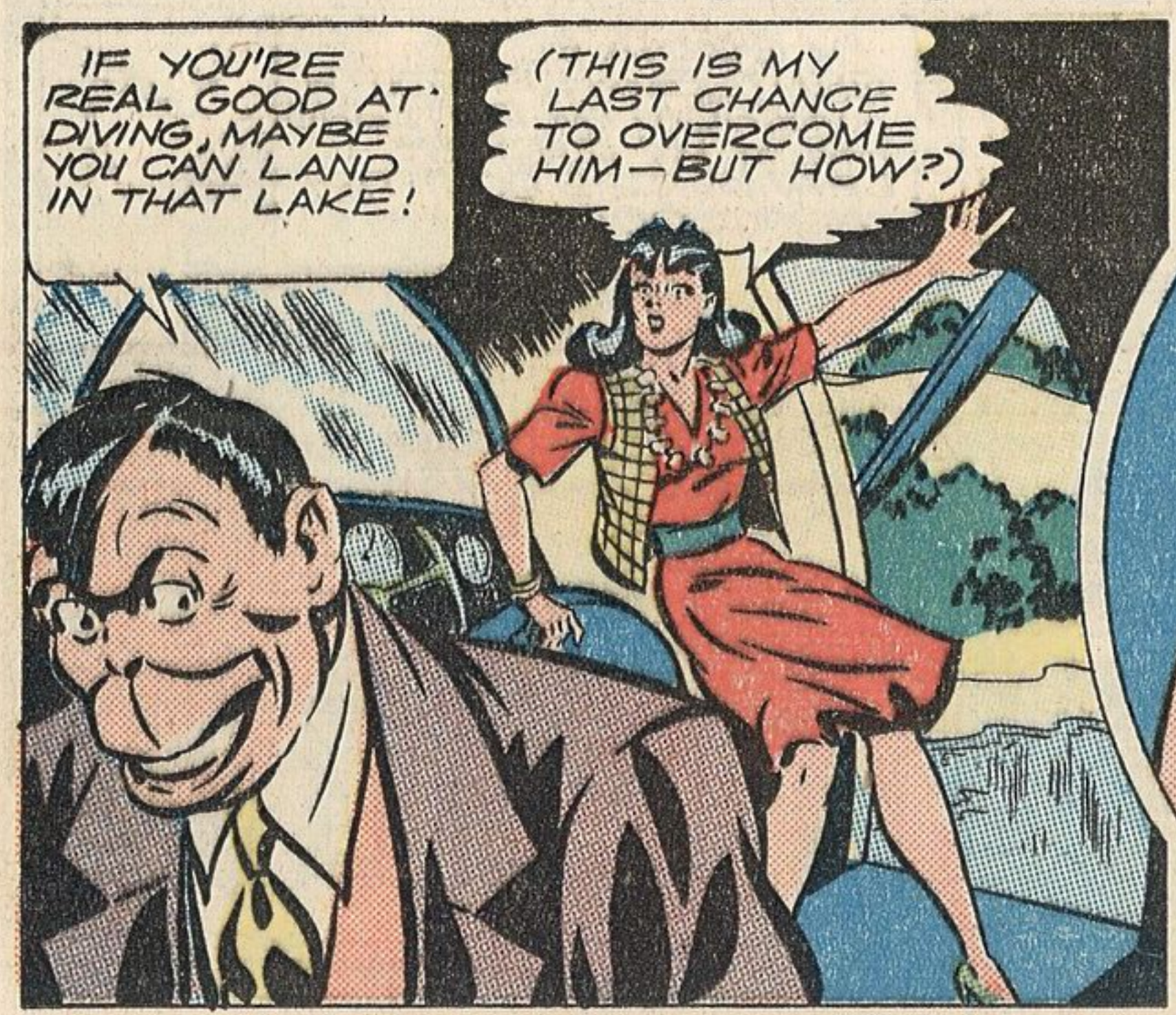


YOUNG KING COLE








IF YOU'RE REAL GOOD AT DIVING, MAYBE YOU CAN LAND IN THAT LAKE!
(THIS IS MY LAST CHANCE TO OVERCOME HIM—BUT HOW?)

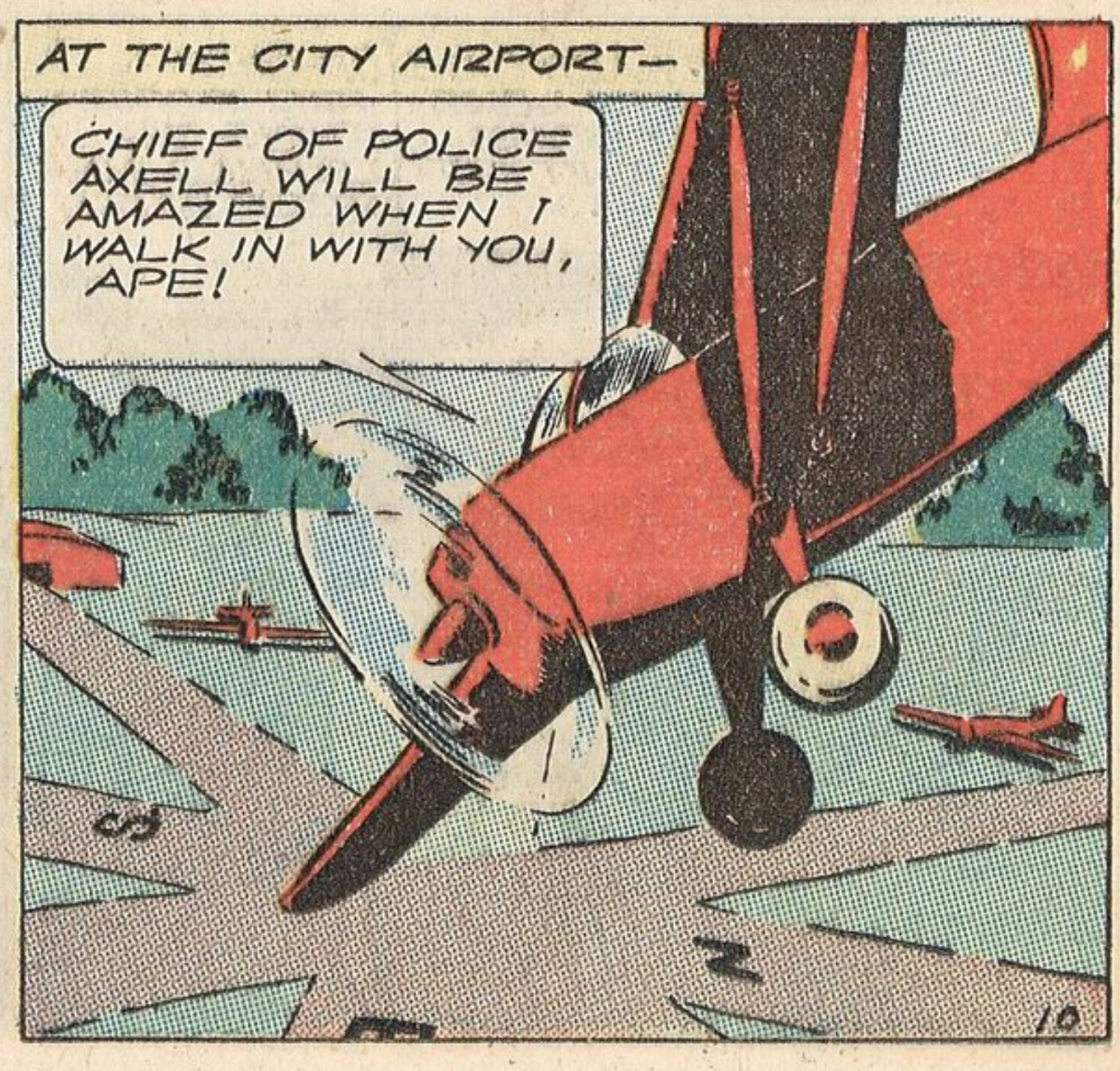
(MY NECKLACE! IT'LL LOOK MUCH PRETTIER AROUND THE APE'S NECK— TIGHT!)

I'LL BE SITTING PRETTY SOON— A-AAGH! YOU'RE--- CHOKING!
THAT'S THE GENERAL IDEA!

THE RED CROSS DOESN'T APPROVE THIS TYPE TOURNIQUET, BUT IT'S THE KIND OF FIRST AID YOU NEED!
UGH!

YIPE! HE PASSED OUT!

SOON
I'M GLAD POP TAUGHT ME TO BE AN ALL AROUND GAL!
I AIN'T!


AT THE CITY AIRPORT—
CHIEF OF POLICE AXELL WILL BE AMAZED WHEN I WALK IN WITH YOU, APE!

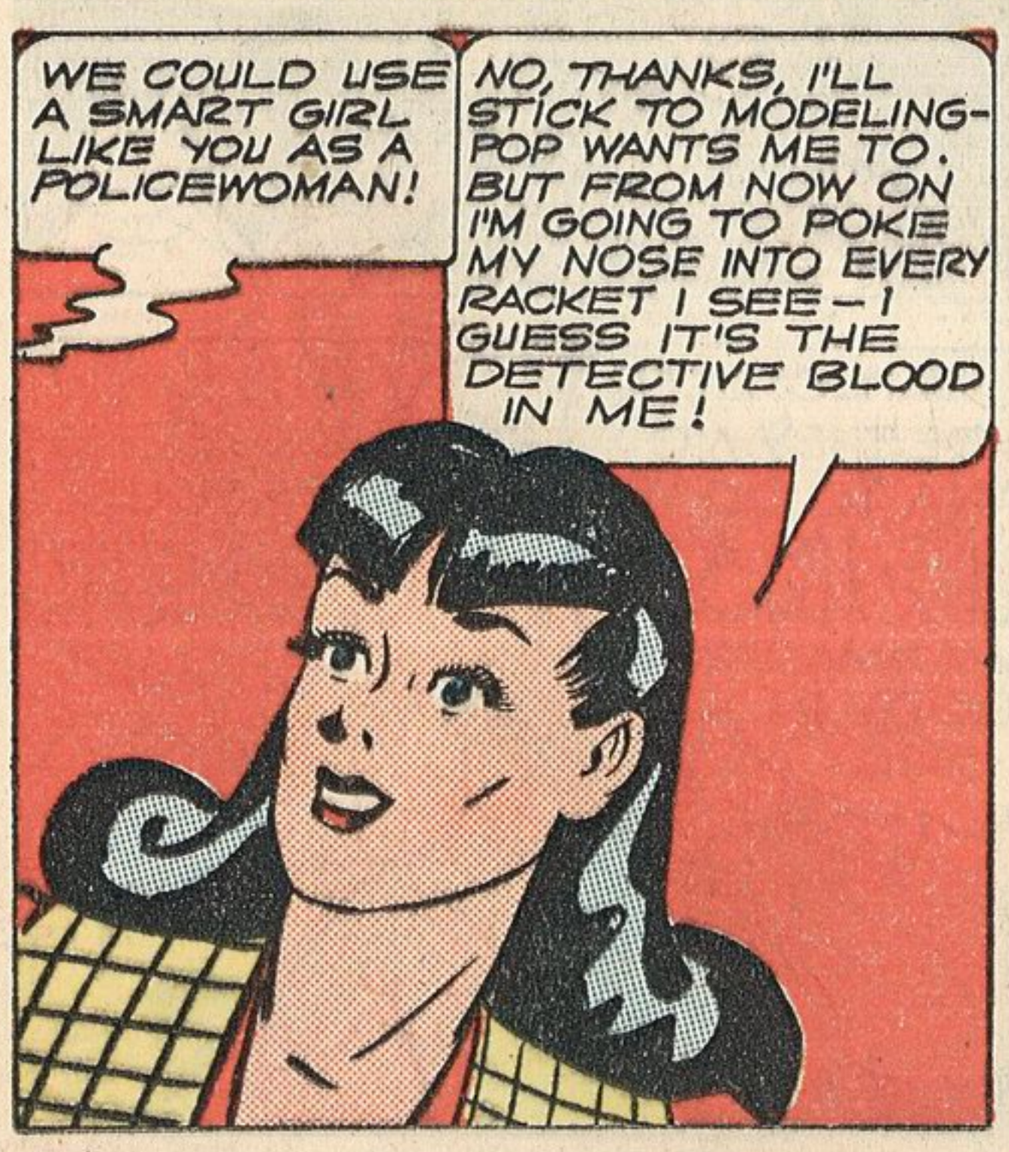
I'M SUNK! THESE COPPERS WON'T BELIEVE A WORD I SAY, AND I AIN'T GOT A FRIEND IN THE WORLD TO HELP ME!

TONI!! WHAT THE BLAZES!
HERE'S THE REAL APE, CHIEF! I'VE GOT A PLANE LOAD OF LOOT AS PROOF! HE'S THE RAT WHO TRIED TO KILL MY FATHER!

HOW IN THUNDER DID YOU CATCH THIS BIG BRUTE?
I DID IT WITH MY LITTLE NECKLACE, CHIEF! AND NOW, HOW ABOUT RELEASING BIFF MUGGSON?

GEE, MISS GAYLE, YOU SAVED ME FROM THE HOT SQUAT! I OWE ME LIFE TO YOU!
POP HAD FAITH IN YOU, BIFF- I KNEW YOU WERE OKAY!

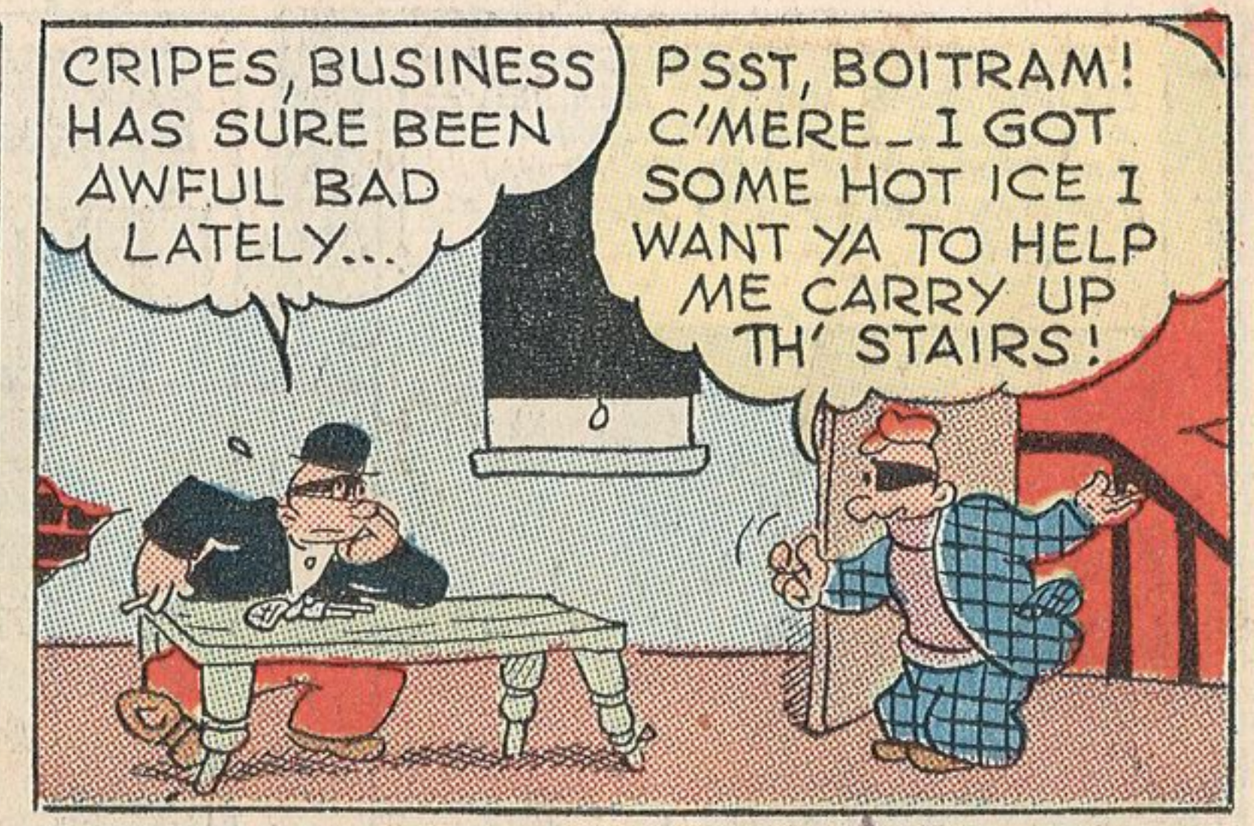
YOUR POP'S COMING AROUND FINE, TONI! HE'S GOING TO BE OKAY!
OH, THAT'S WONDERFUL!

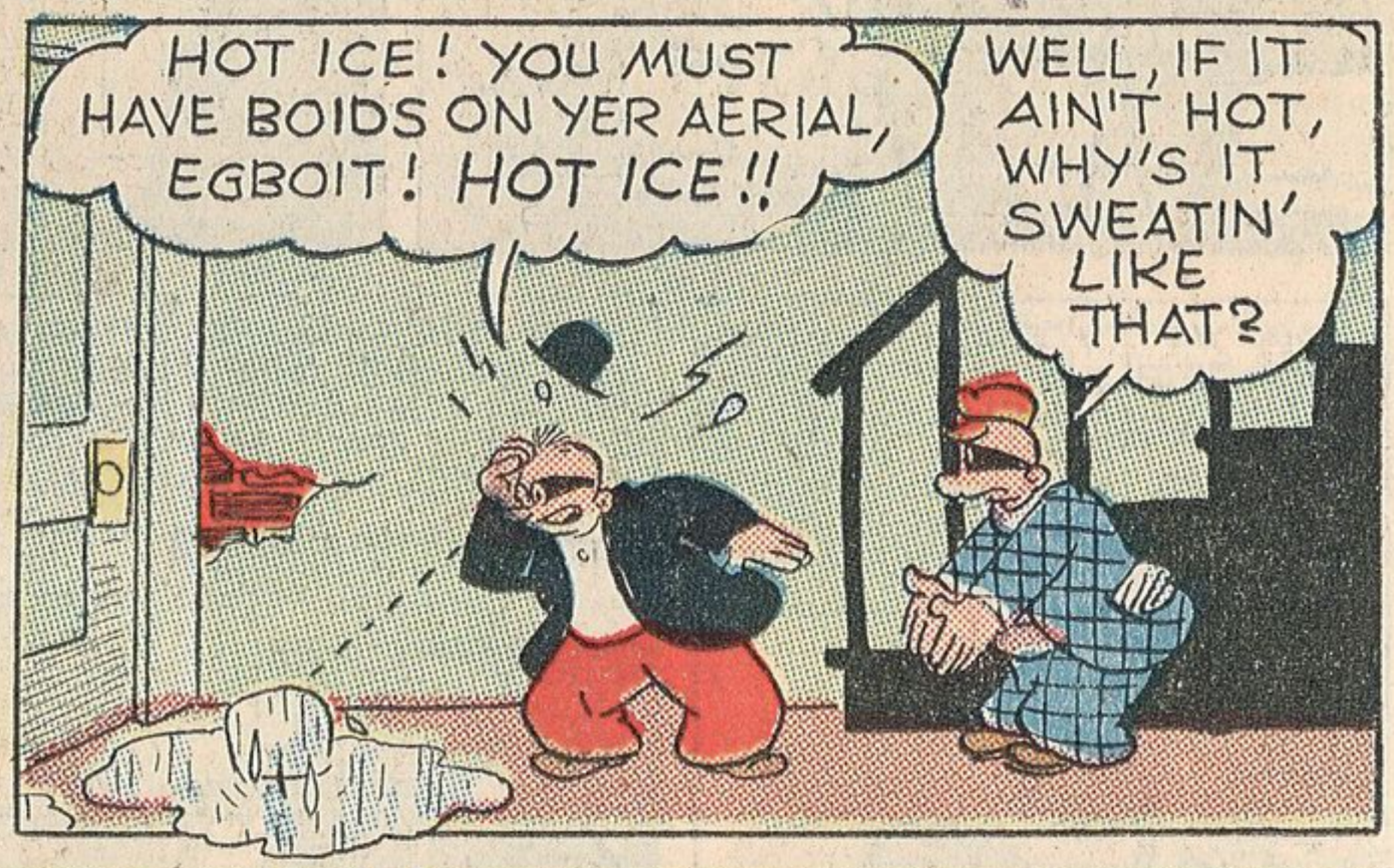

WE COULD USE A SMART GIRL LIKE YOU AS A POLICEWOMAN!
NO, THANKS, I'LL STICK TO MODELING- POP WANTS ME TO. BUT FROM NOW ON I'M GOING TO POKE MY NOSE INTO EVERY RACKET I SEE - I GUESS IT'S THE DETECTIVE BLOOD IN ME!

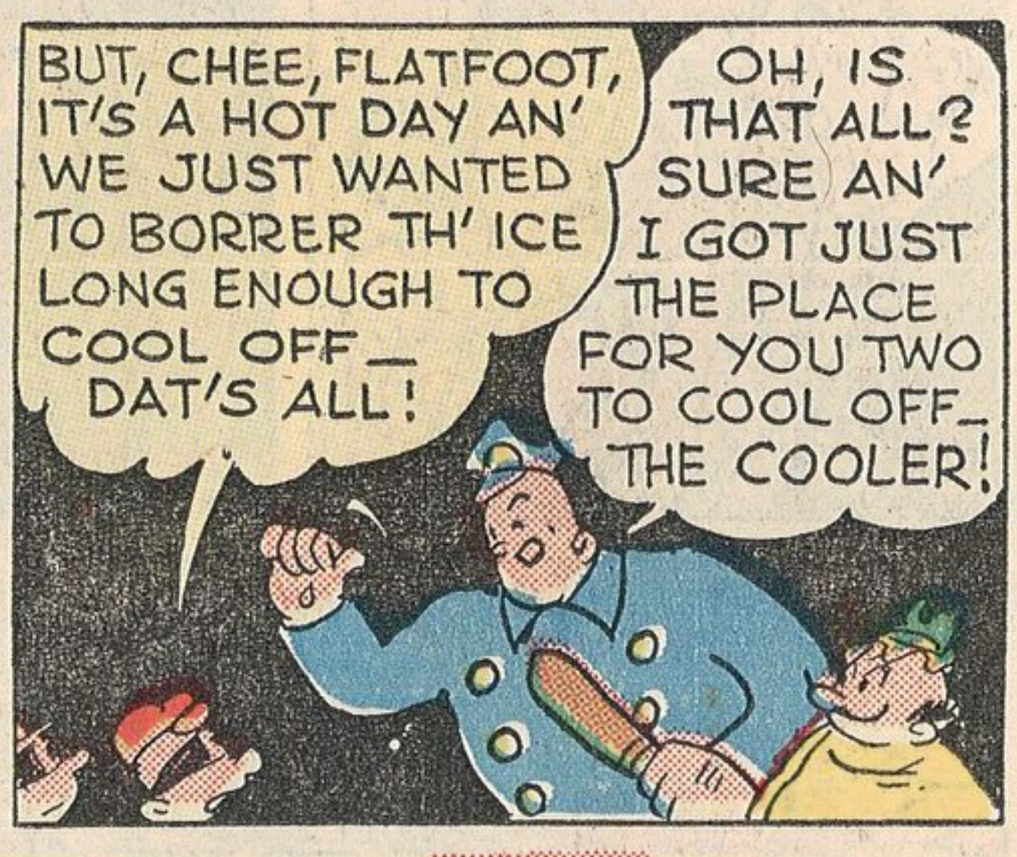
IN THAT CASE, YOU'RE GONNA GET IN PLENTY OF JAMS! YOU'LL NEED A STRONG-ARM GUY- AND I KNOW JUST THE ONE!
IT'S A DEAL, BIFF! MY WOMAN'S INTUITION SAYS YOU'LL SEE PLENTY OF ACTION!

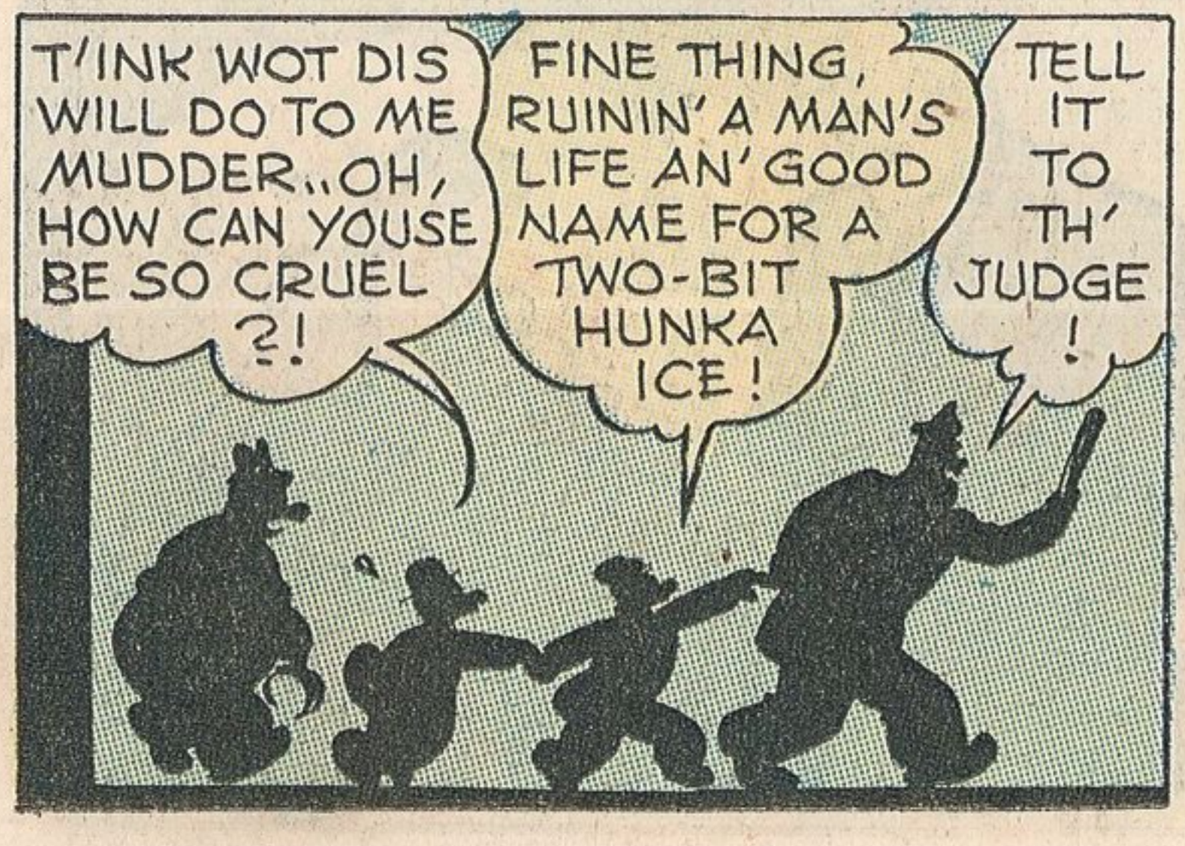
BOITRAM THE BOIGLAR

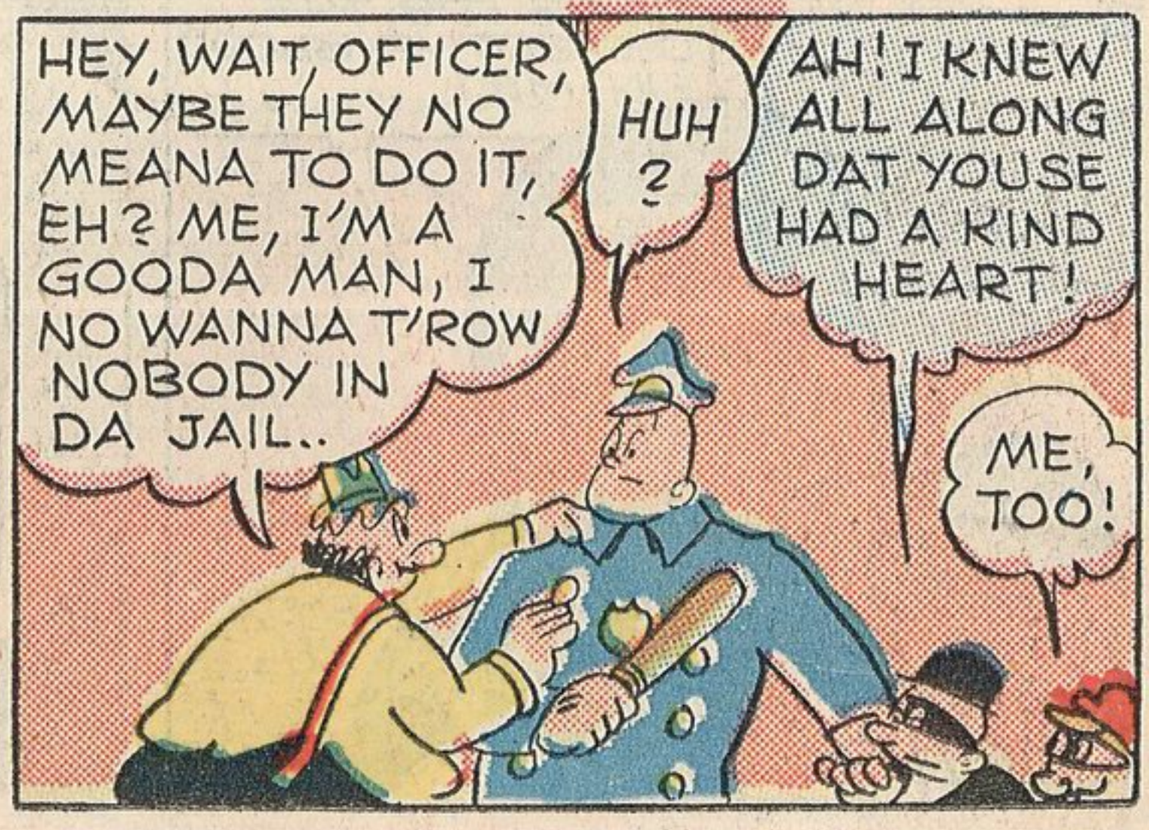
BY ART HELFANT



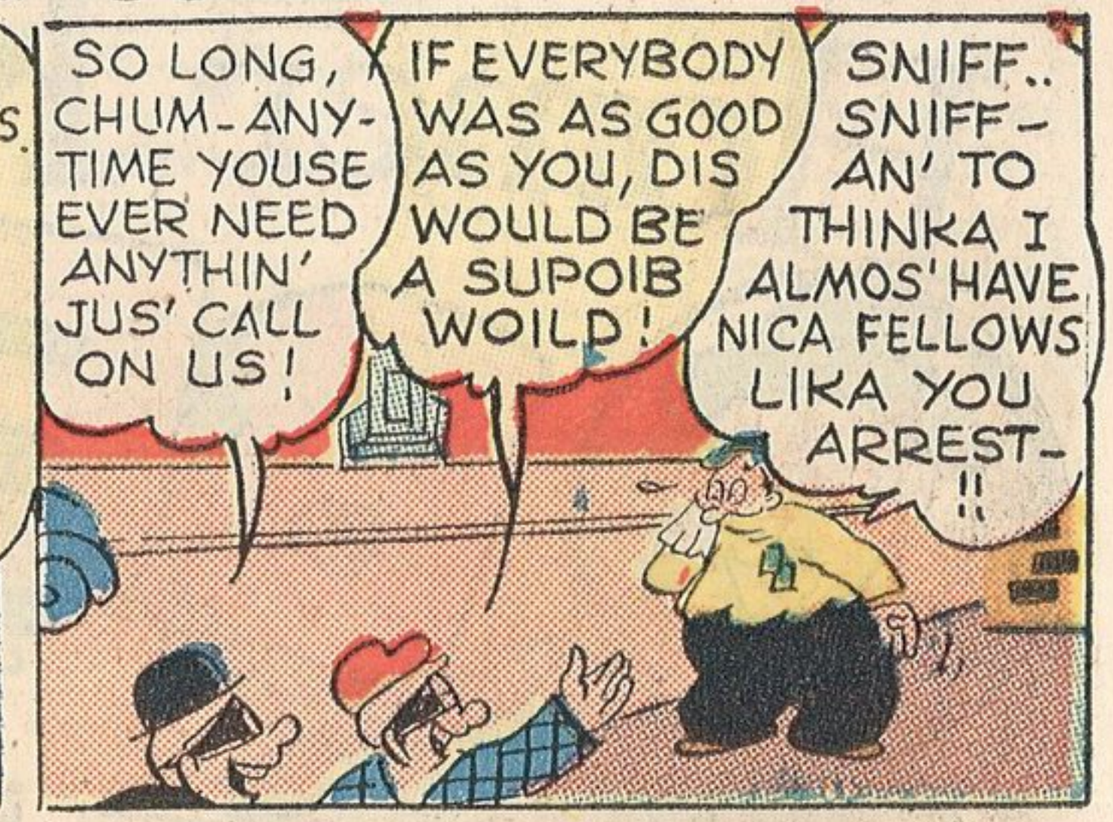


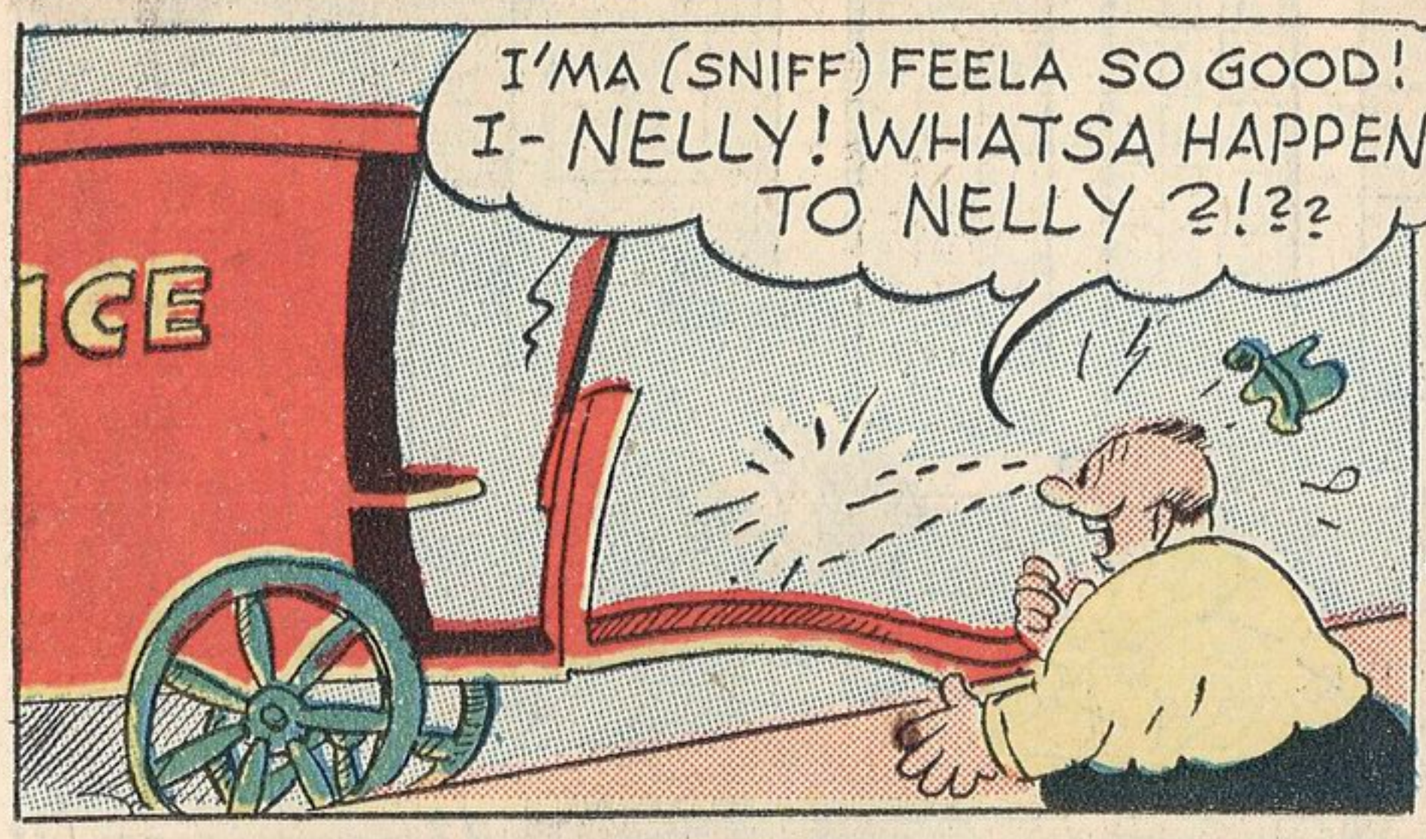


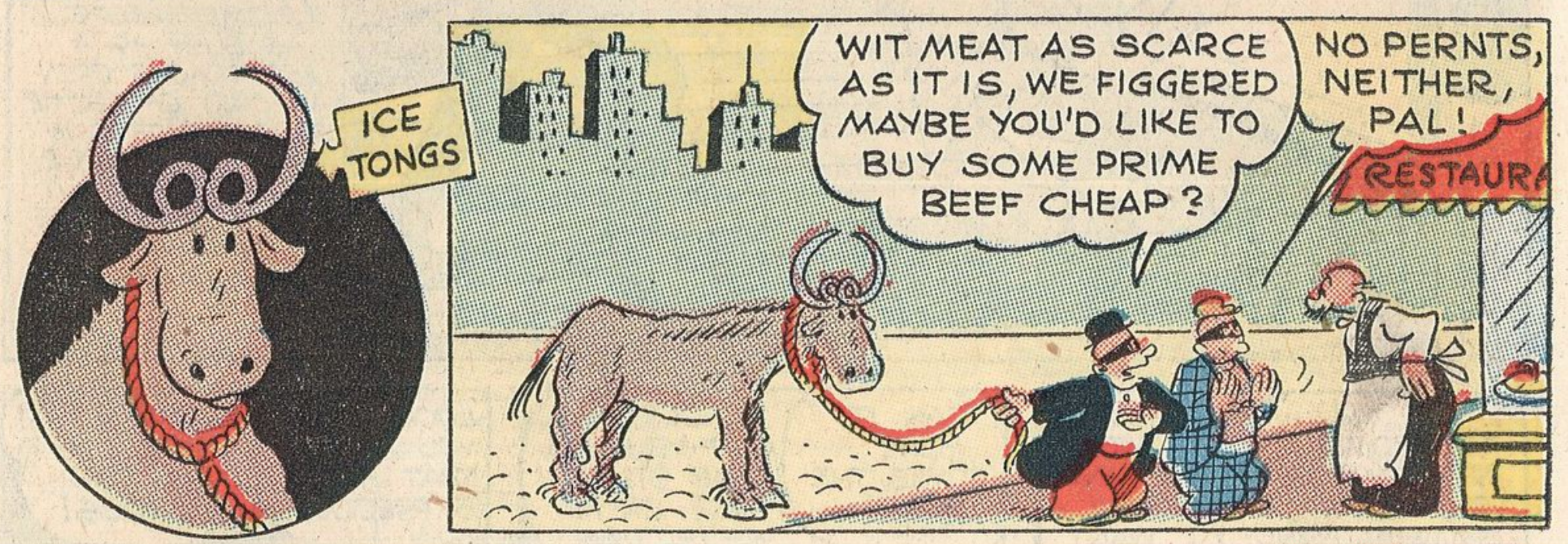


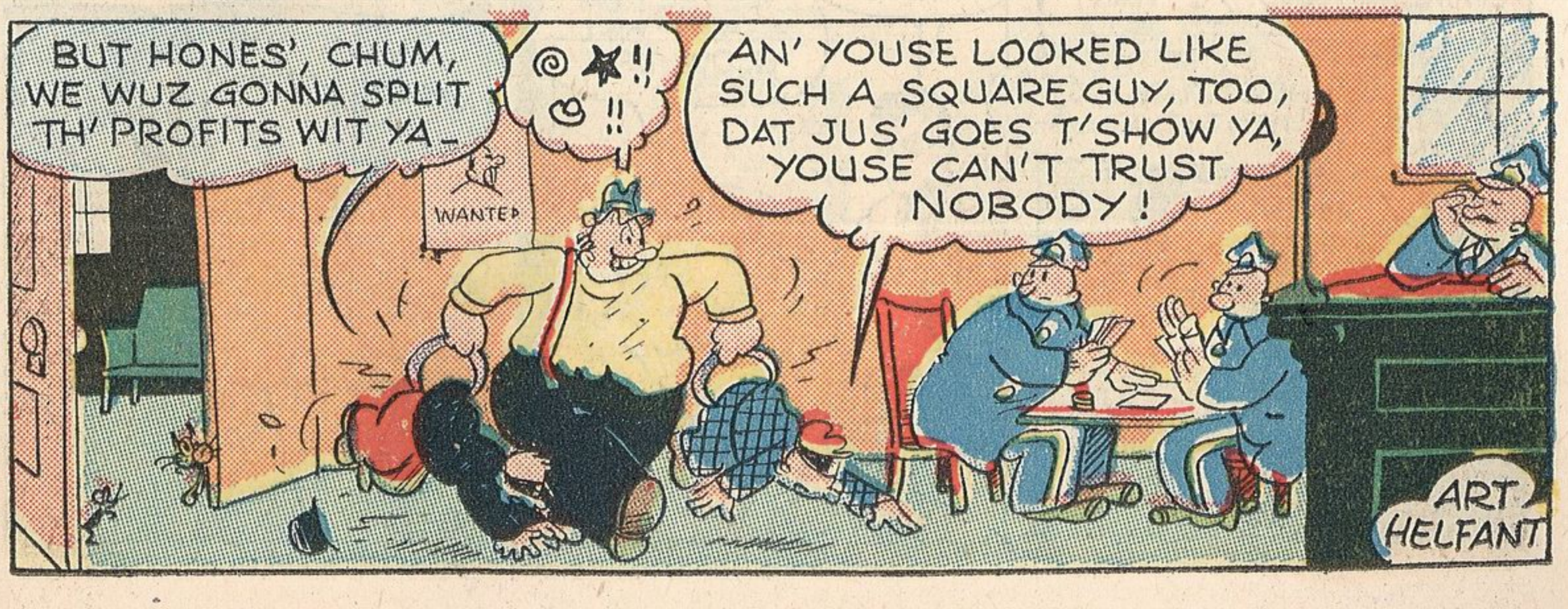


YOUNG KING COLE







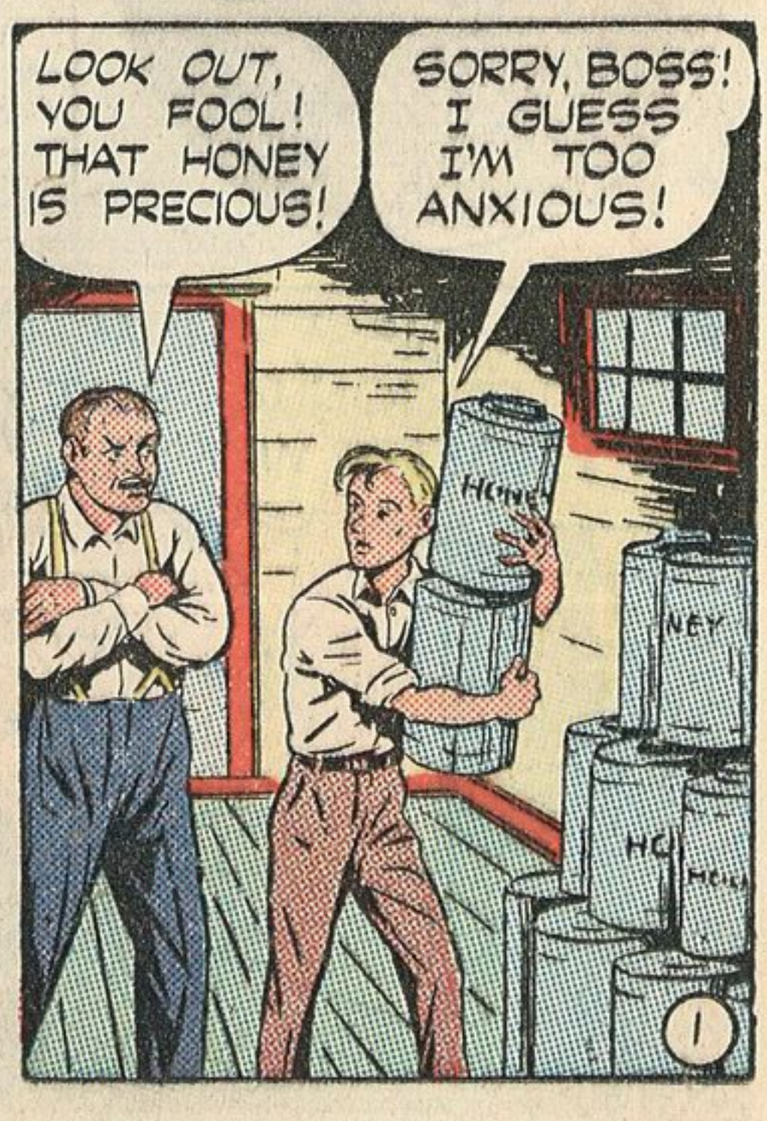


Homer K. BEAGLE

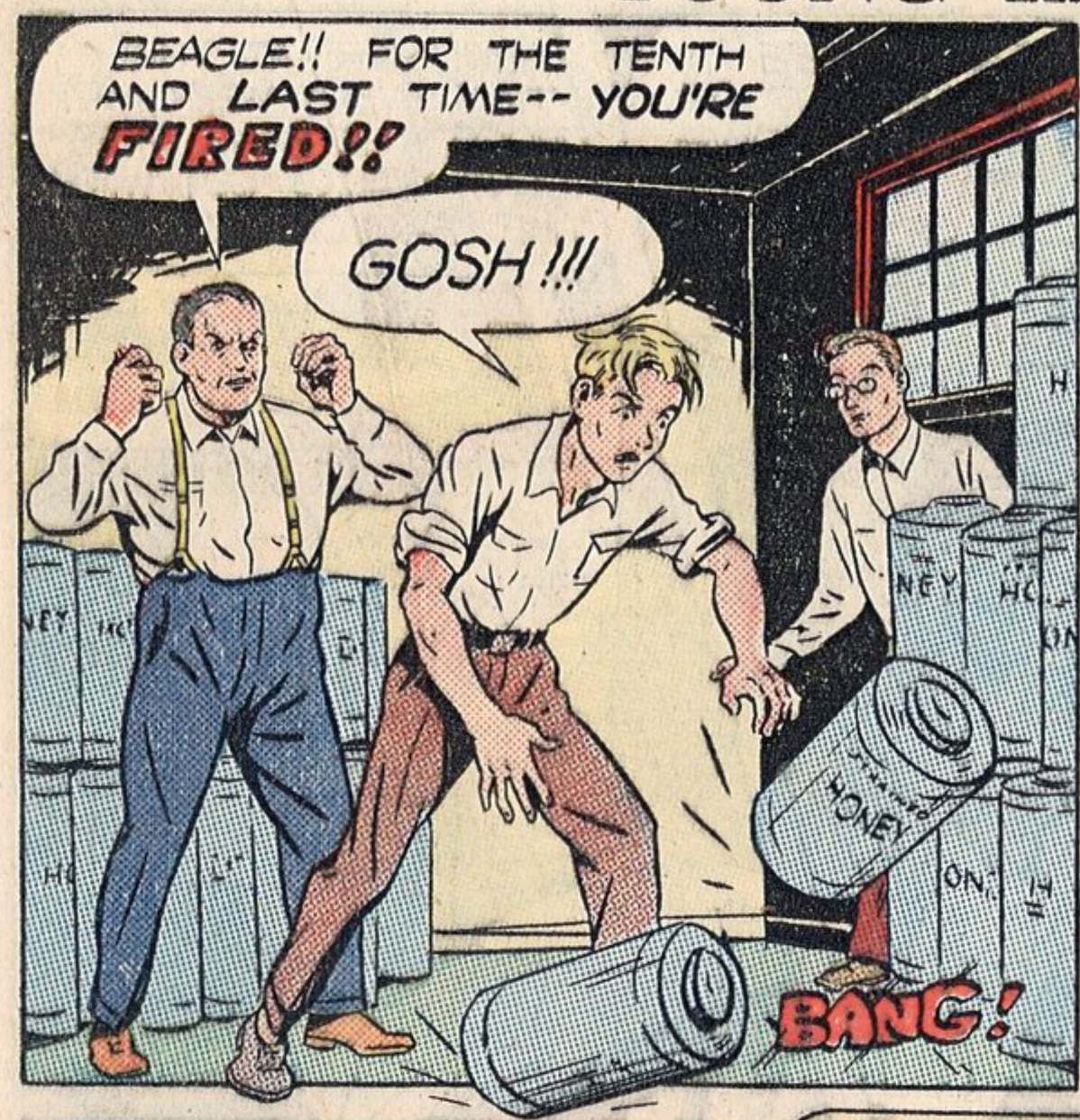
The DEMON DETECTIVE

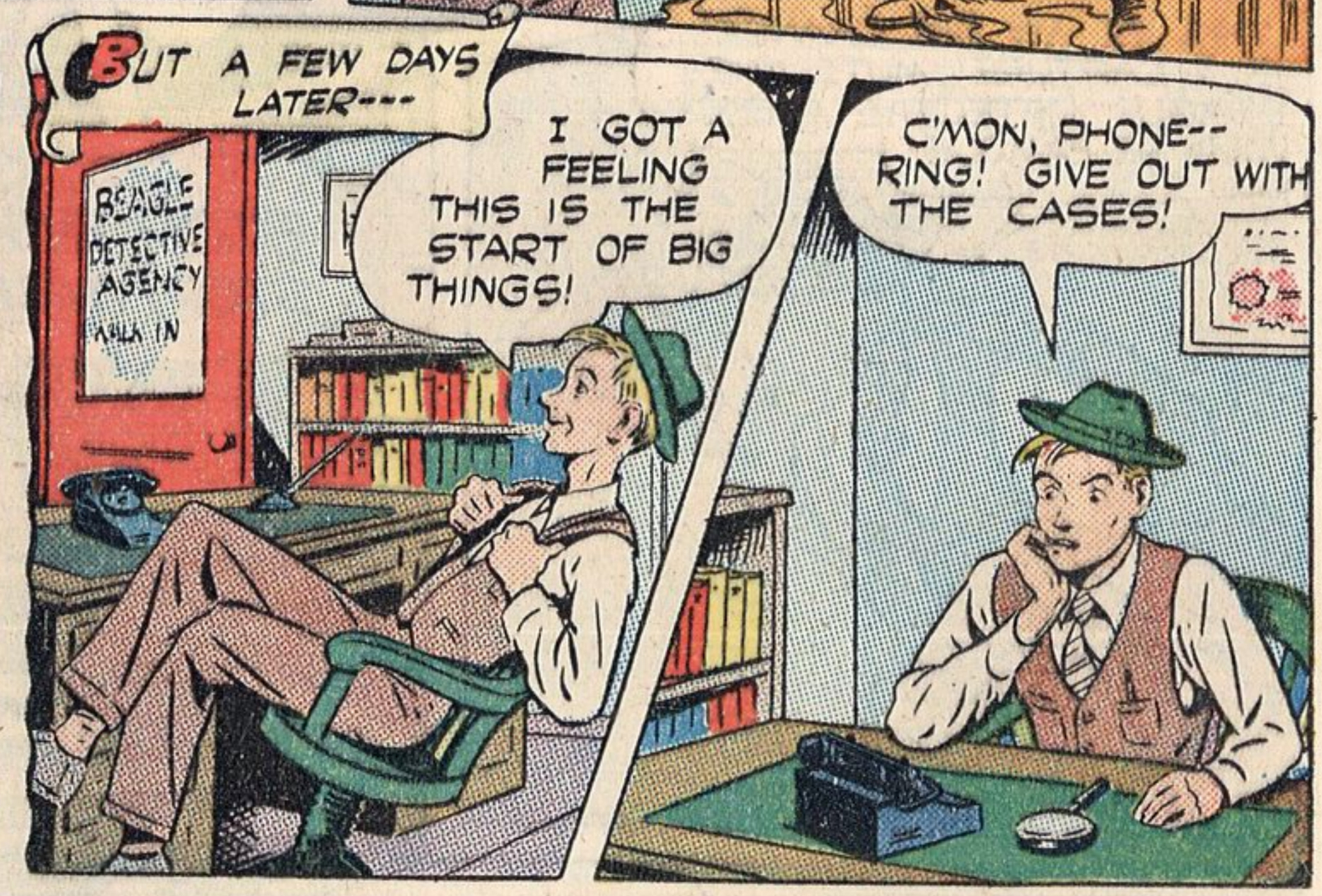
Harvey Fuller

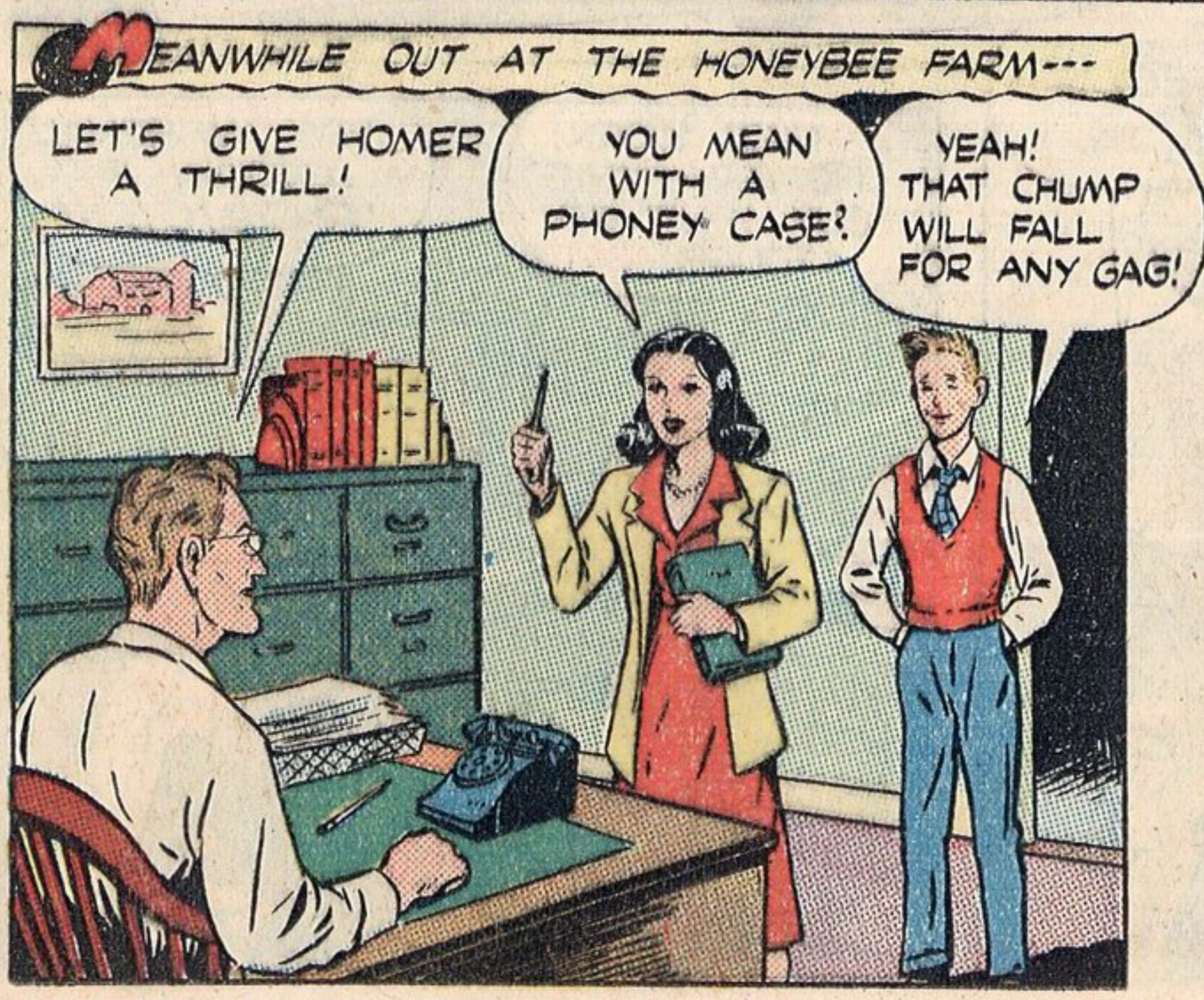
HOMER KEEPS AS BUSY AS A BEE, CRACKS OPEN A HONEY OF A CRIME GANG, AND GETS IN A HIVE OF TROUBLE, AS HE STARTS OUT ON WHAT PROMISES TO BE A HECTIC DETECTIVE CAREER!



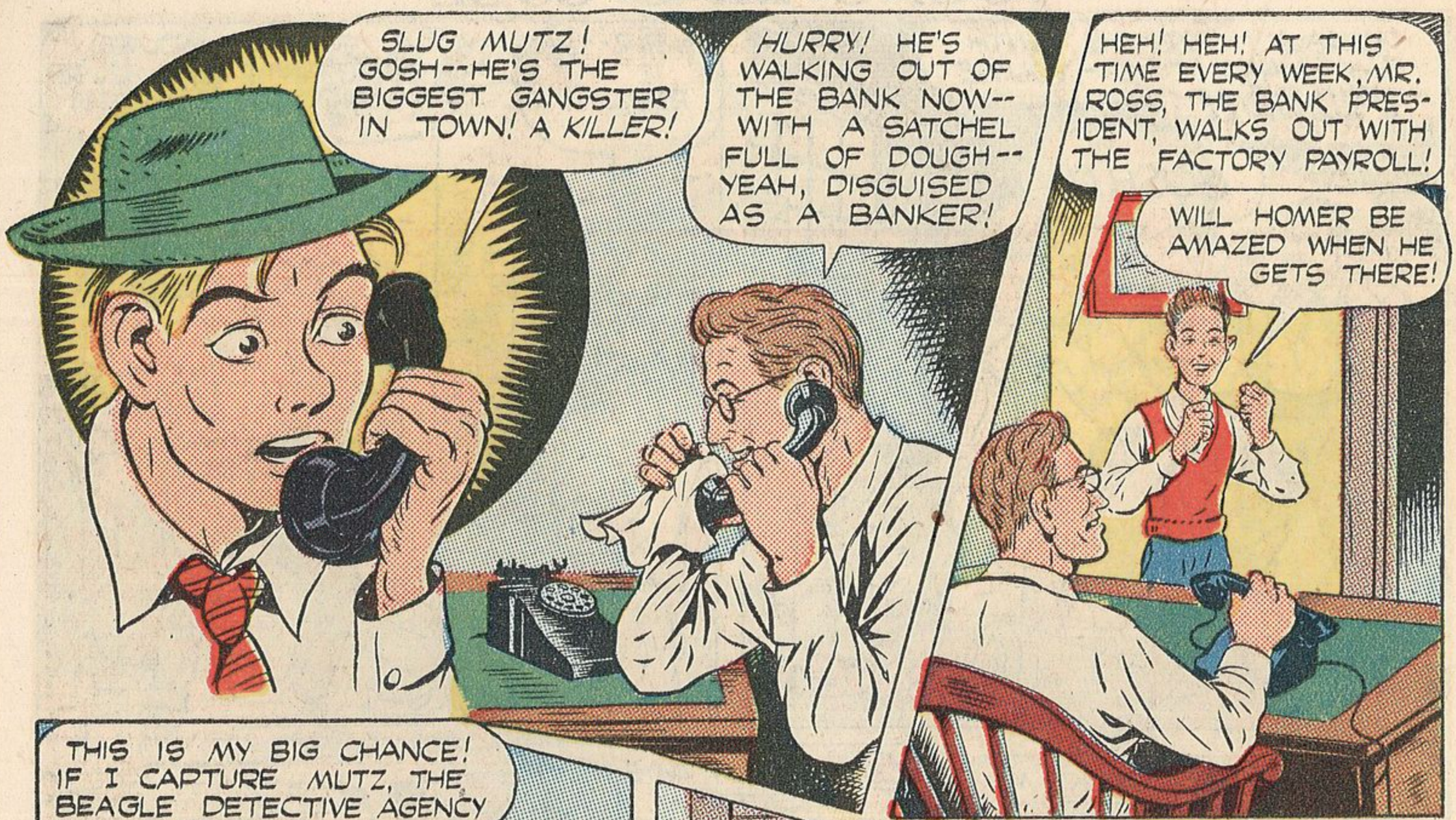
YOUNG KING COLE

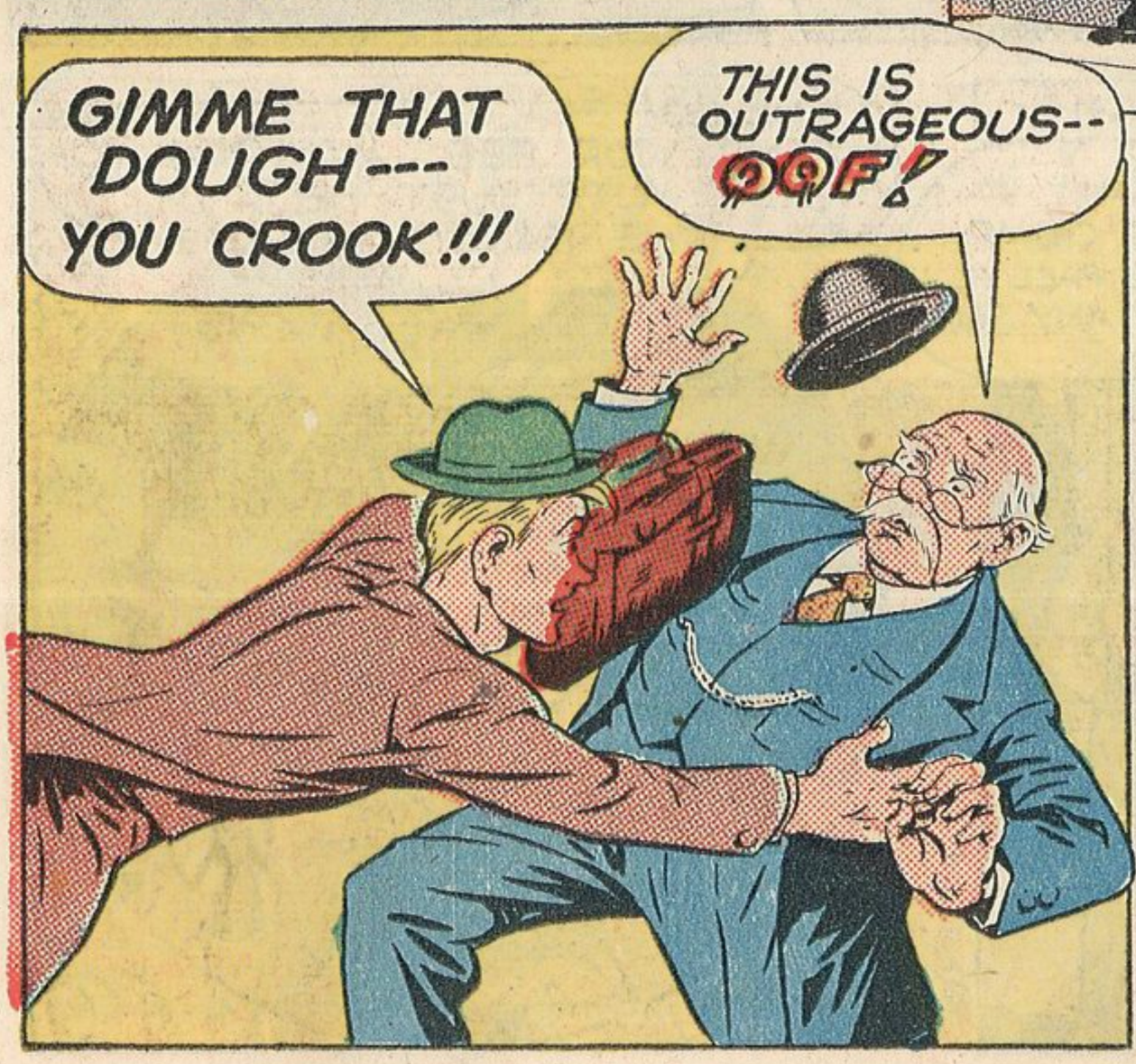






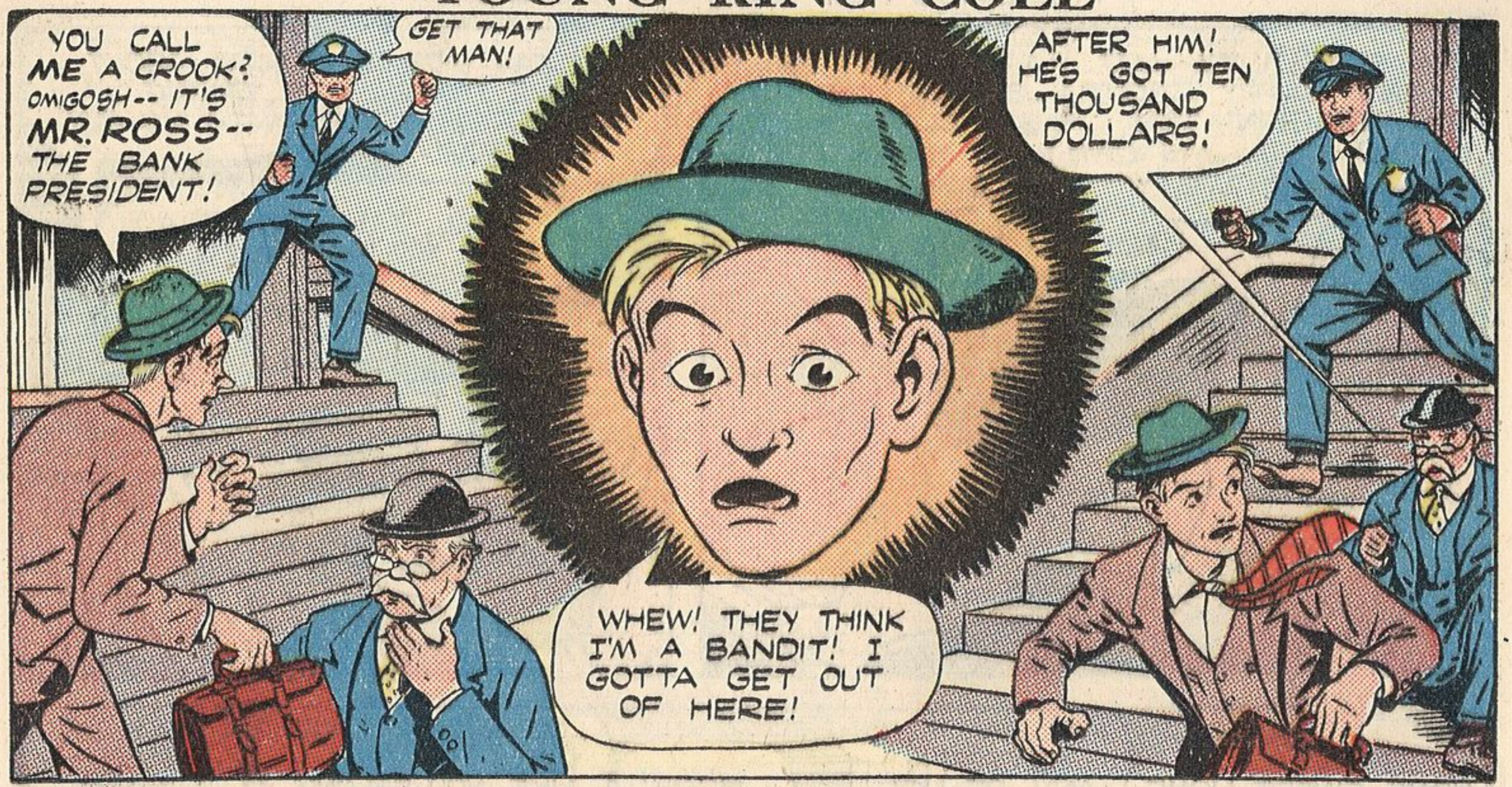
YOUNG KING COLE

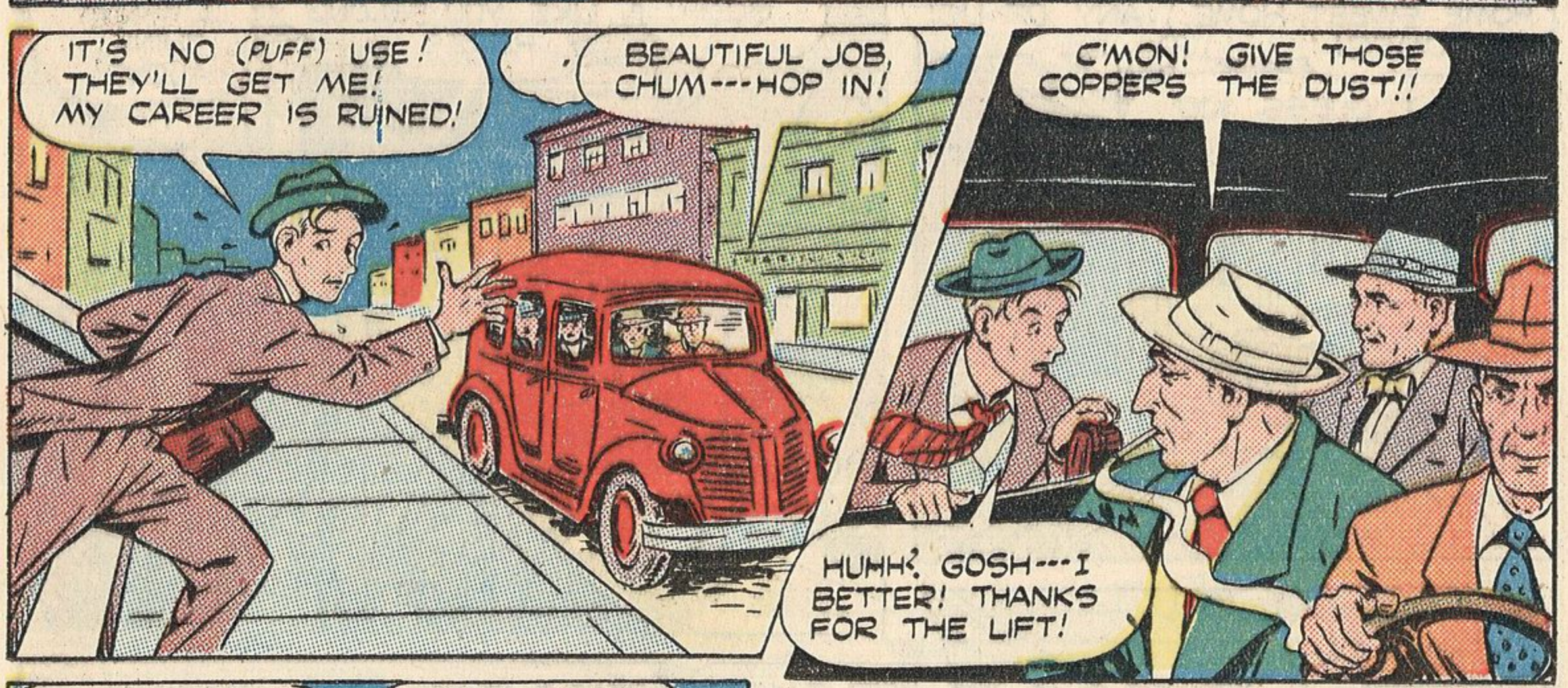




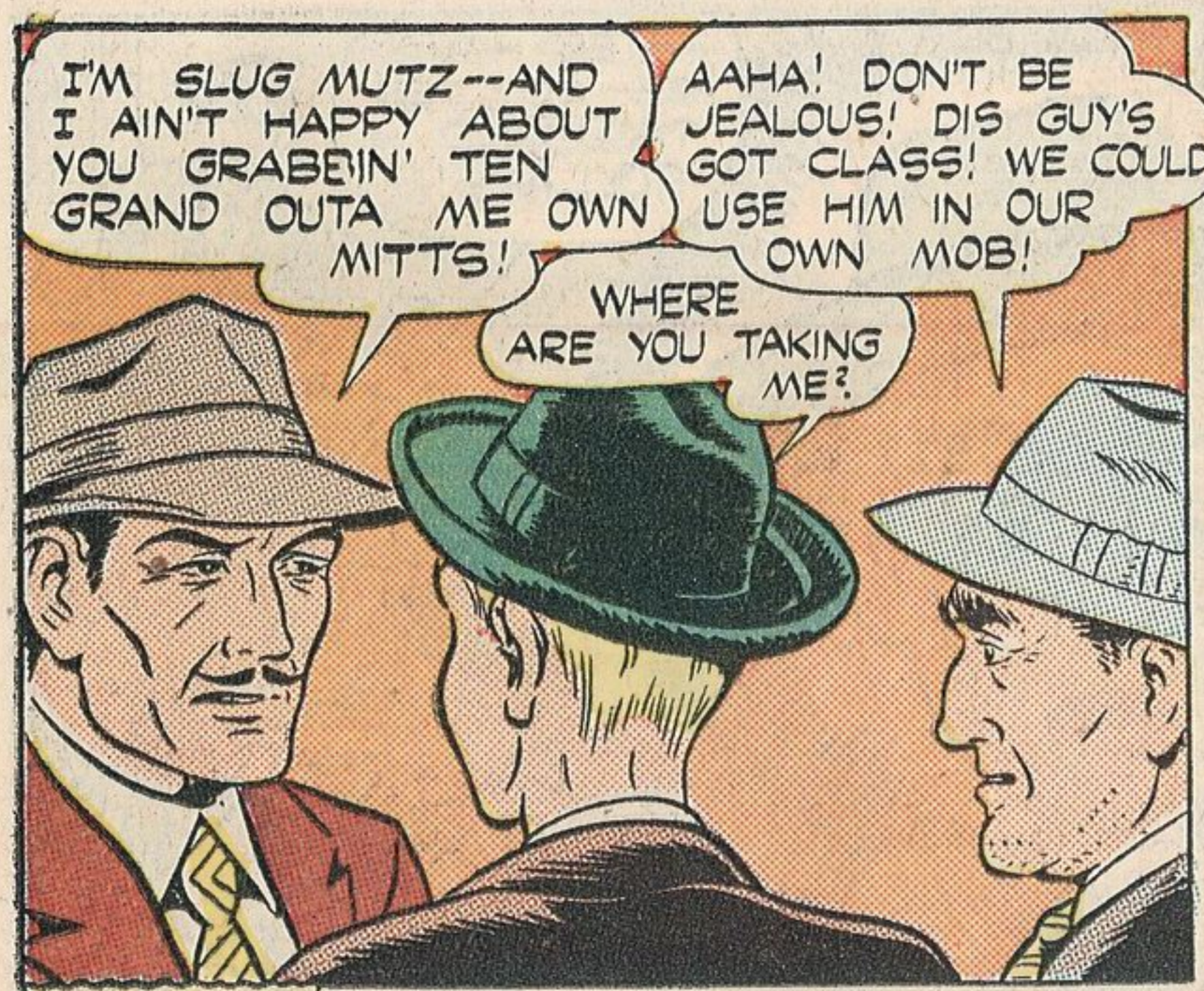
MILES' 2nd HAND STORE
503 - 507 BRADY ST. - DAVENPORT, IOWA

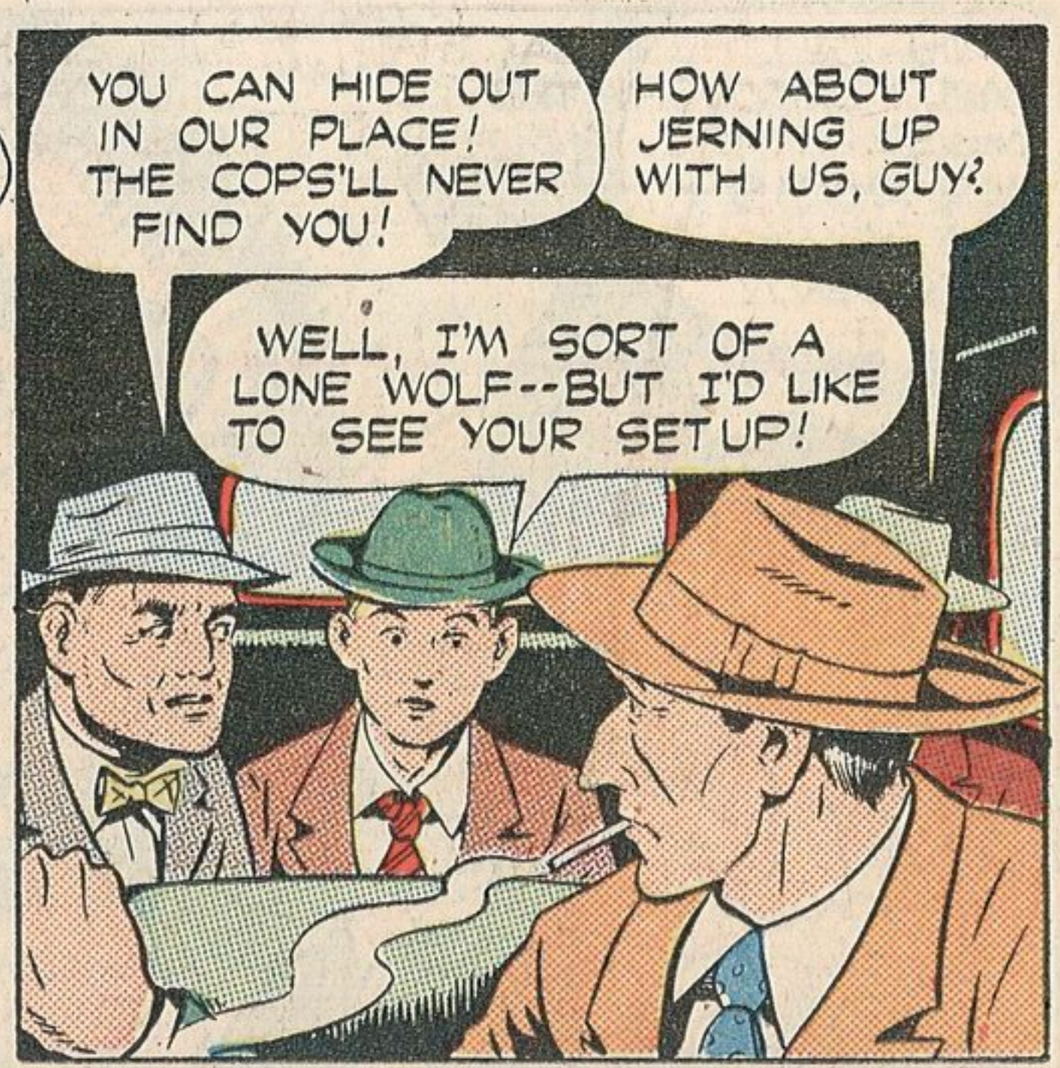
YOUNG KING COLE

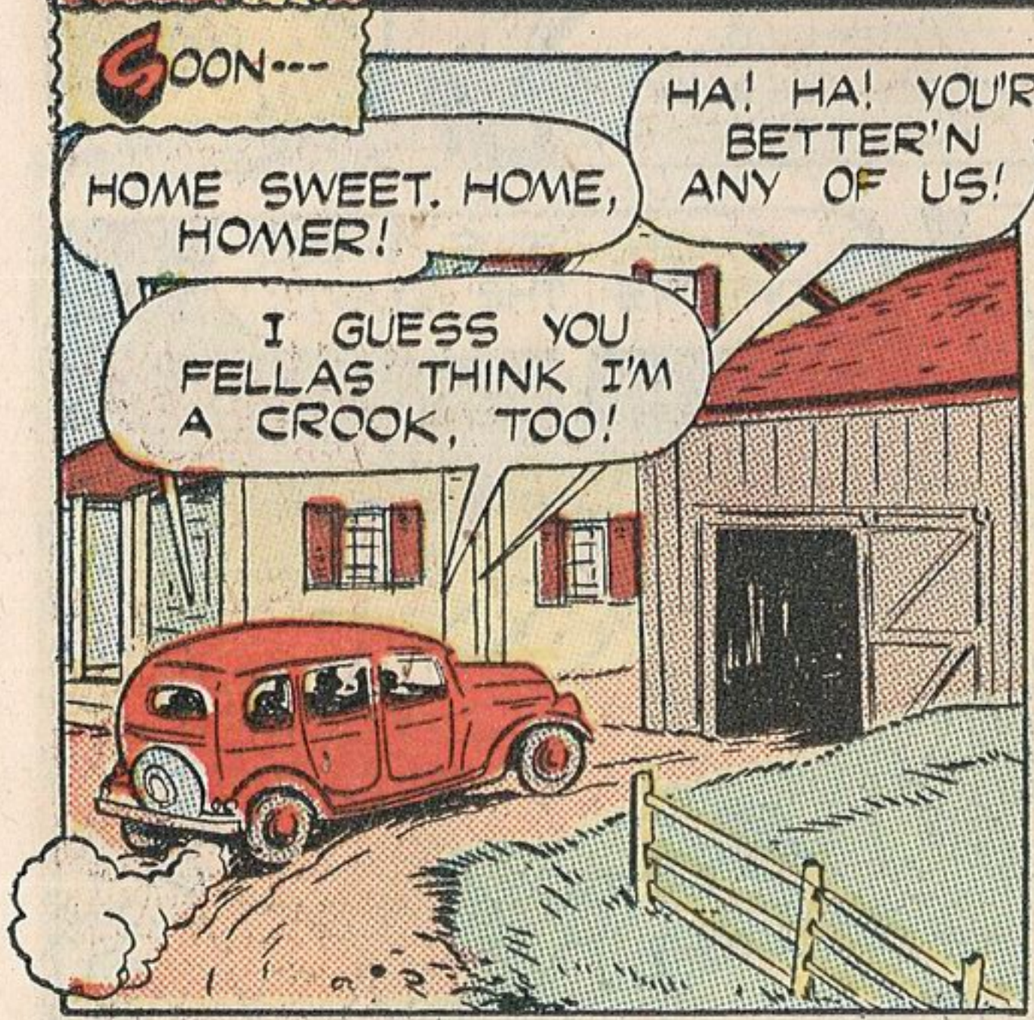


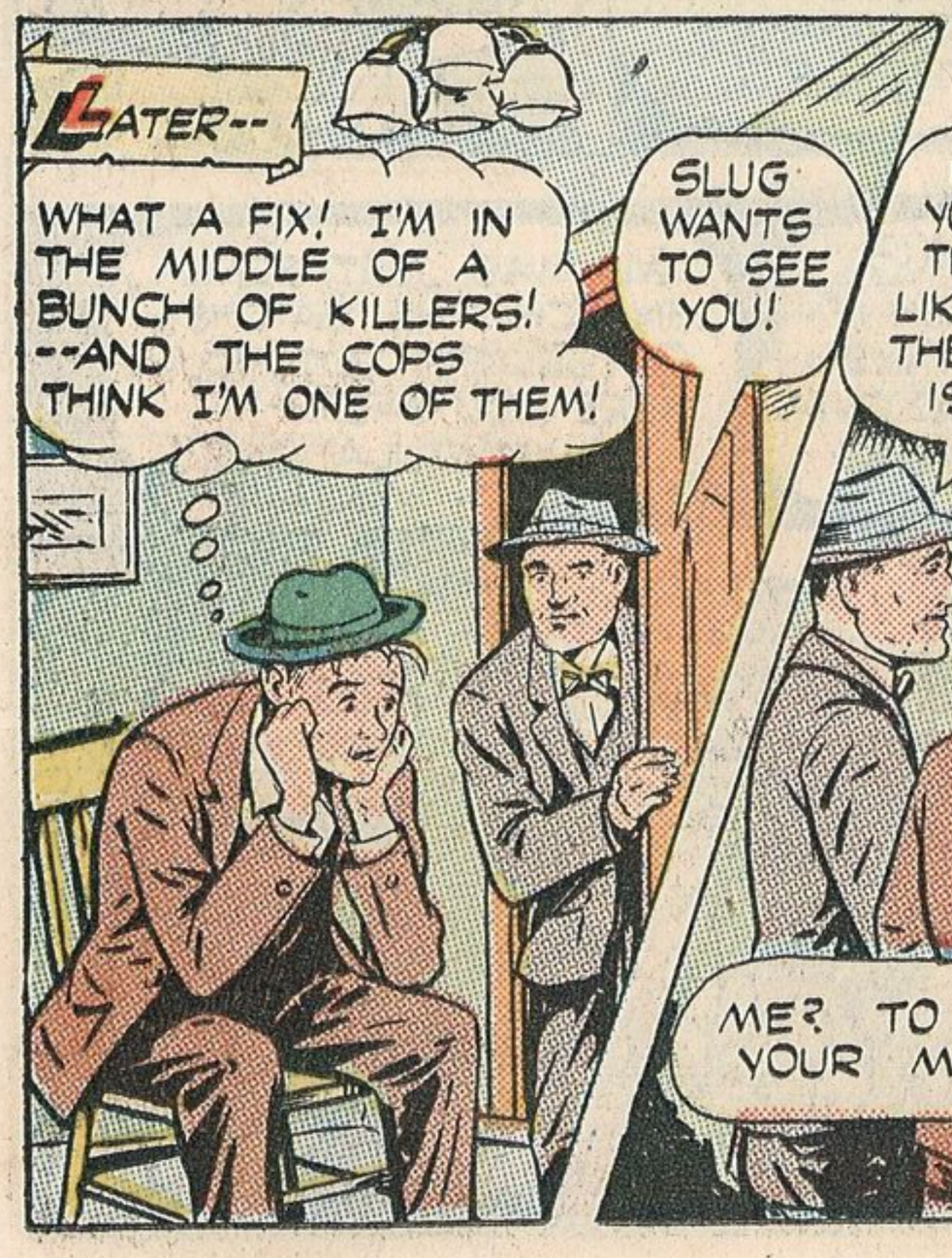


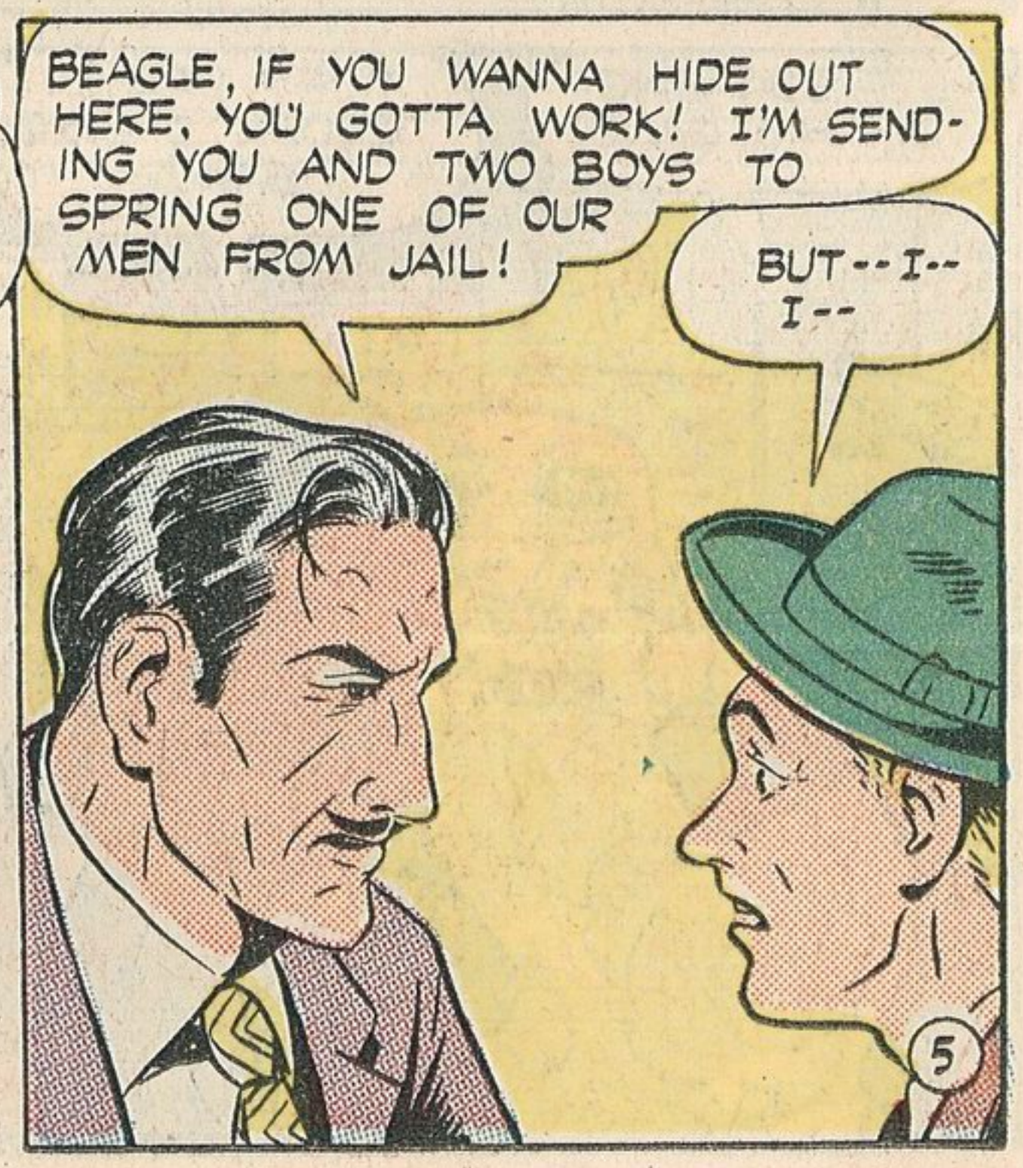
YOUNG KING COLE



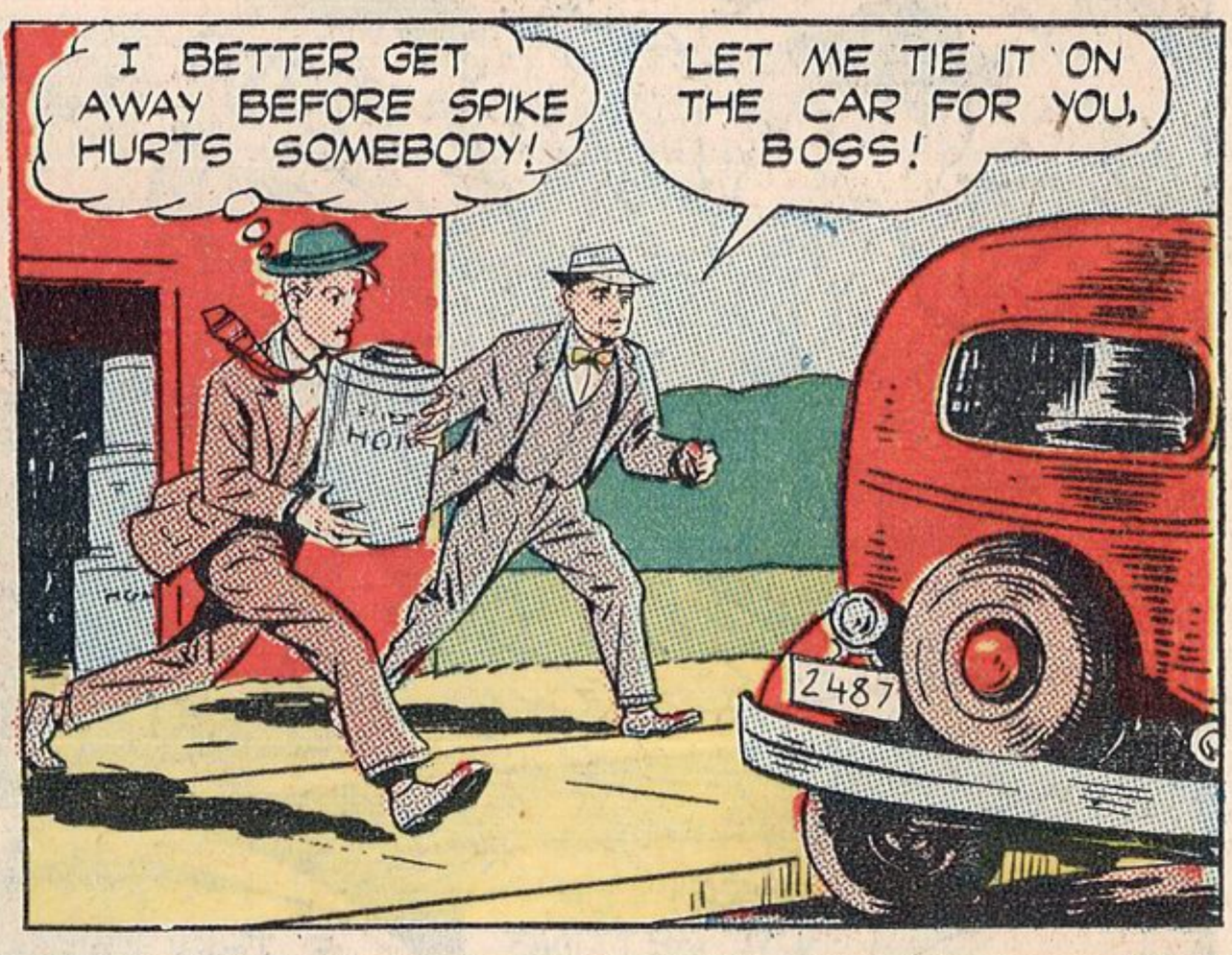


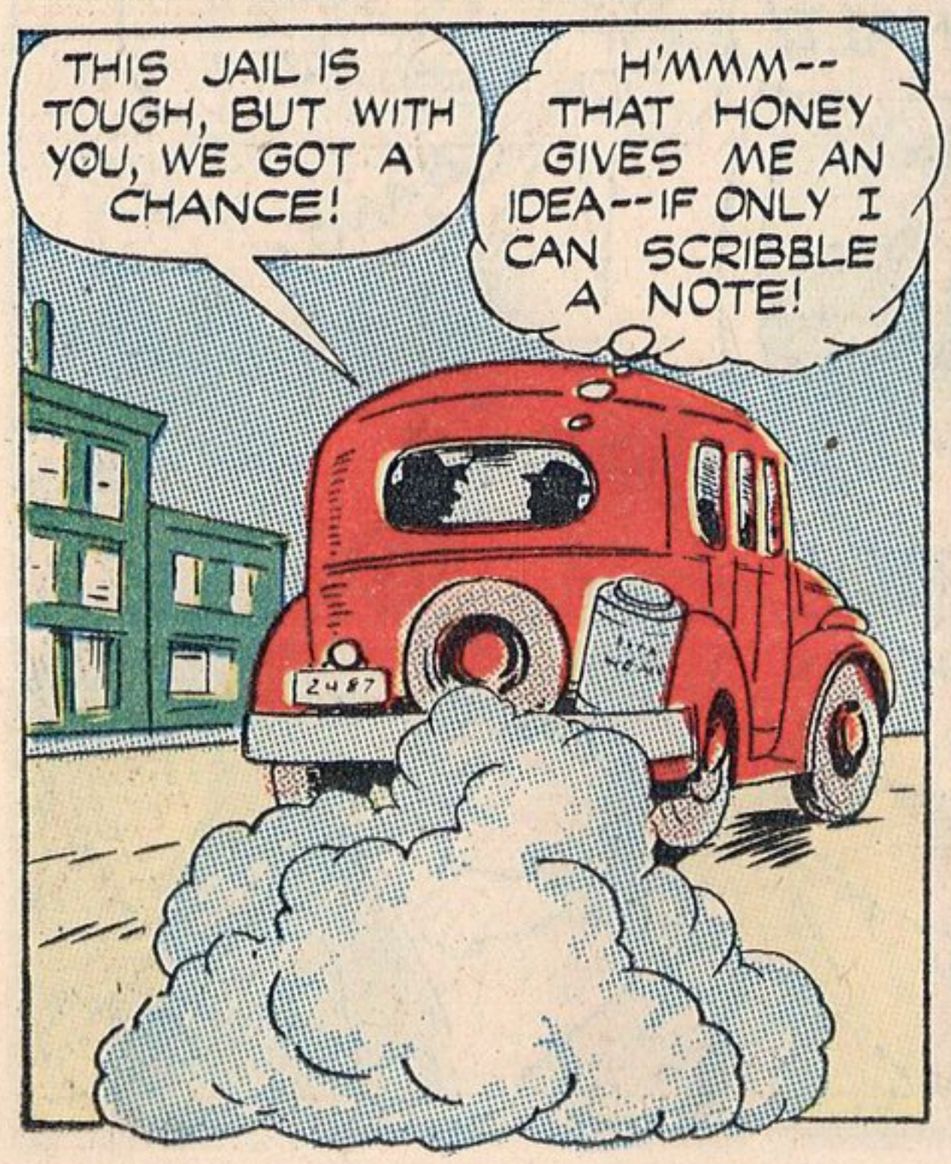


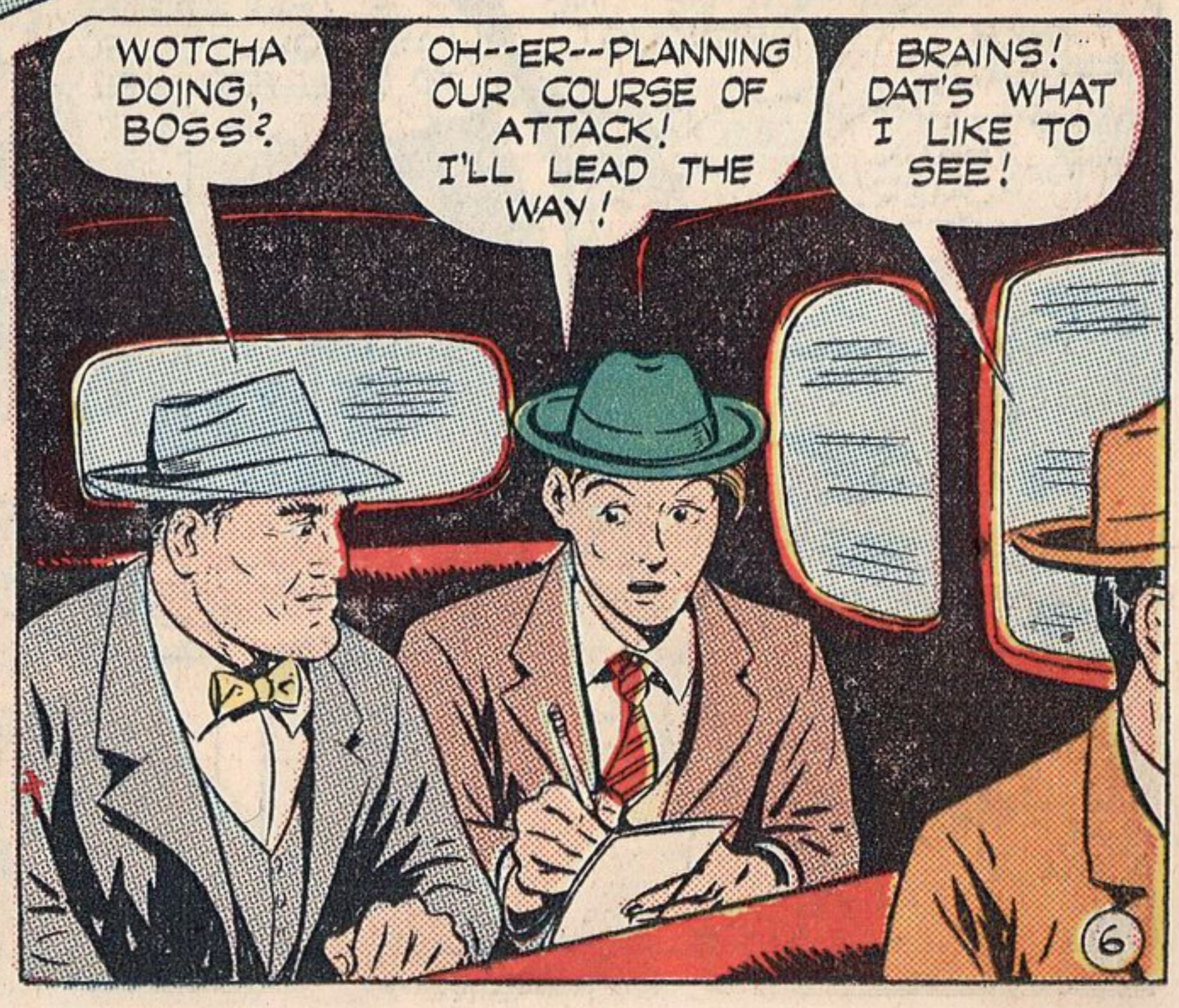




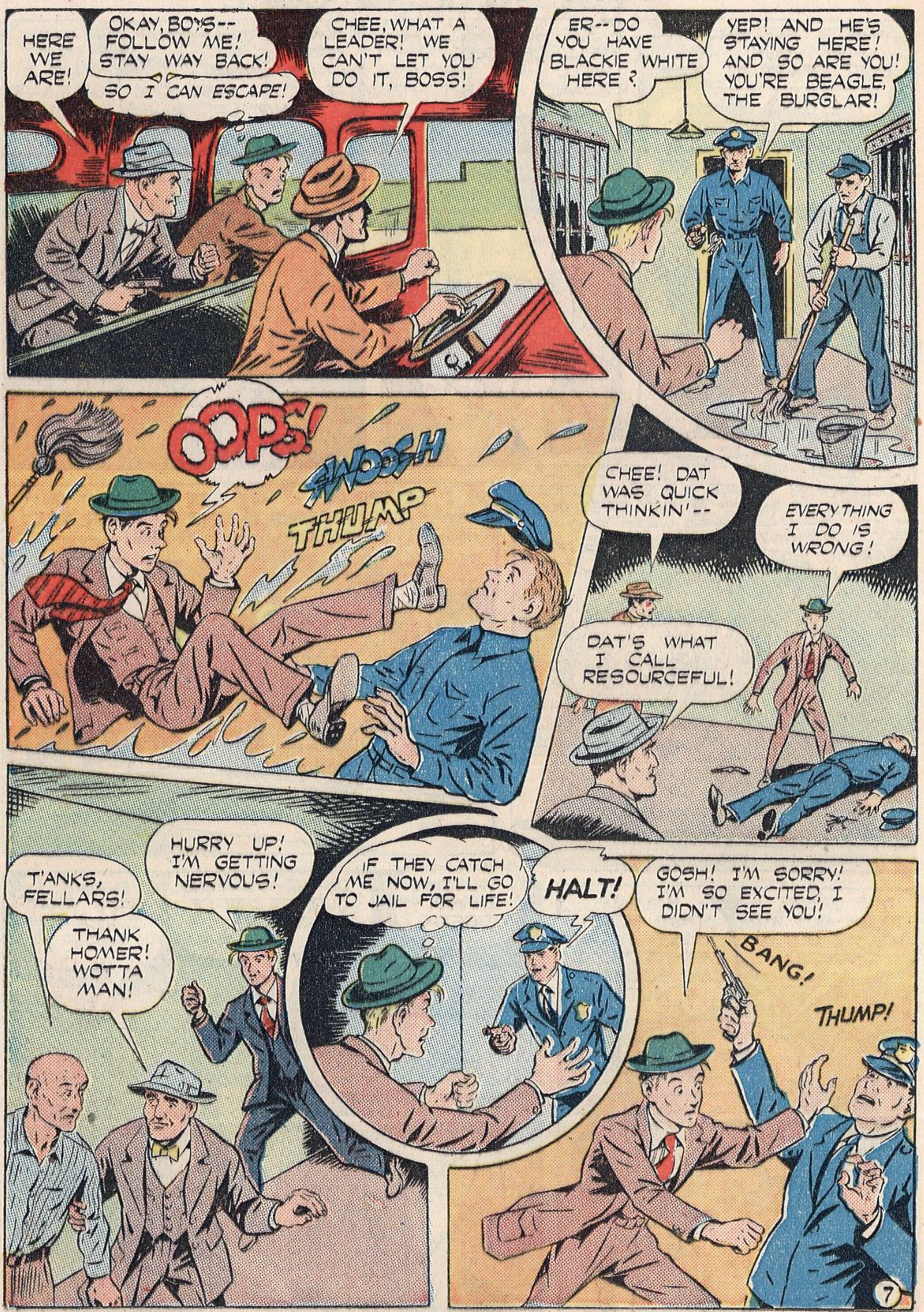
YOUNG KING COLE



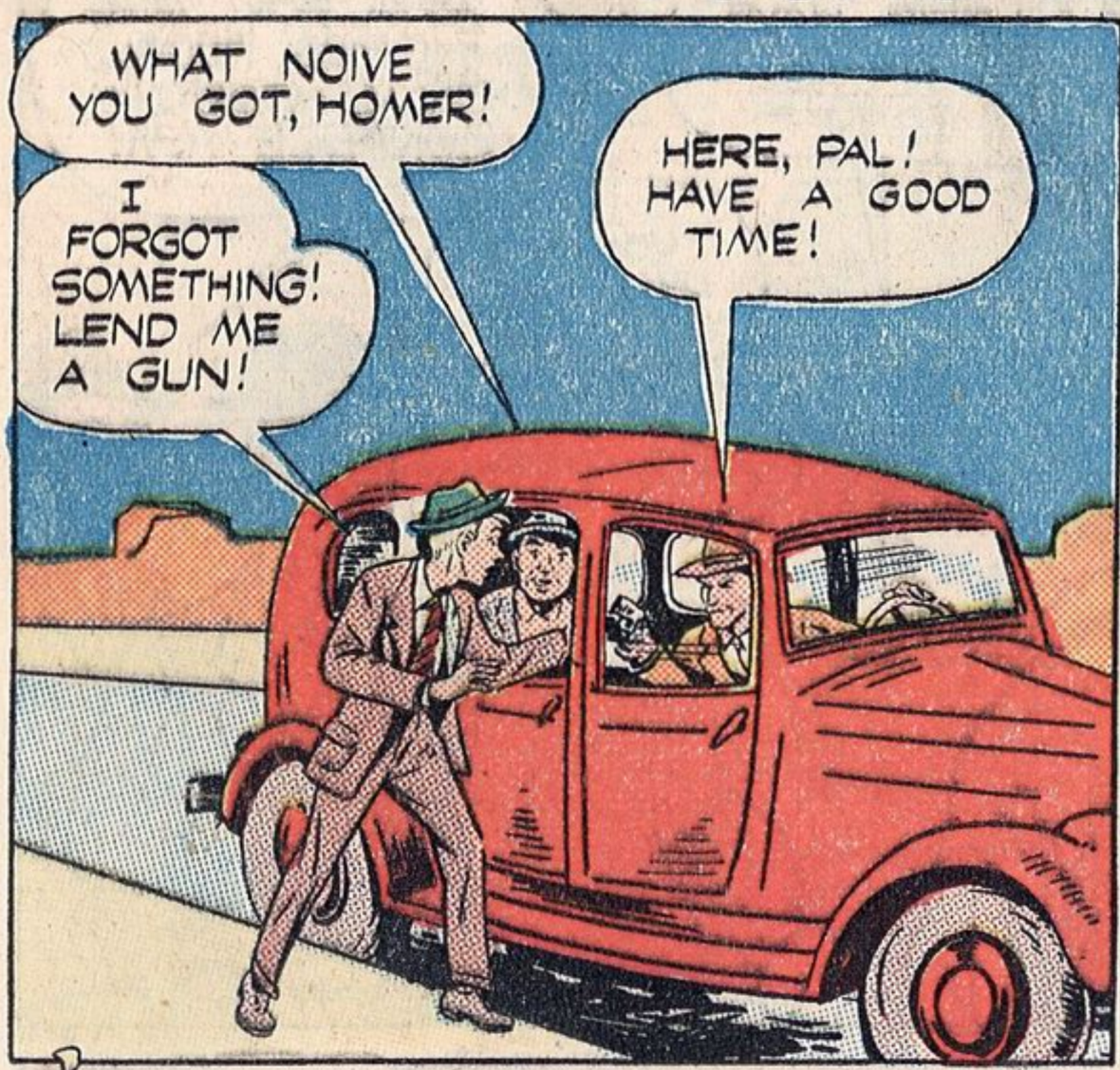


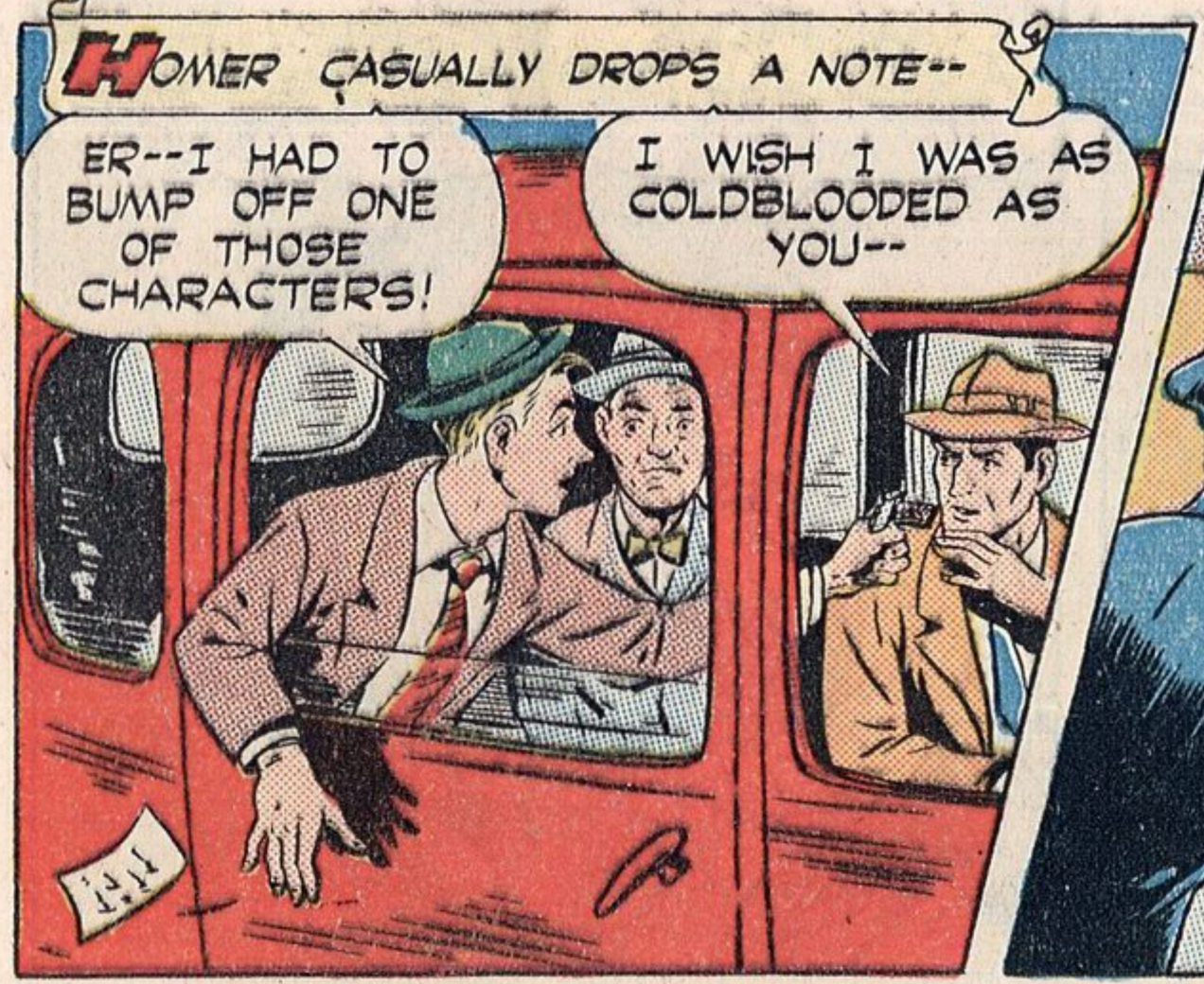


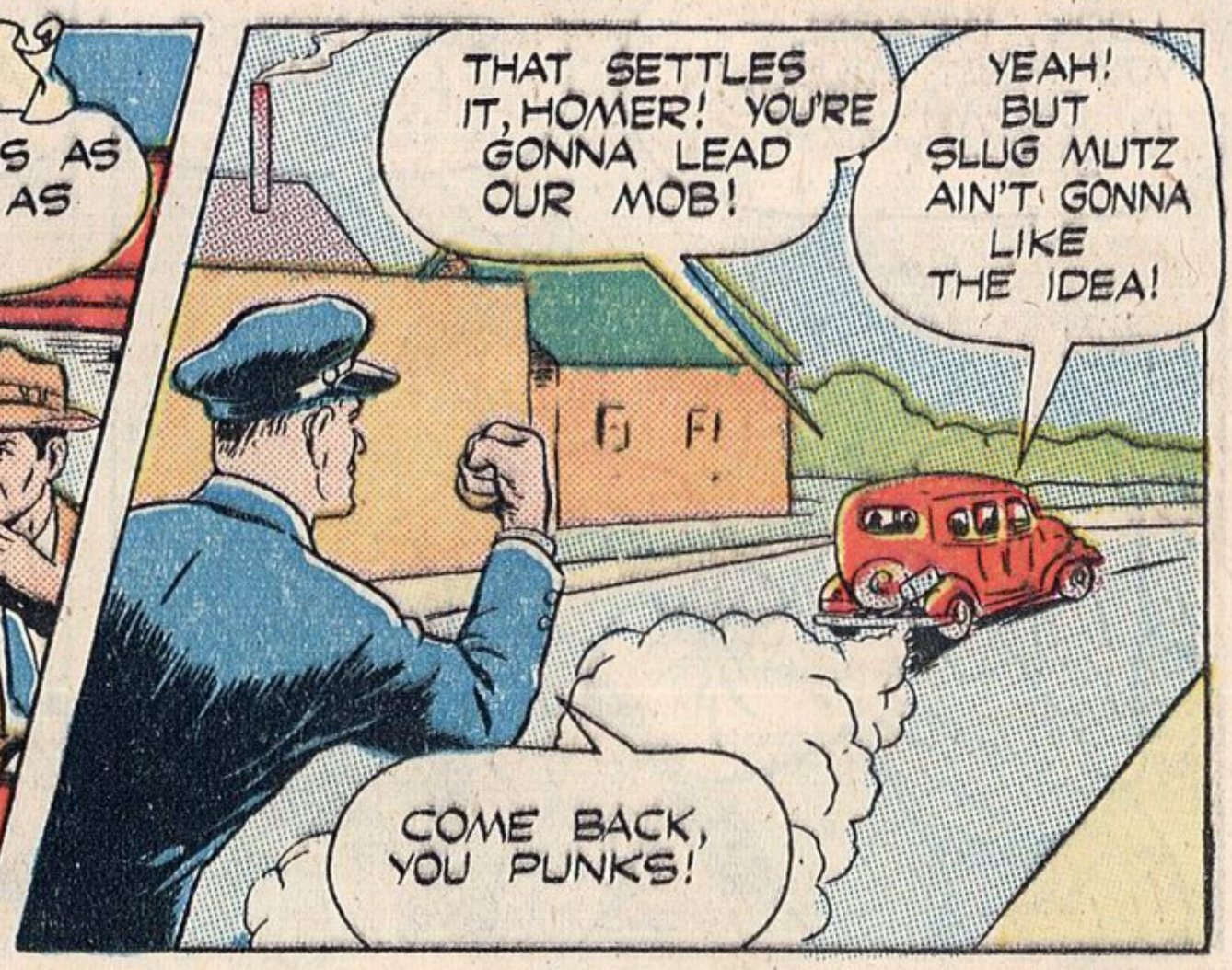
YOUNG KING COLE

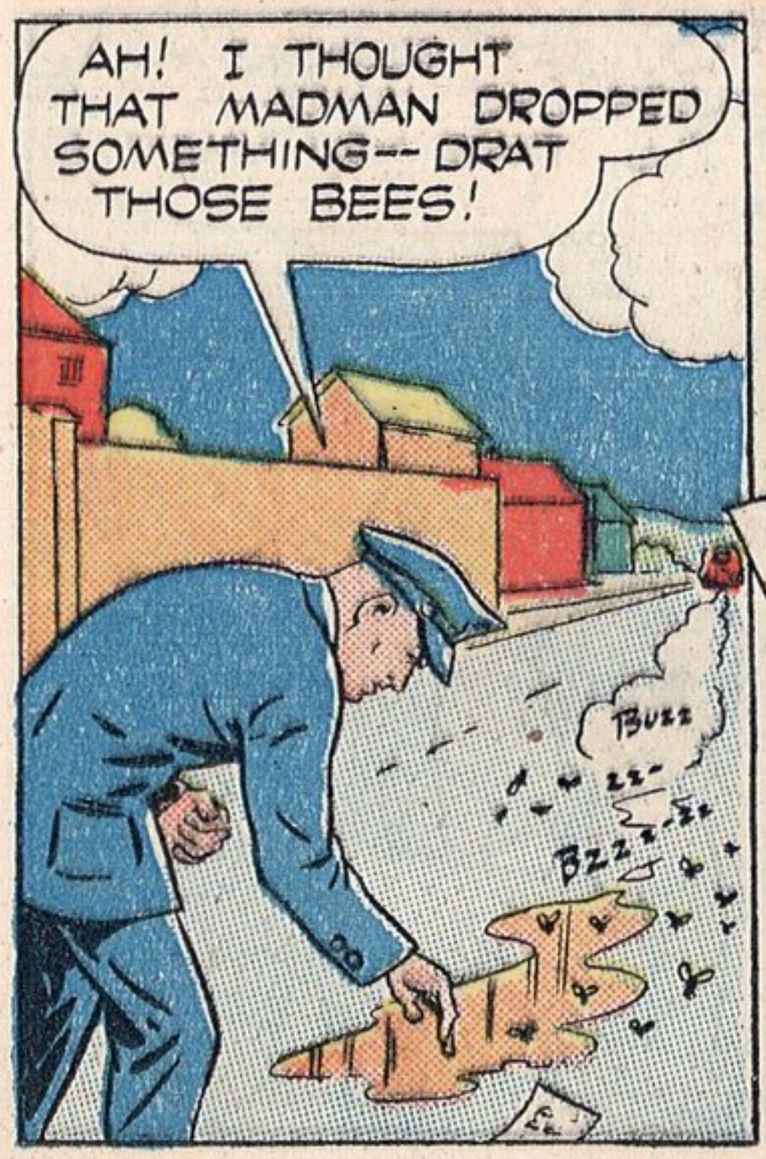


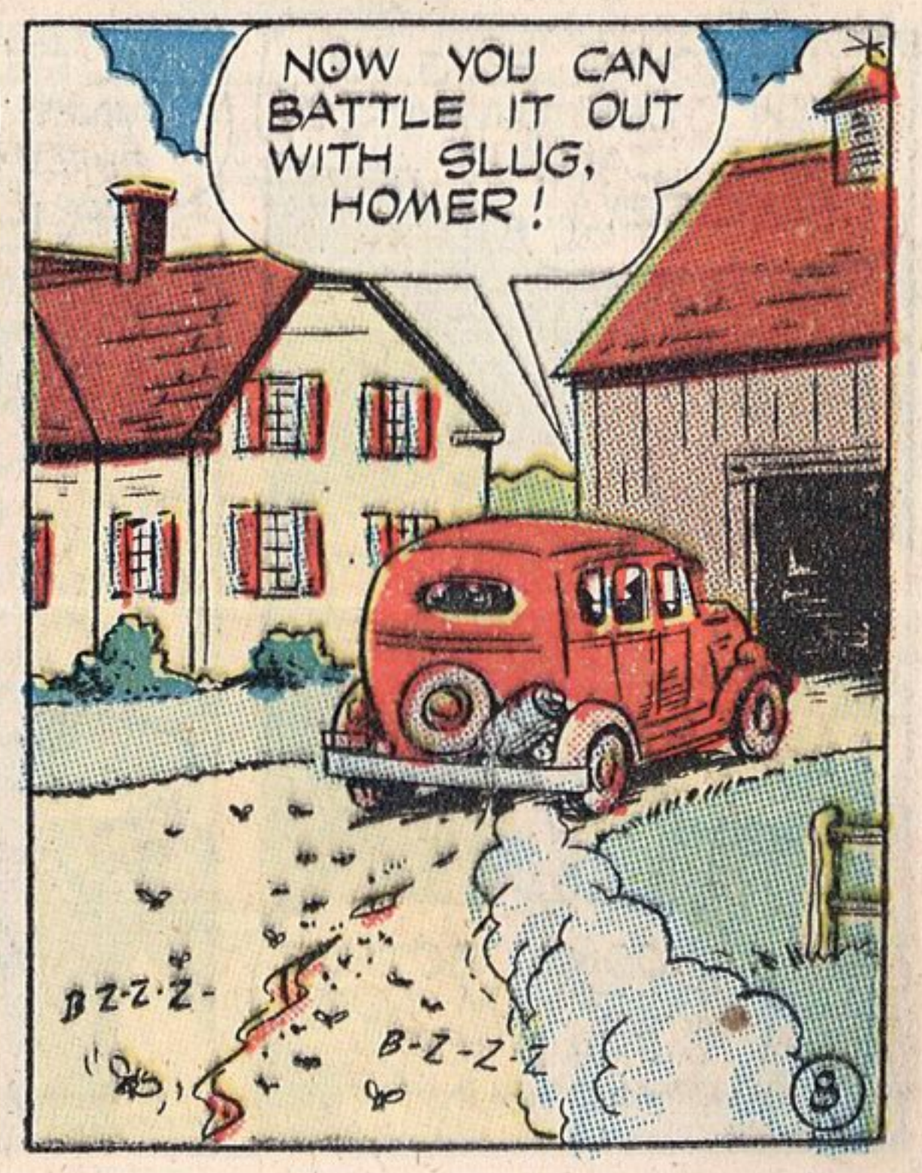
YOUNG KING COLE



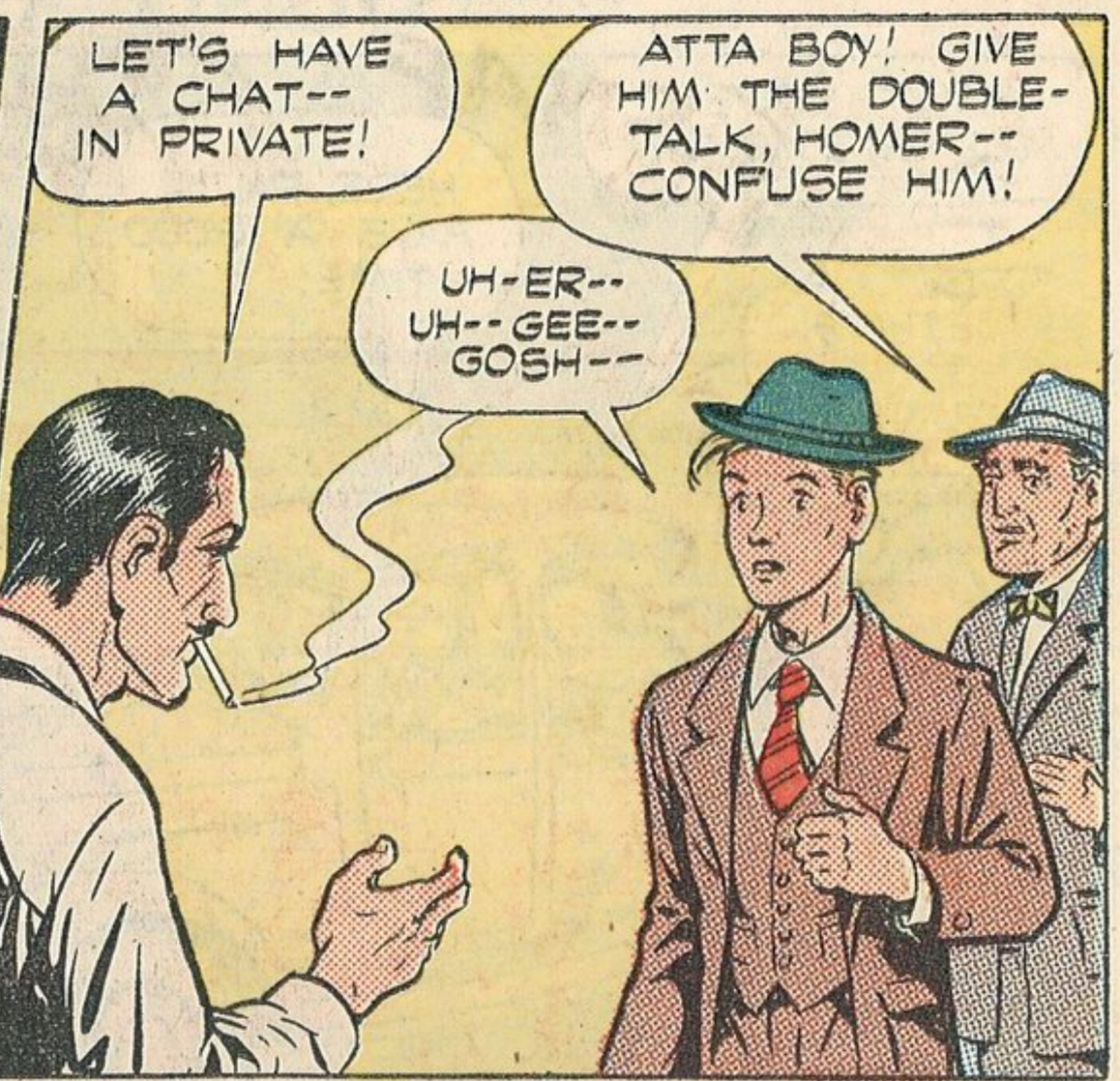


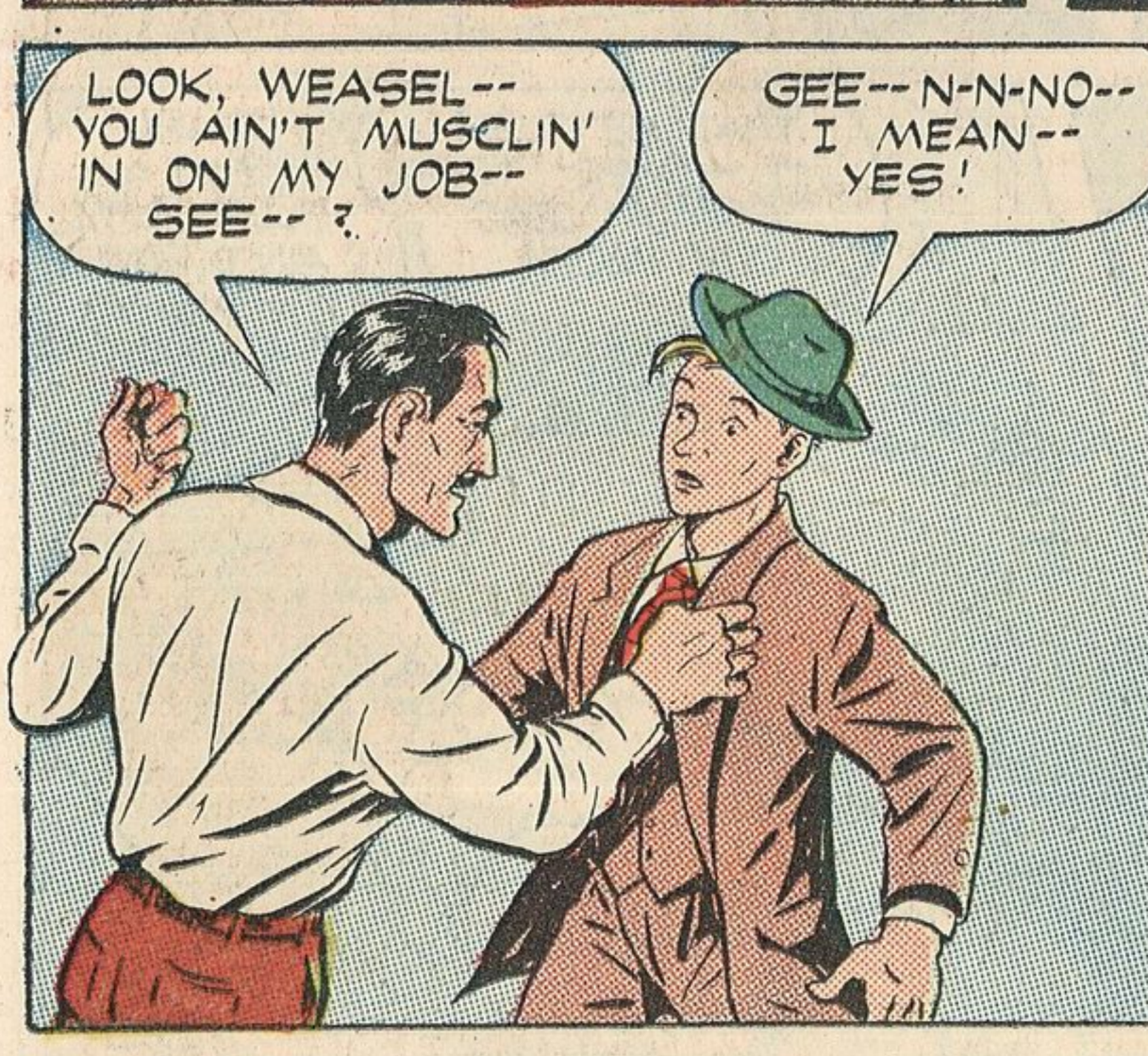


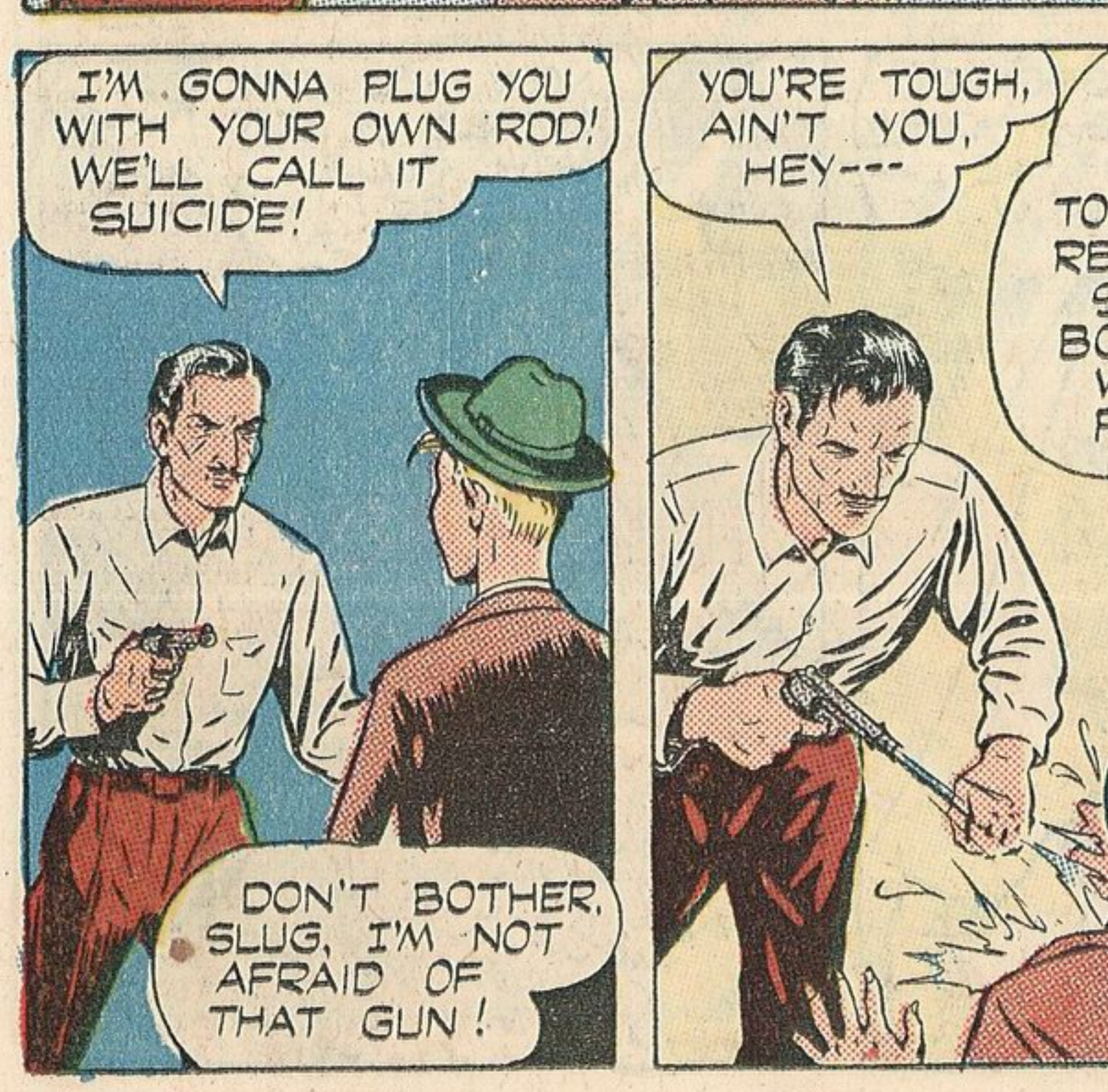




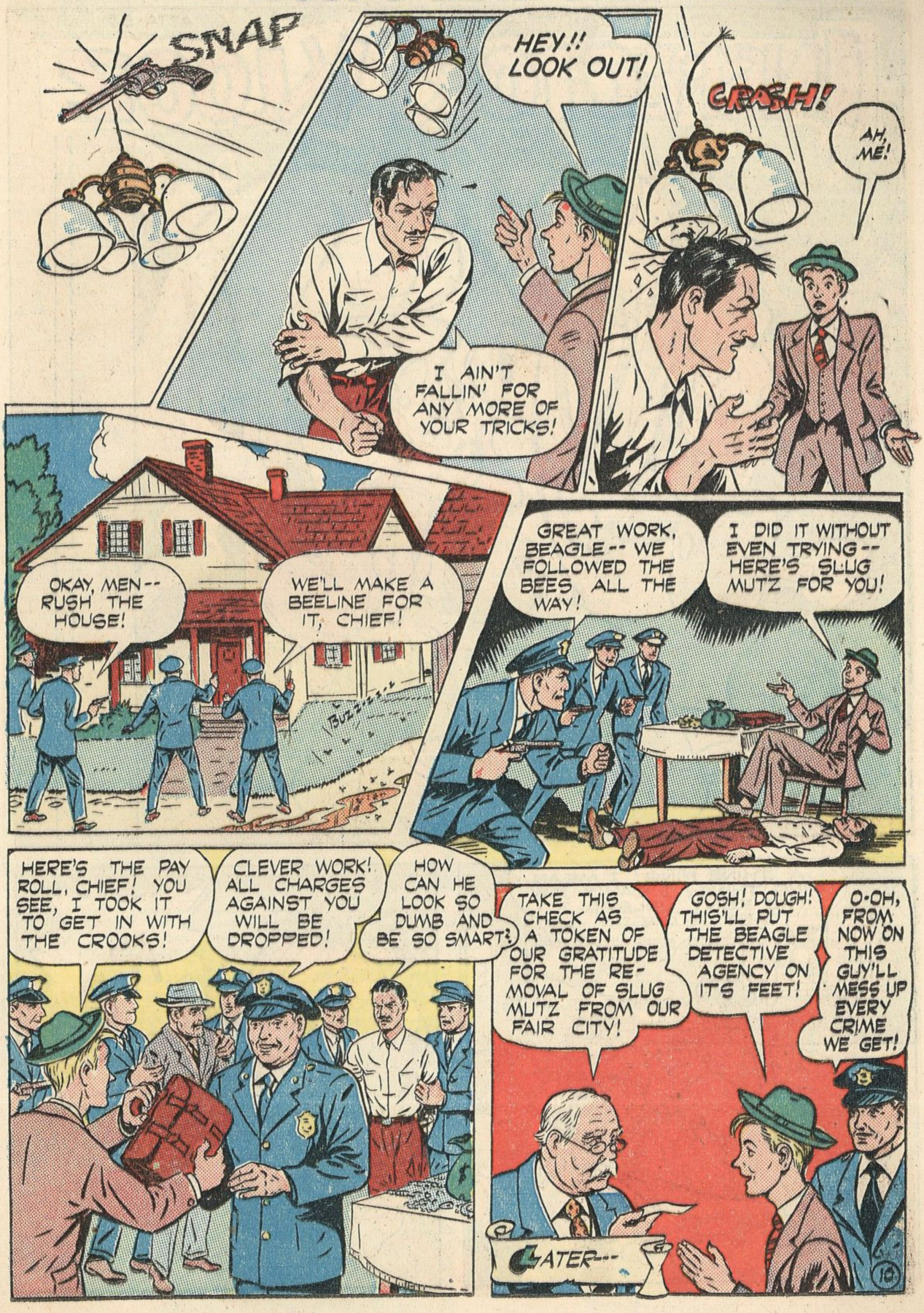
YOUNG KING COLE





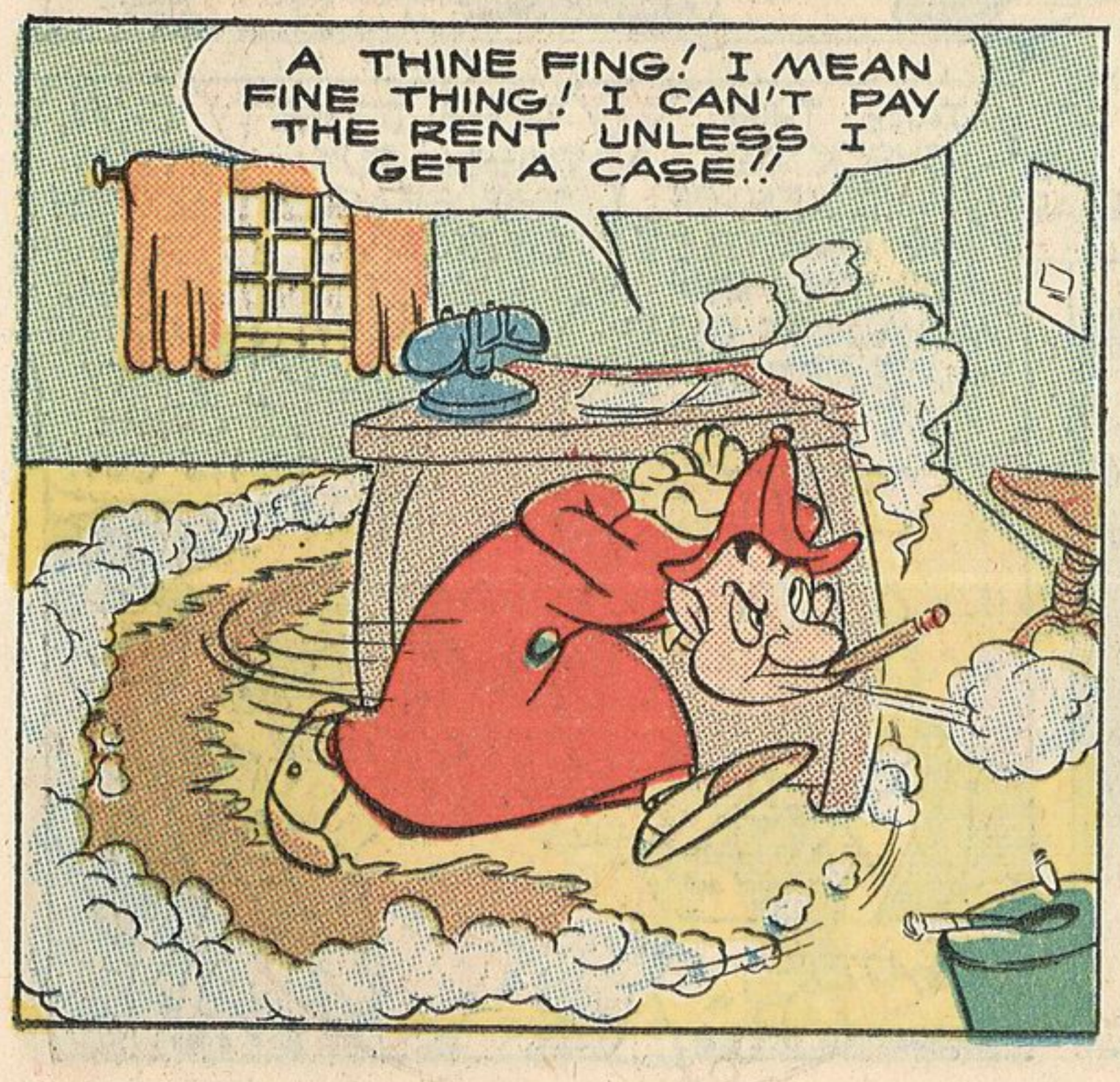


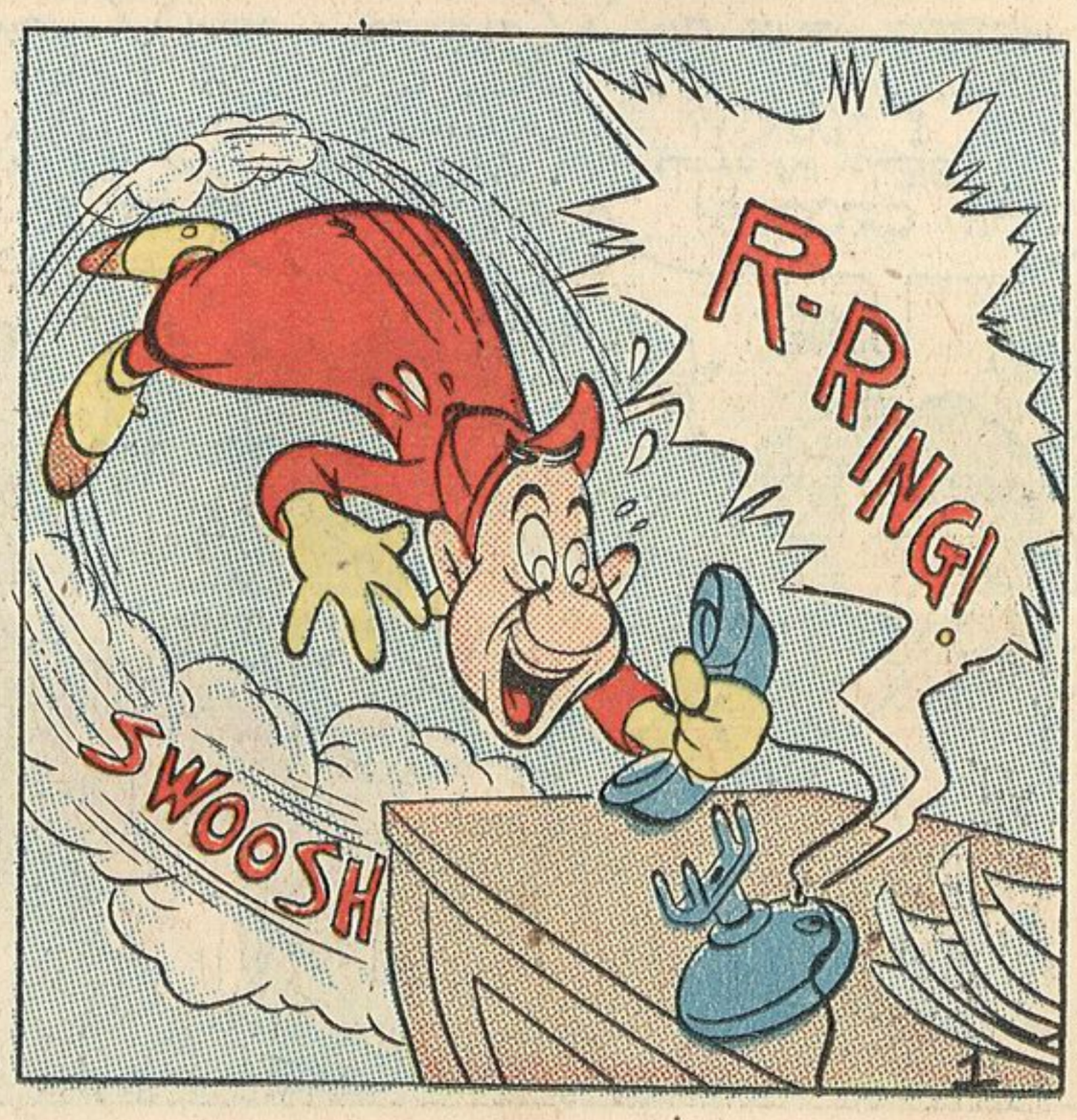
YOUNG KING COLE



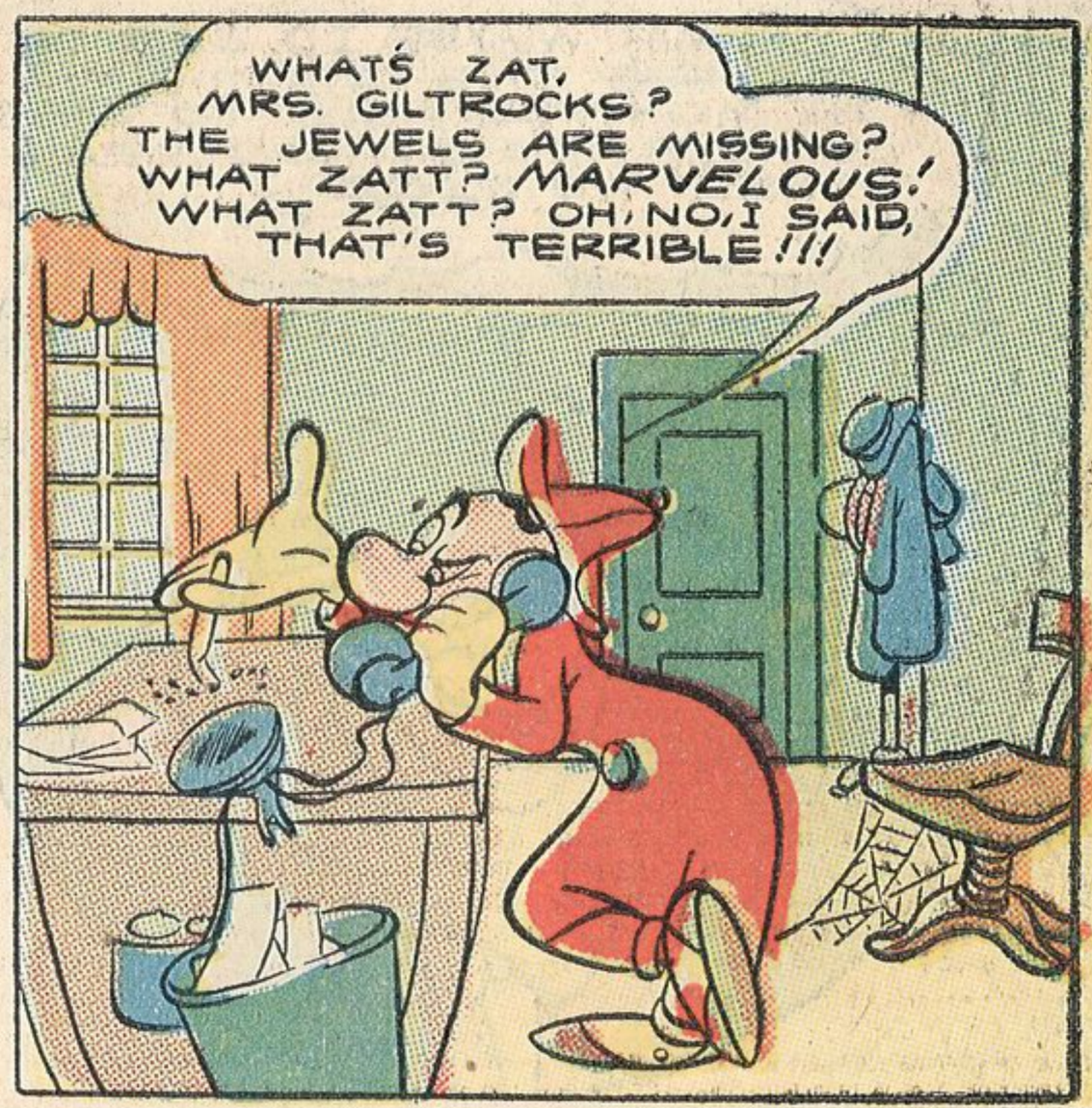
INSPECTOR KLOOZ

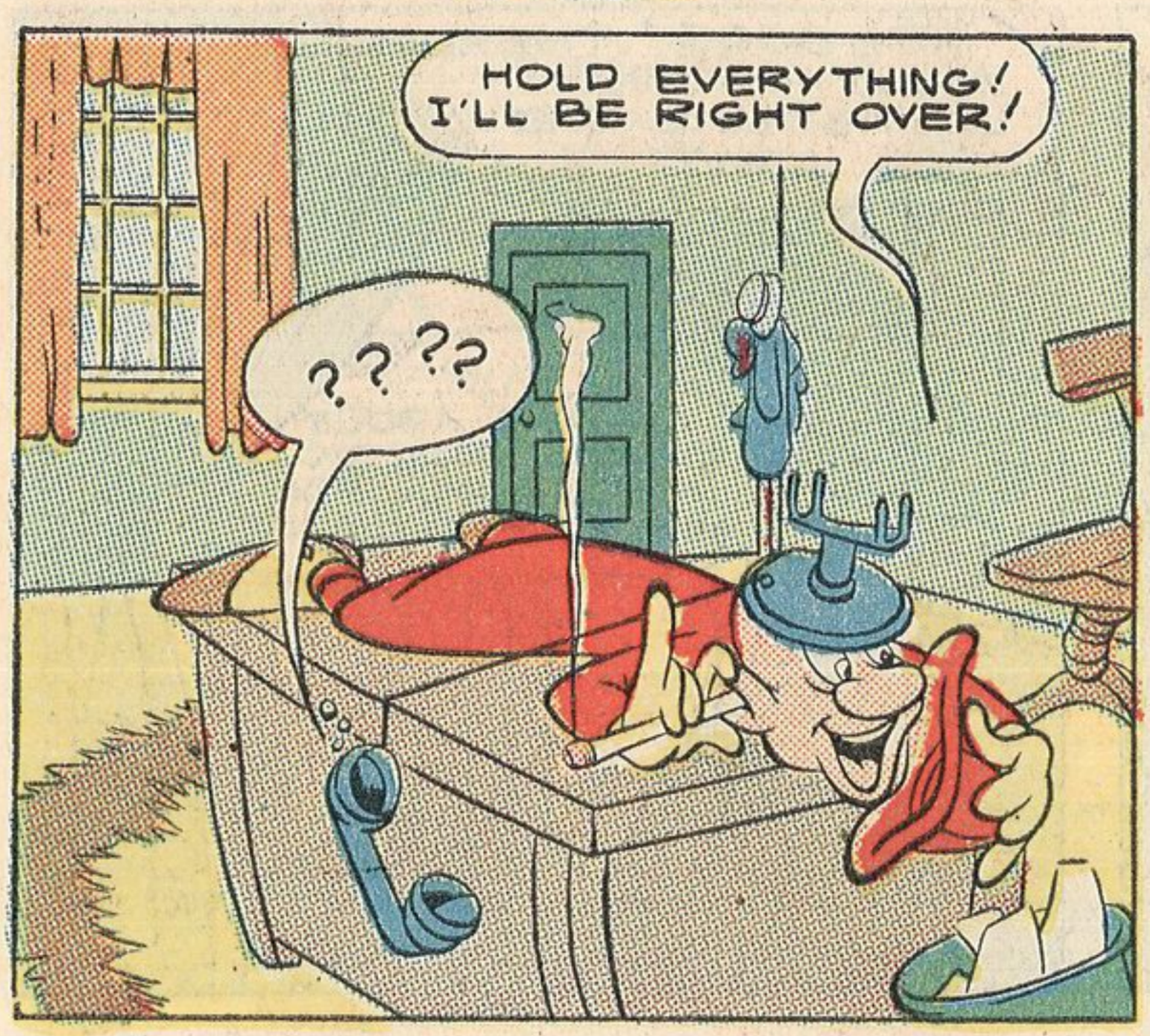
JCA



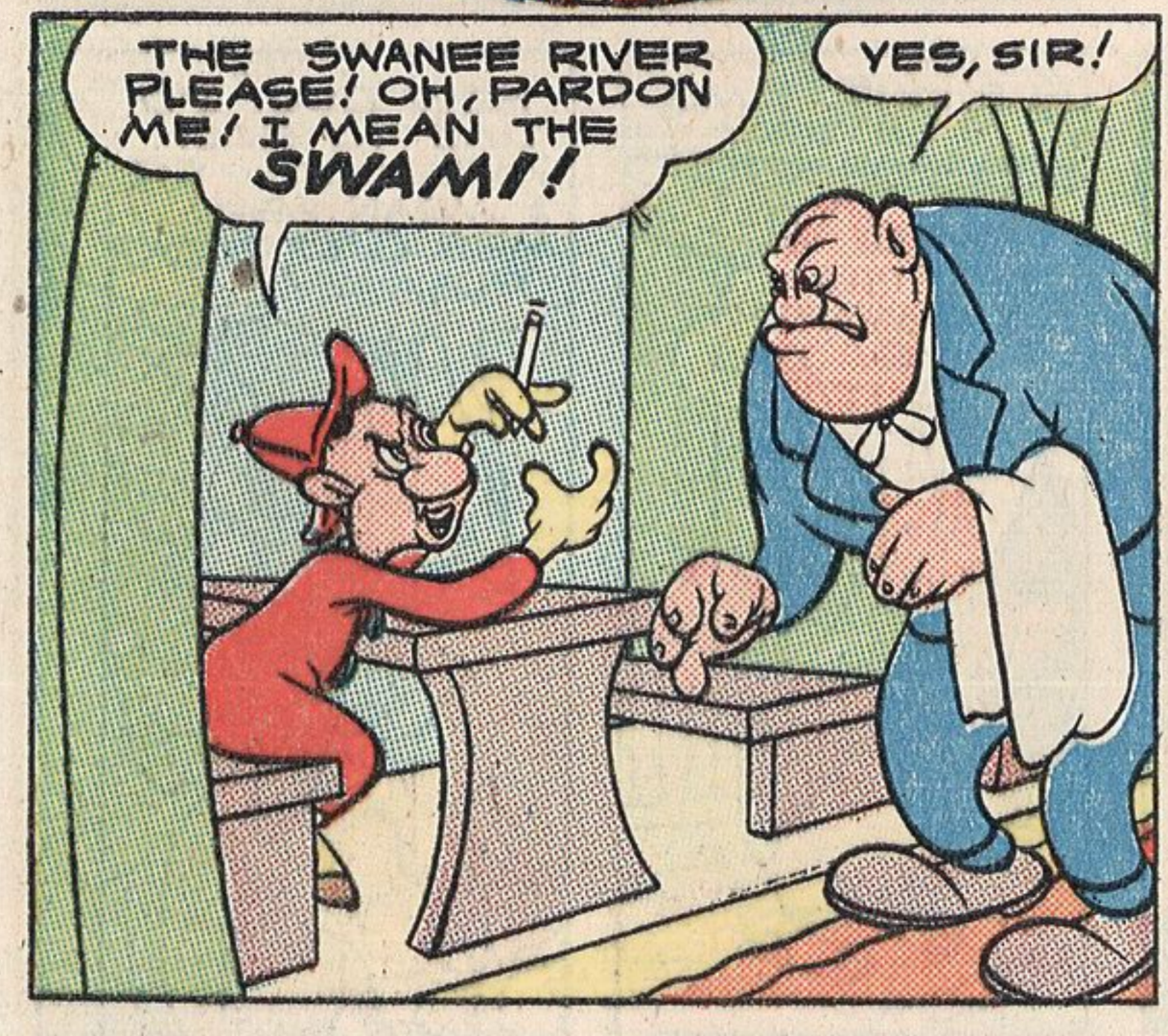


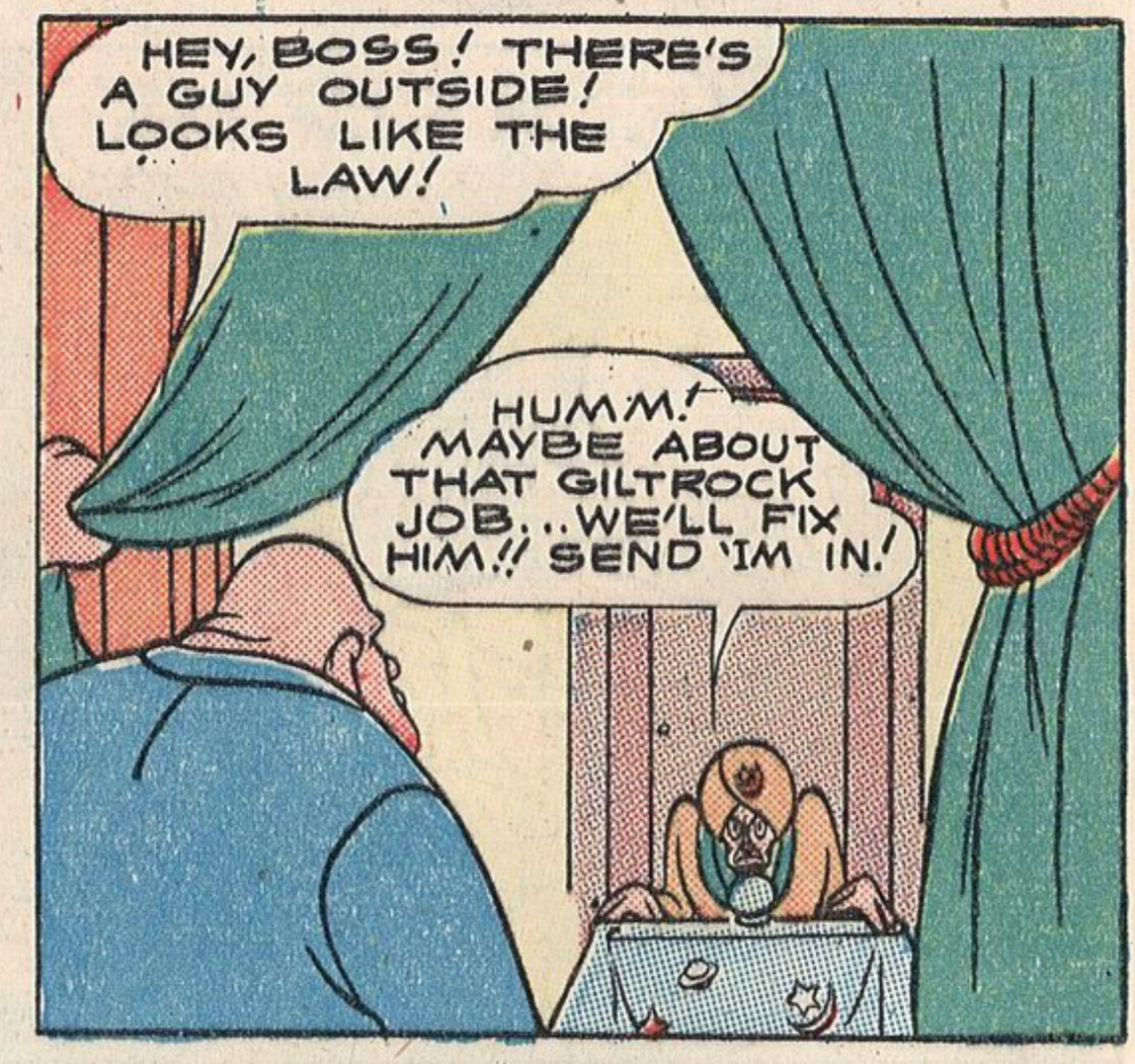
YOUNG KING COLE

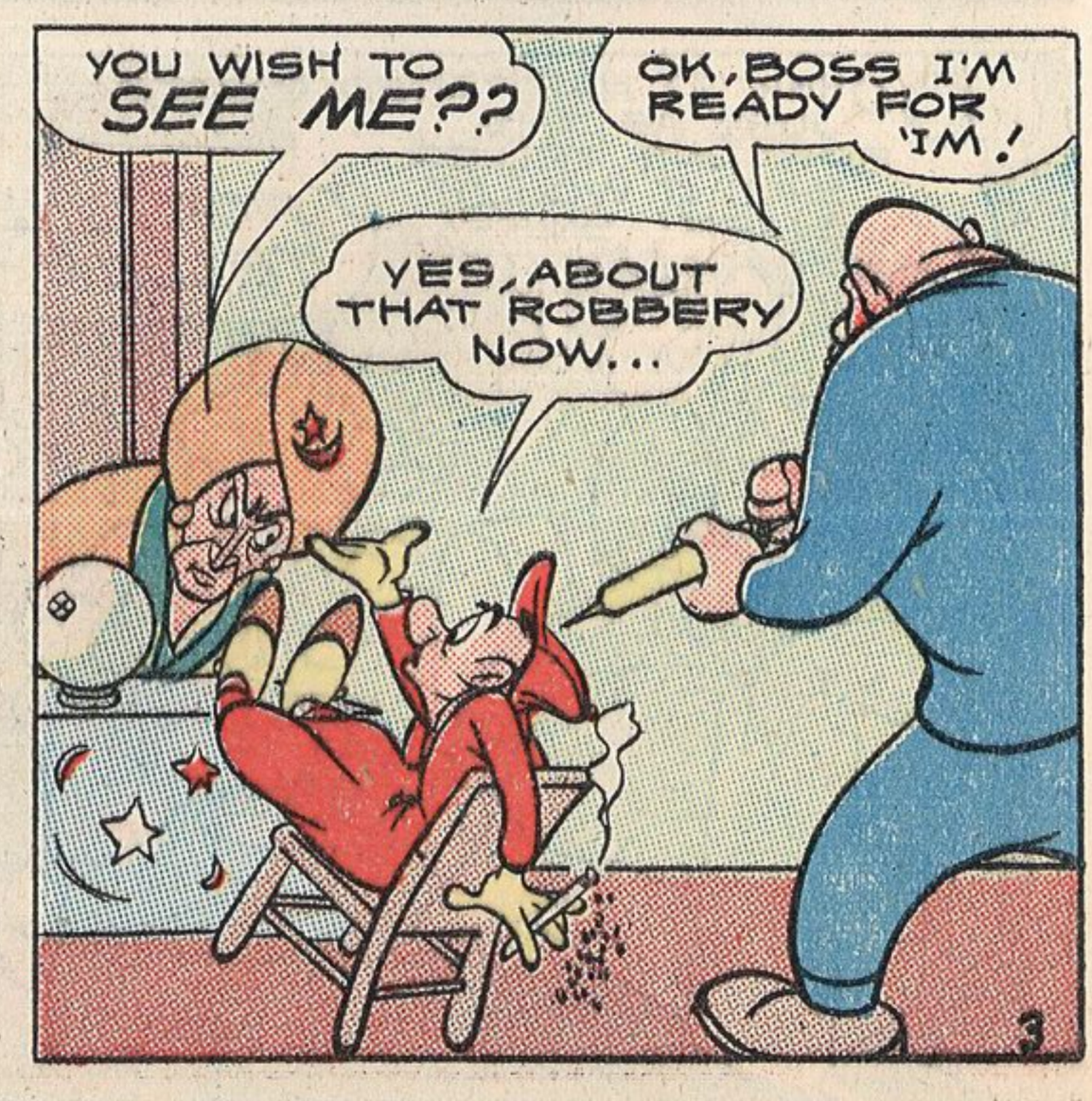


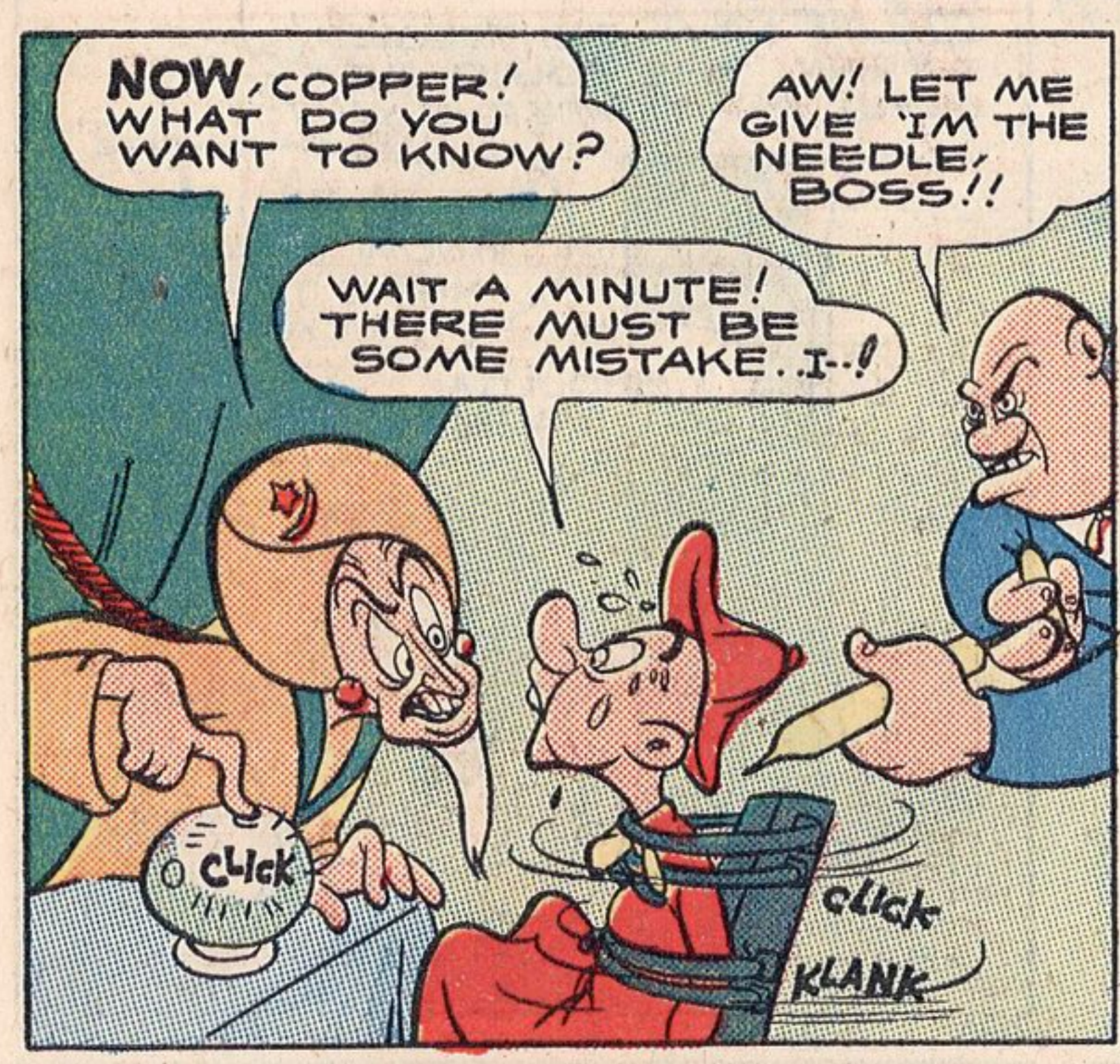


YOUNG KING COLE

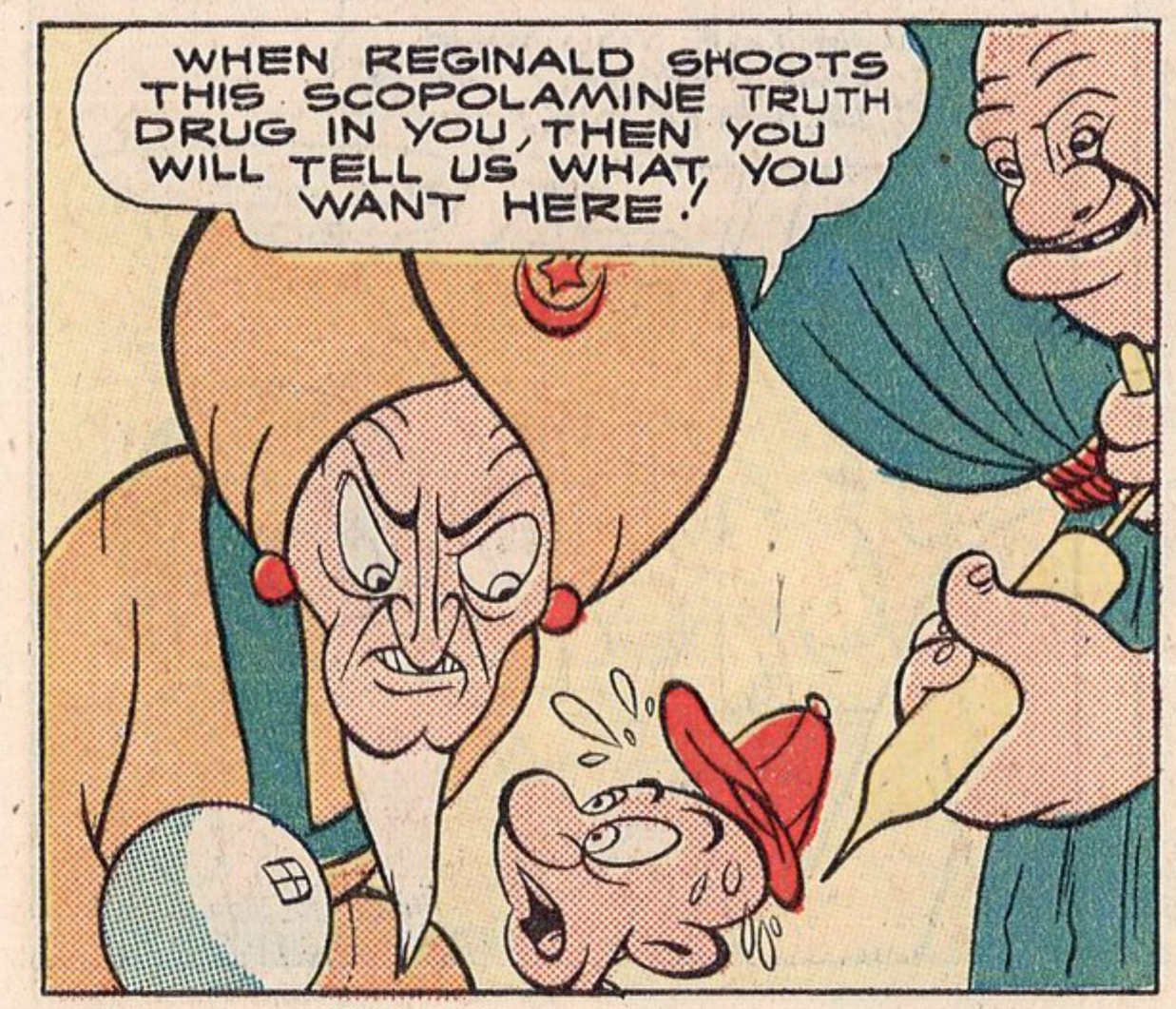


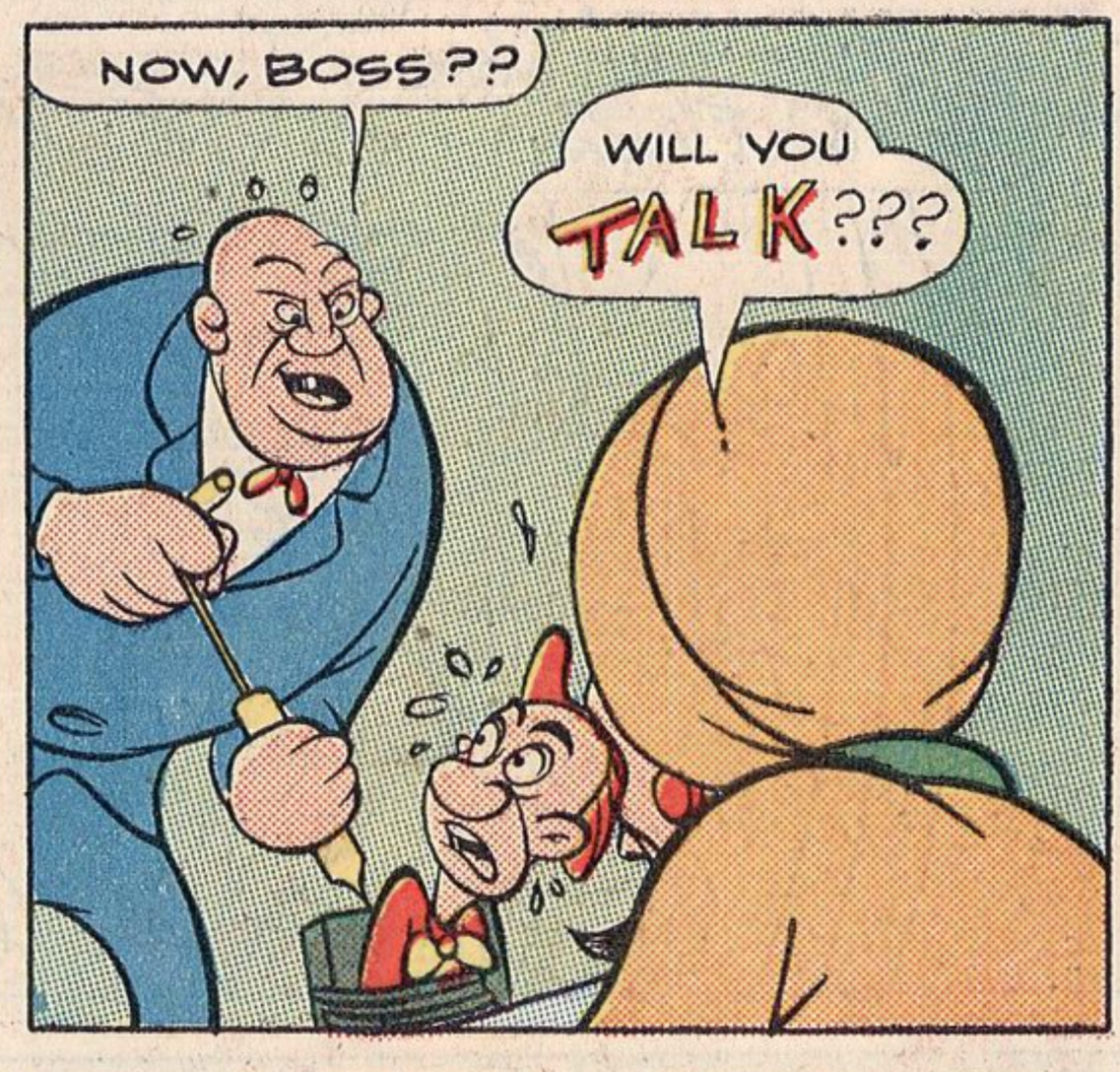


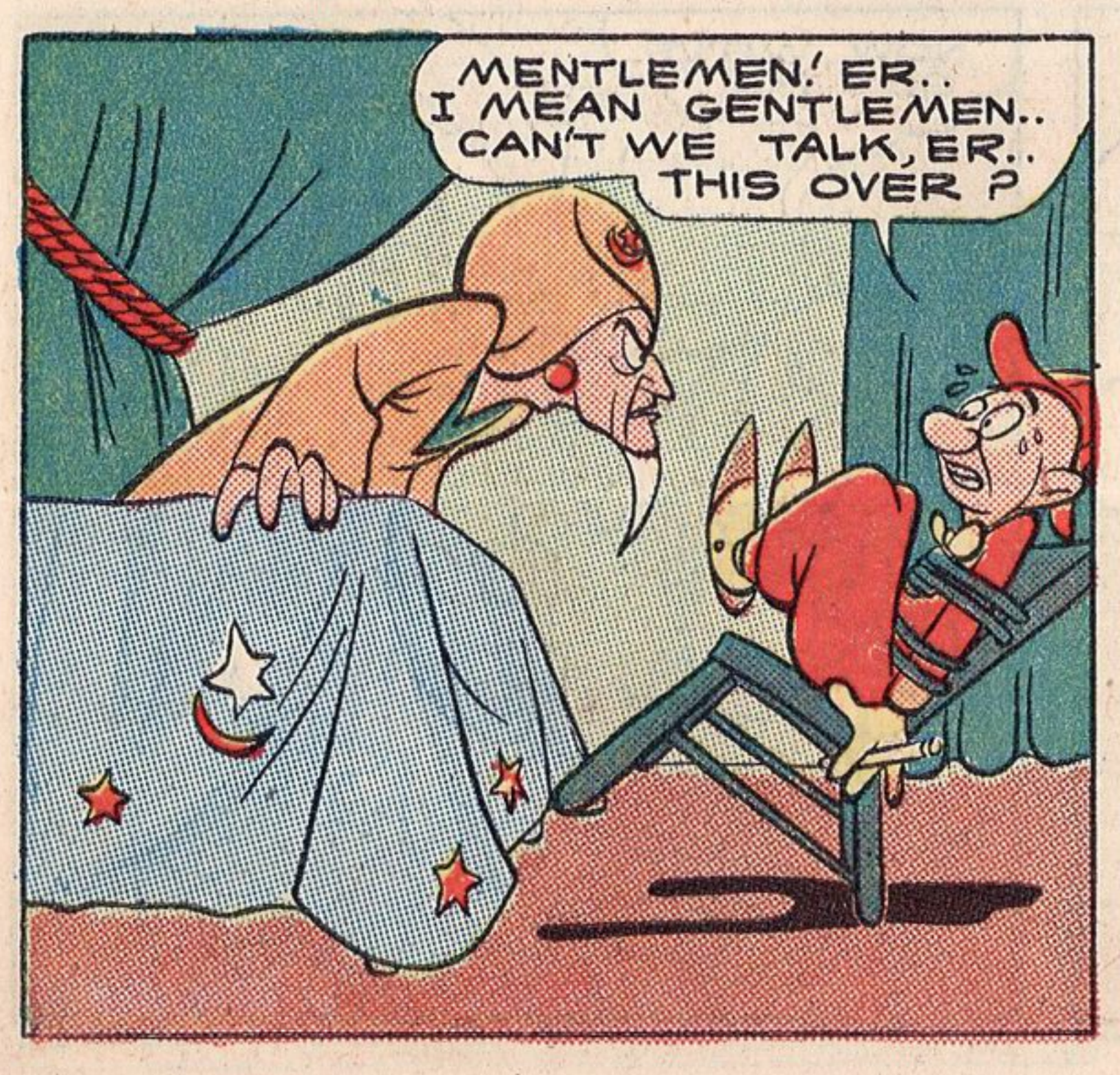


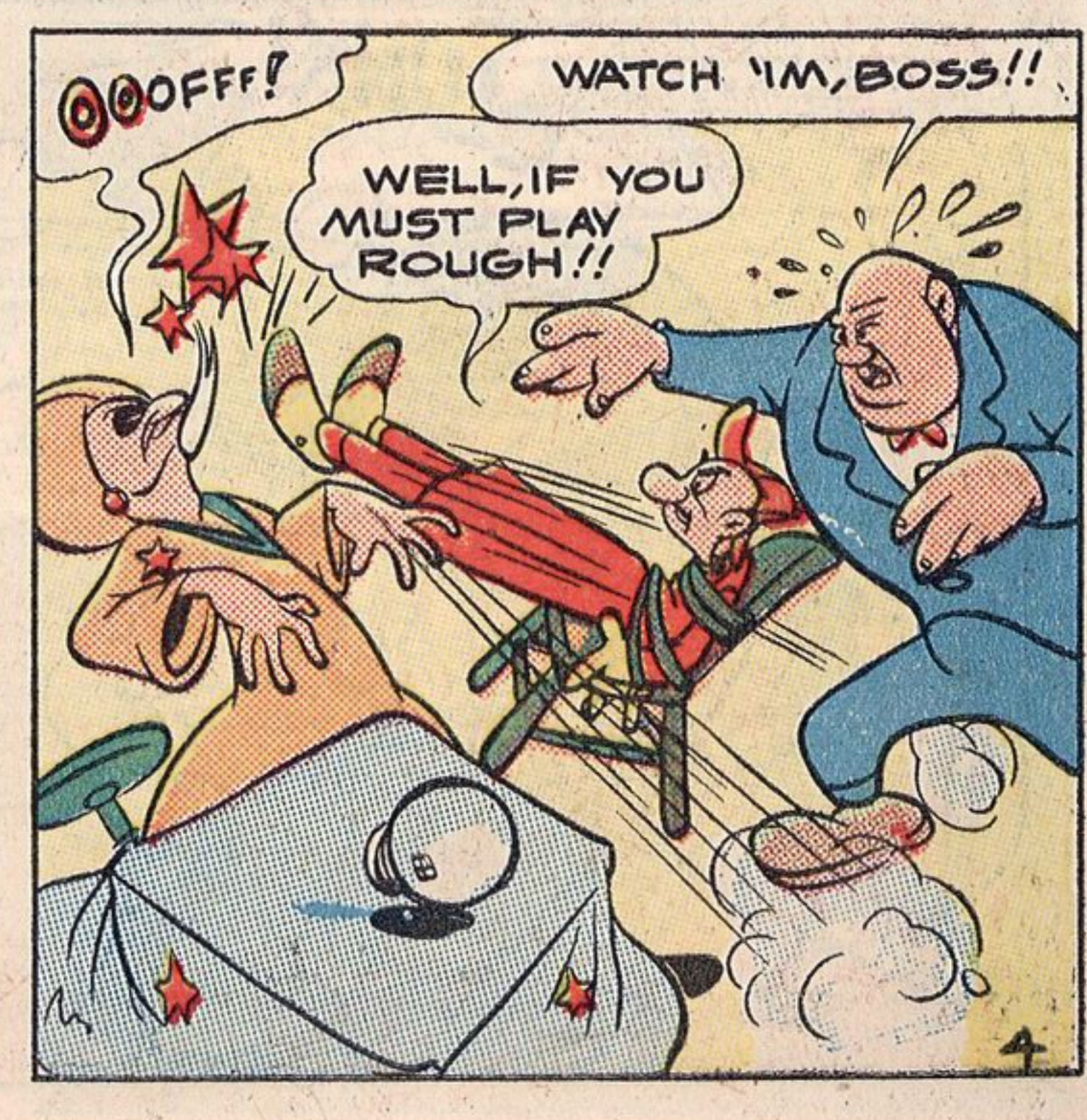

NOW, COPPER! WHAT DO YOU WANT TO KNOW?
AW! LET ME GIVE 'IM THE NEEDLE, BOSS!!
WAIT A MINUTE! THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE..I..!
CLICK
CLICK
KLANK

YES! THERE IS A MISTAKE! YOU DIDN'T BRING REINFORCEMENTS!
JUST A LITTLE JAB! PLEASE, BOSS!!
WHEN ARE YOU GOING, ER..I MEAN WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO ME?

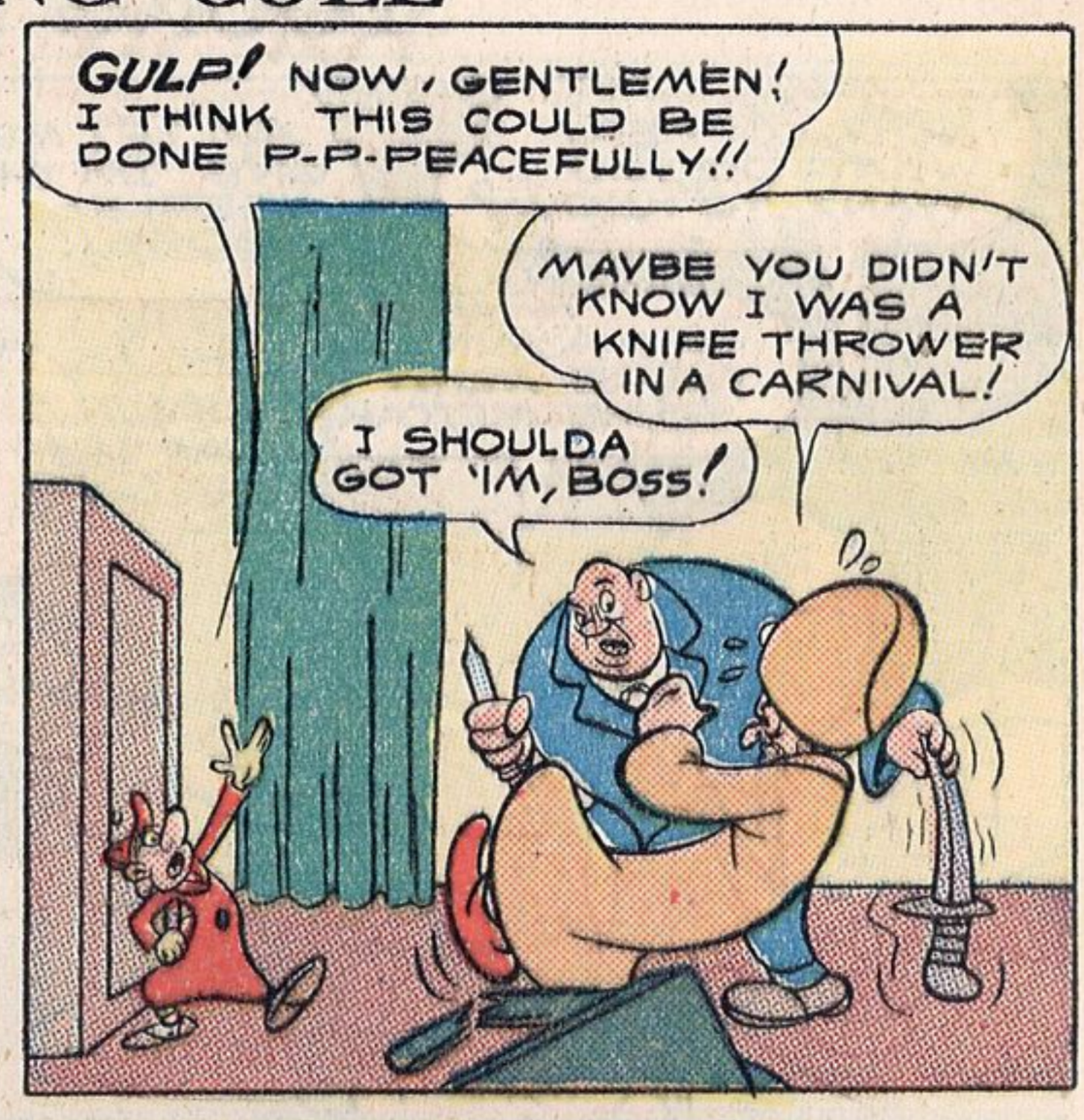

WHEN REGINALD SHOOTS THIS SCOPOLAMINE TRUTH DRUG IN YOU, THEN YOU WILL TELL US WHAT YOU WANT HERE!

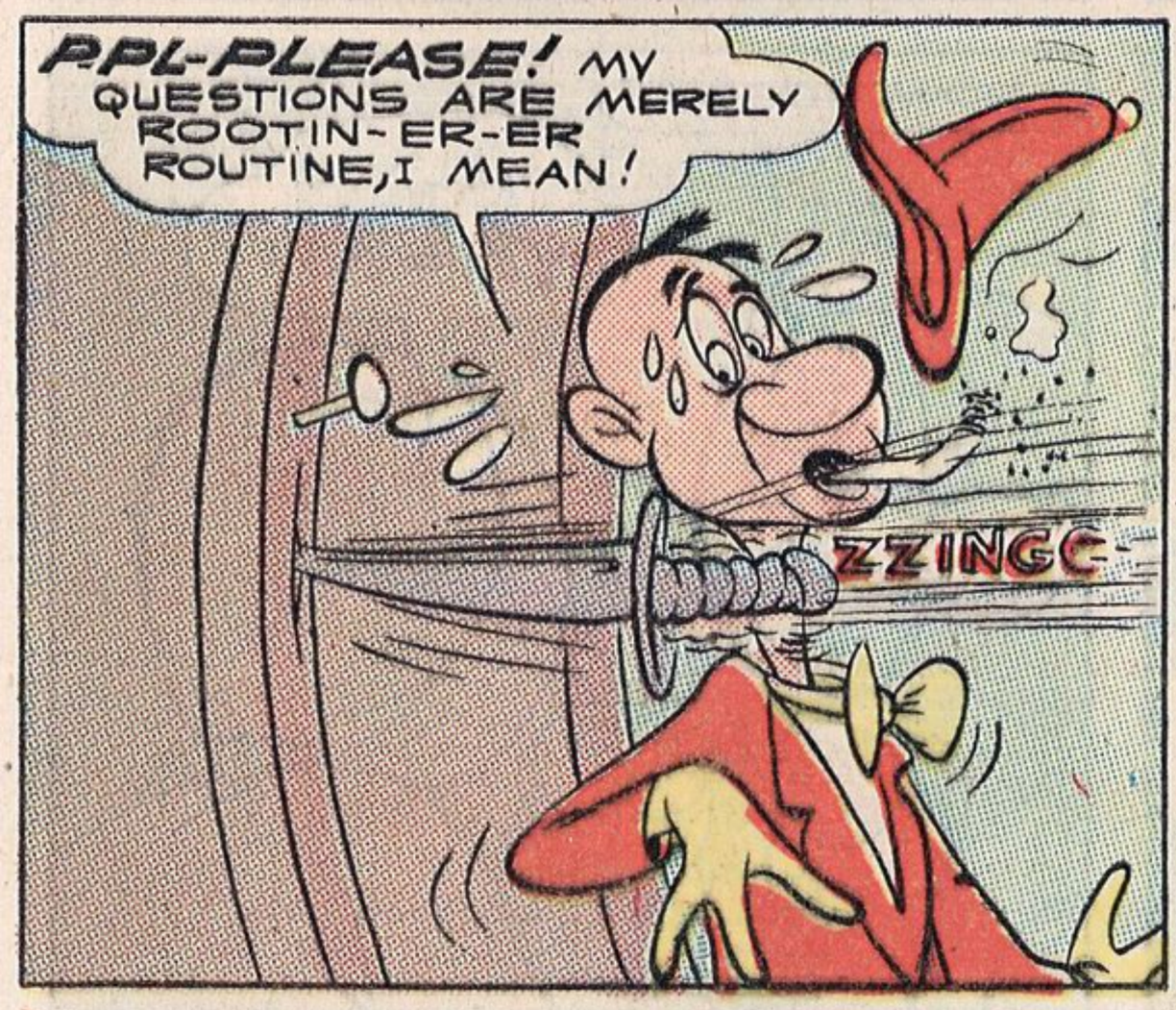

NOW, BOSS??
WILL YOU TALK???

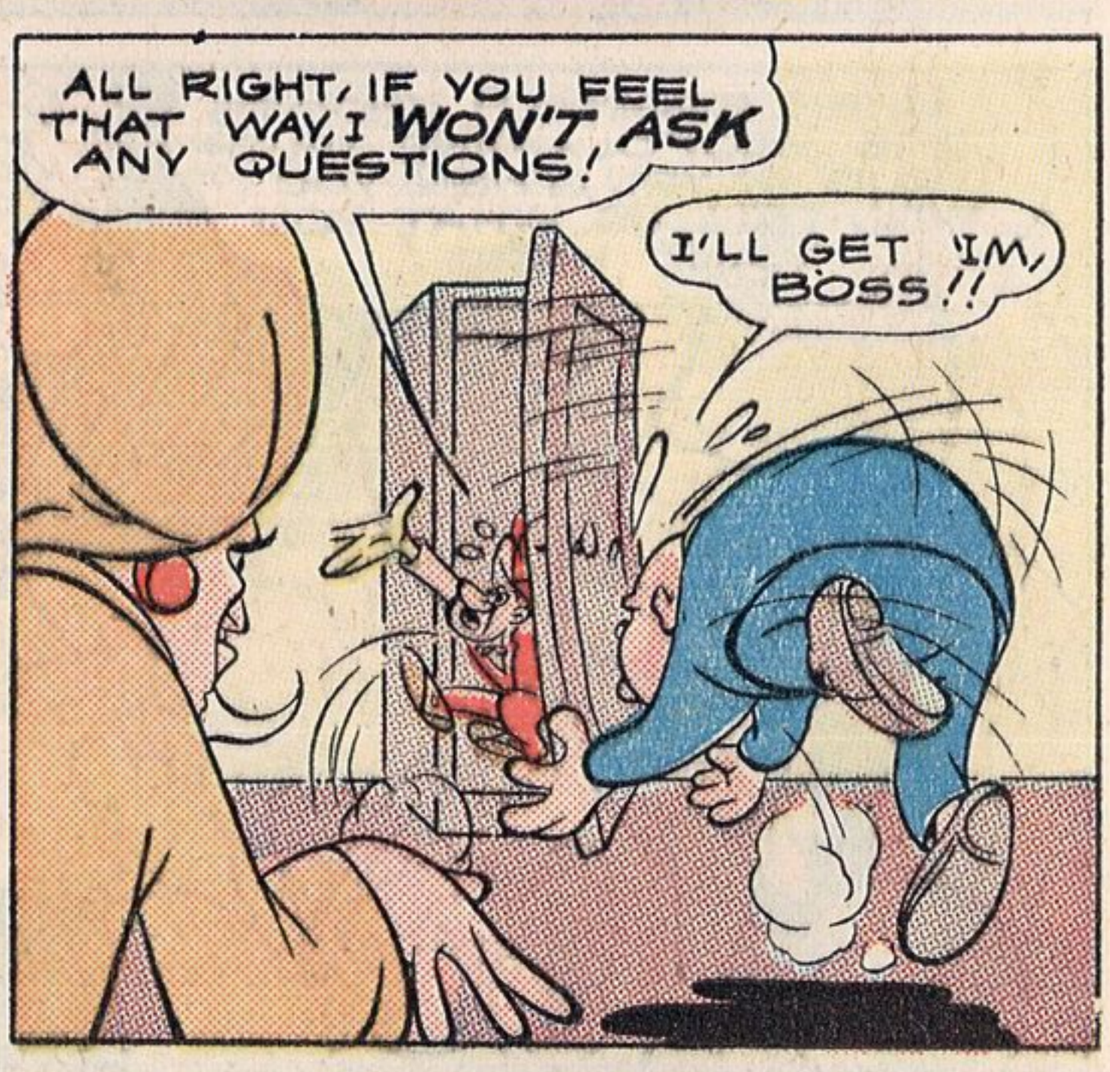

MENTLEMEN! ER.. I MEAN GENTLEMEN.. CAN'T WE TALK, ER.. THIS OVER?

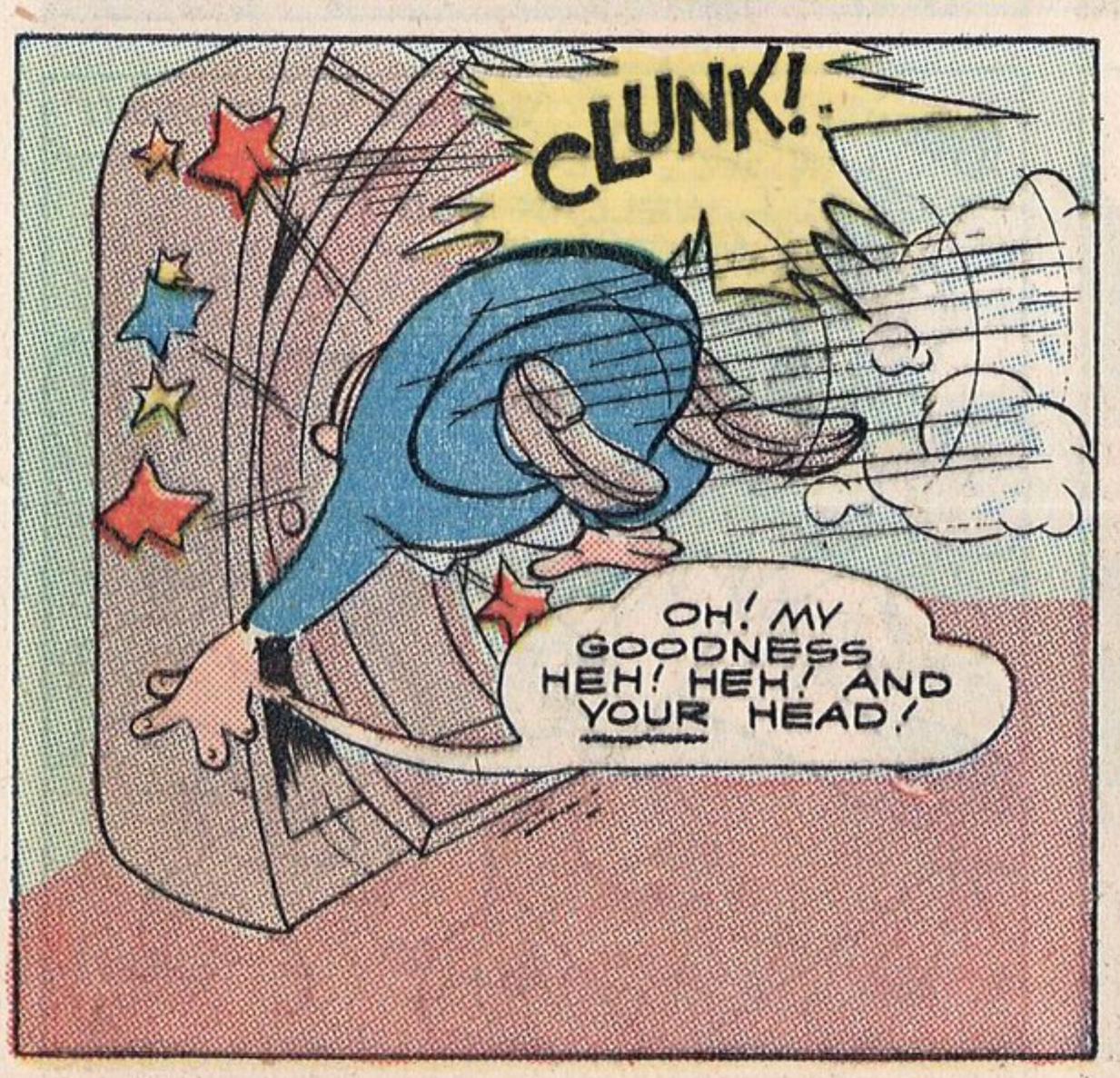

OOOFFF!
WATCH 'IM, BOSS!!
WELL, IF YOU MUST PLAY ROUGH!!

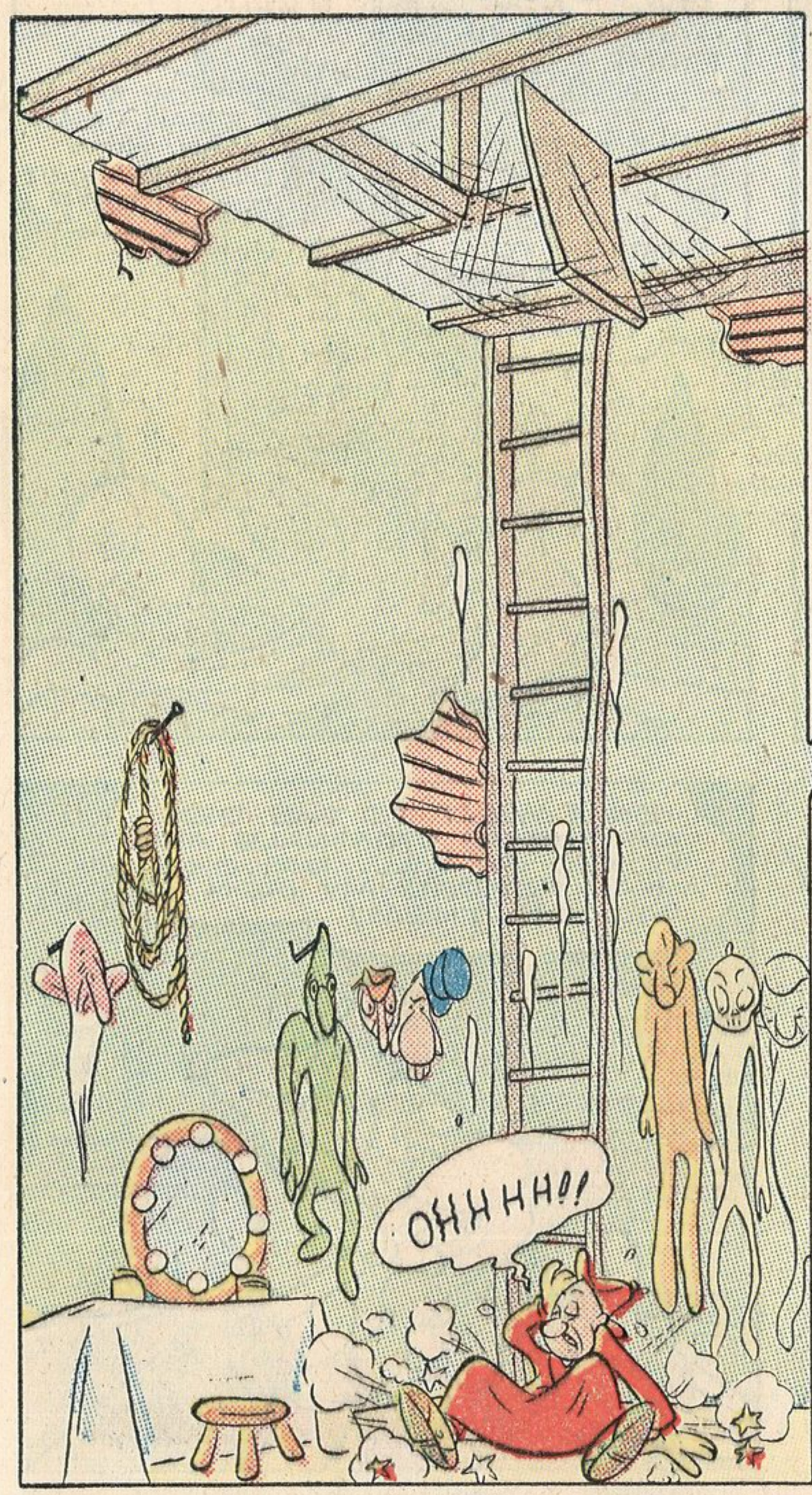
YOUNG KING COLE

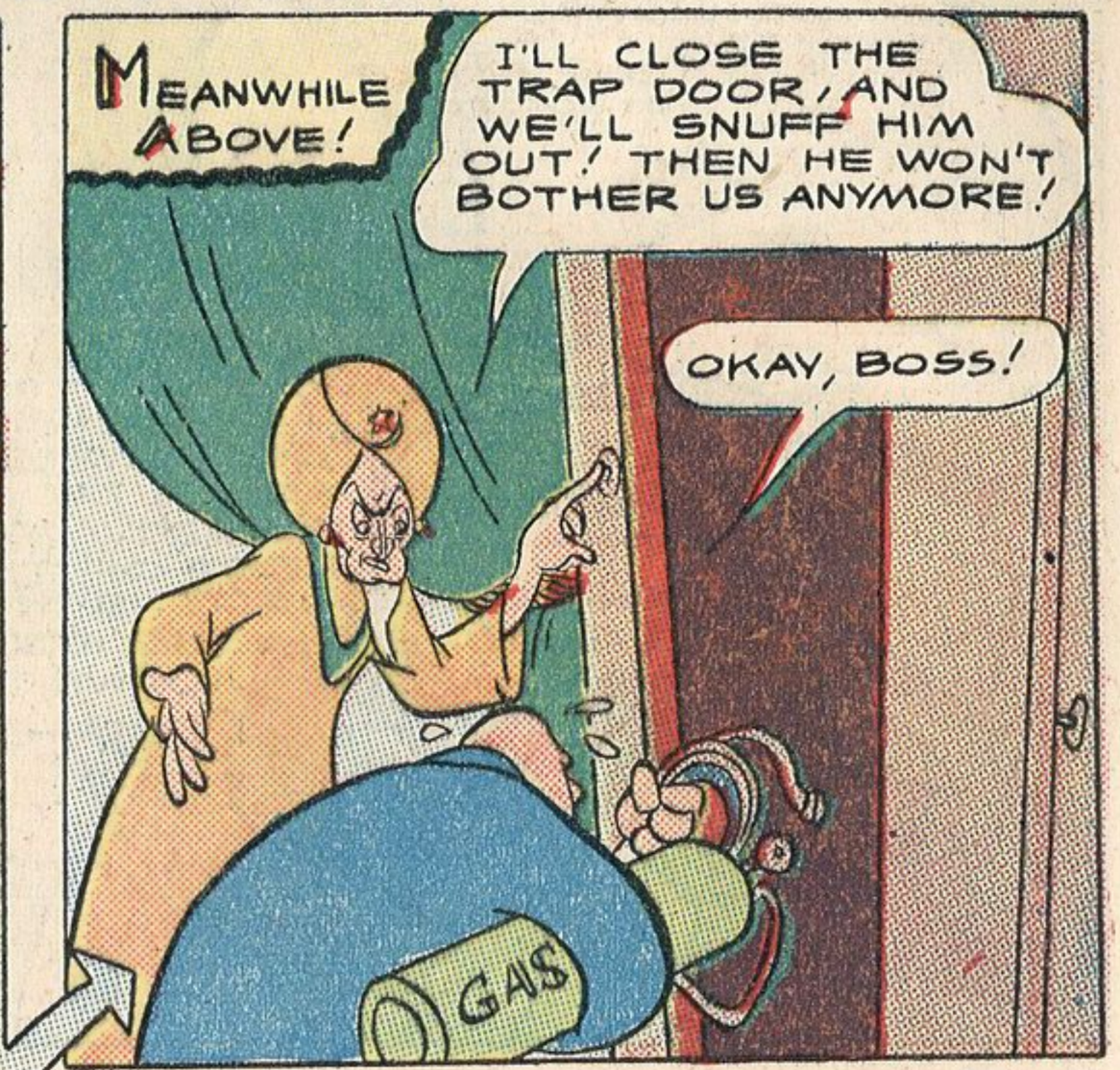


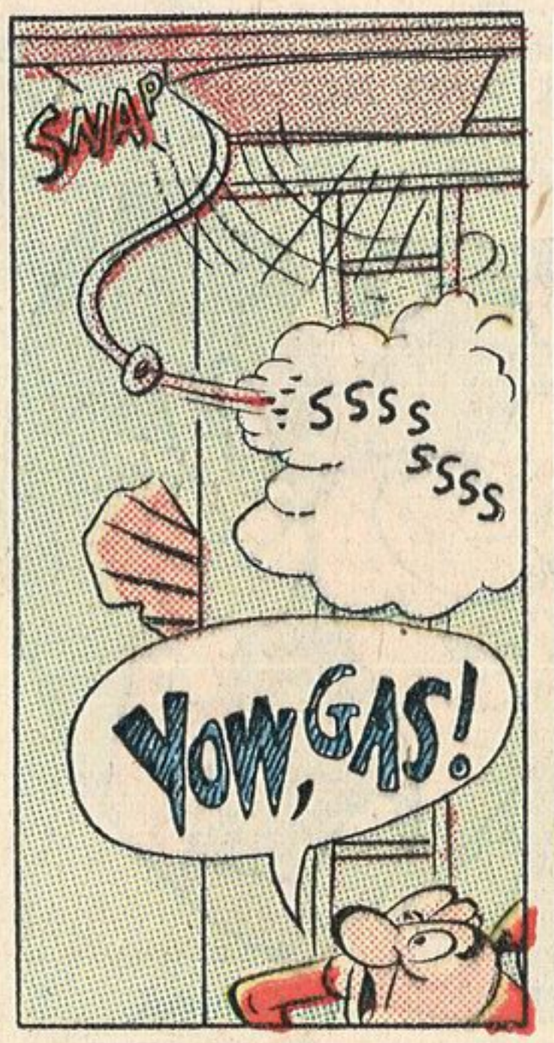




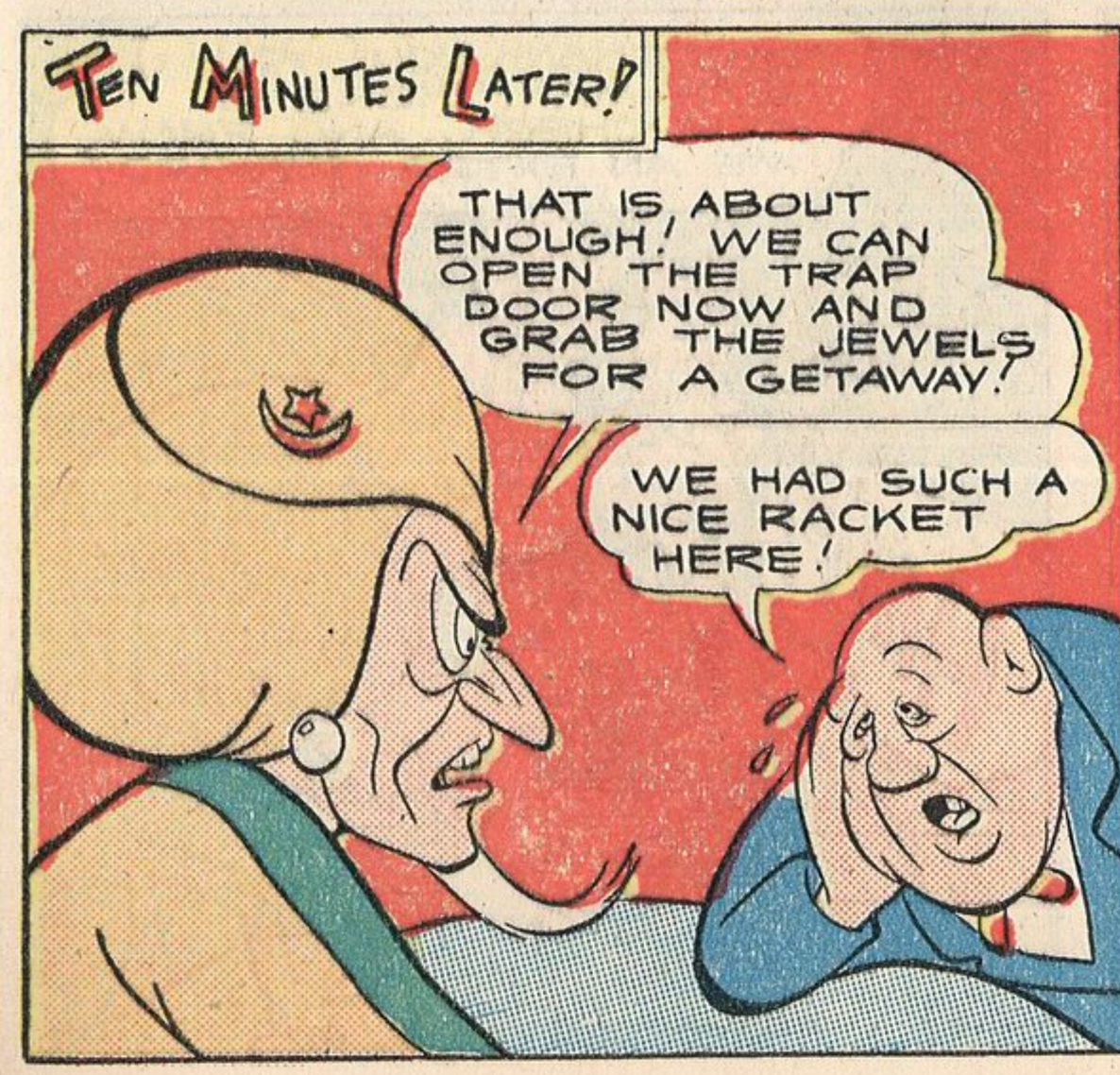


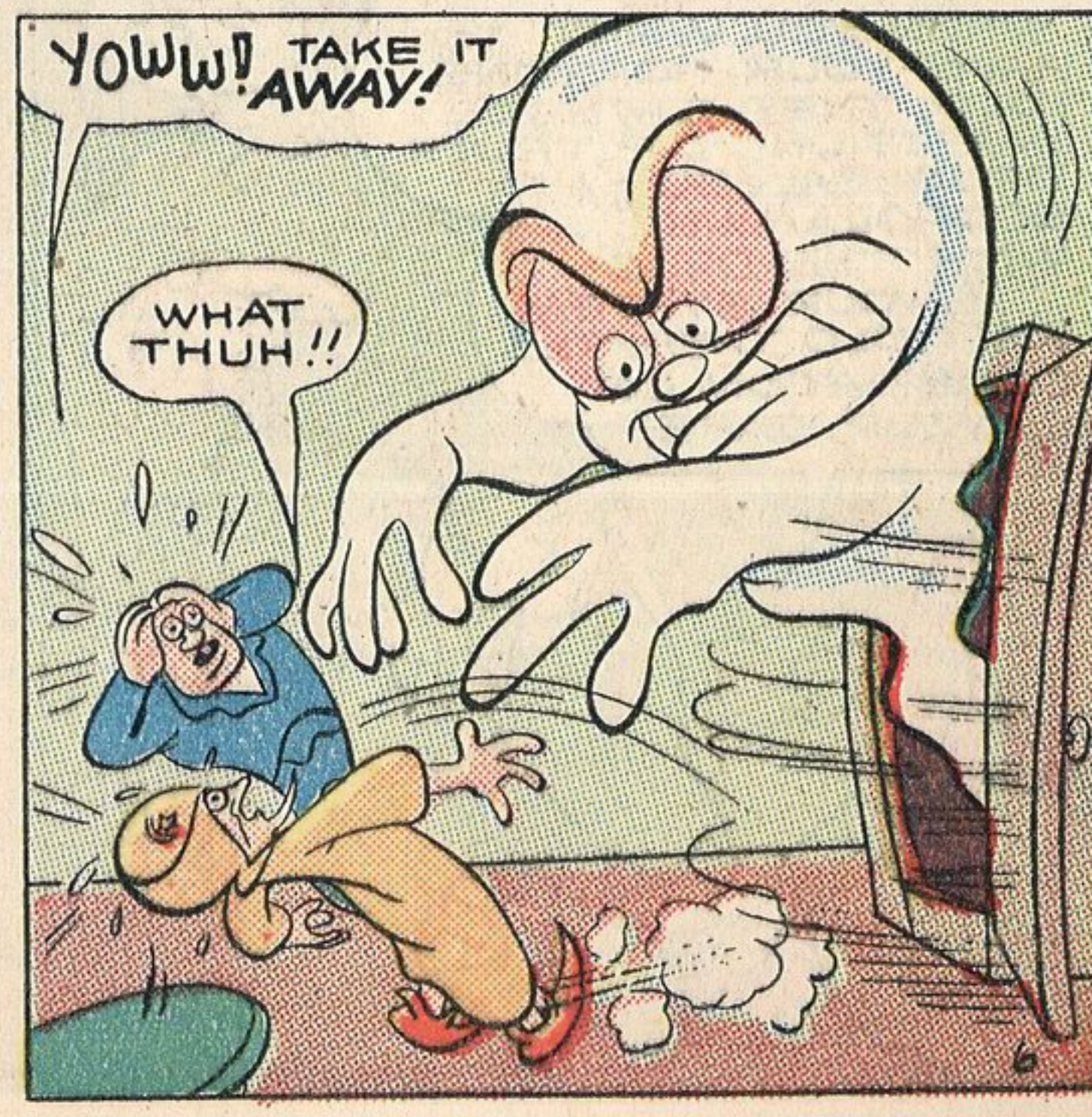

OHHHH!!


MEANWHILE ABOVE!
I'LL CLOSE THE TRAP DOOR, AND WE'LL SNUFF HIM OUT! THEN HE WON'T BOTHER US ANYMORE!
OKAY, BOSS!
GAS

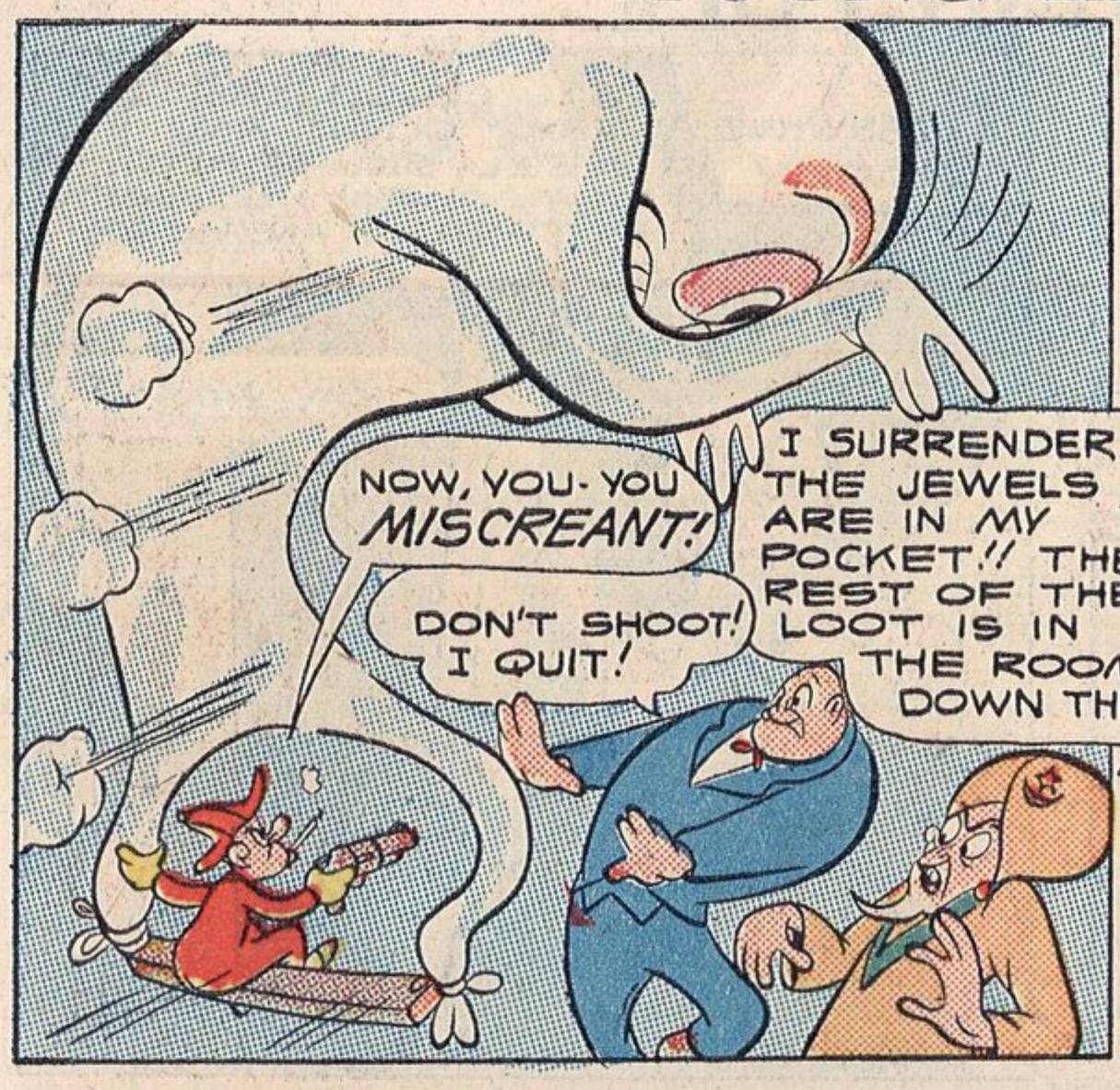

SNAP
SSSS SSSS
YOW, GAS!

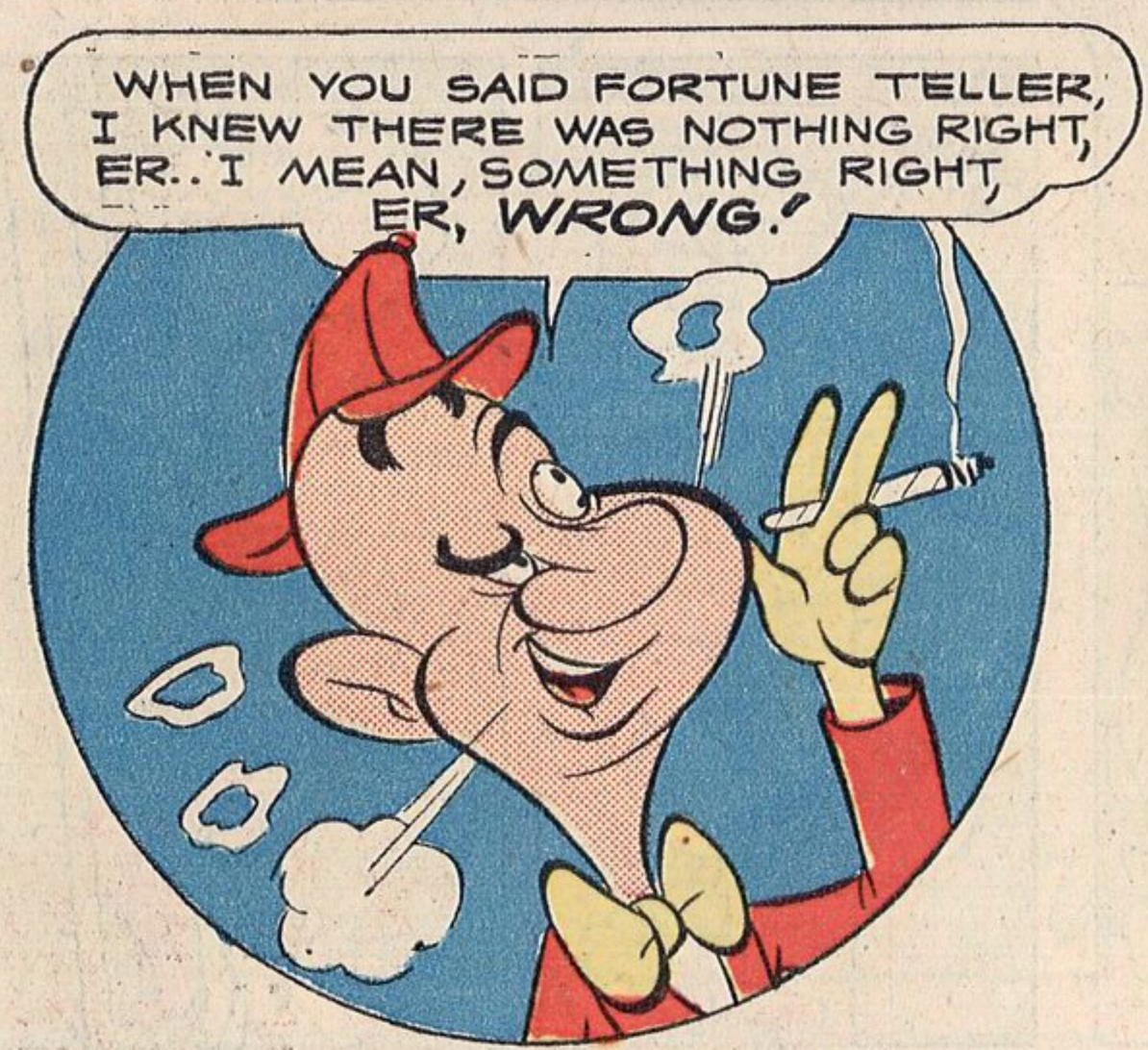
SSSSSSSS
THIS WILL MIX 'EM TIGHT, ER.. FIX EM RIGHT!

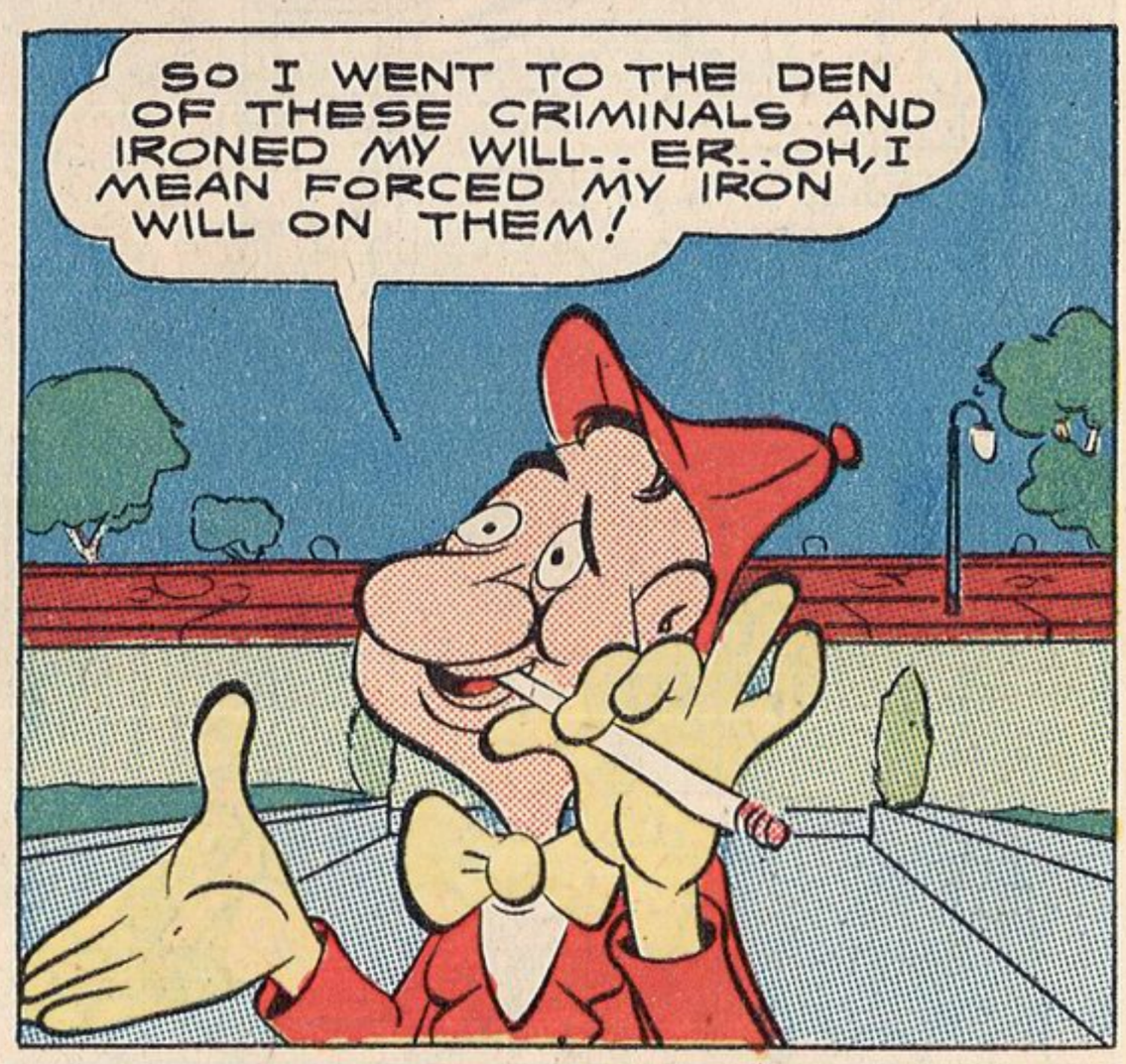

TEN MINUTES LATER!
THAT IS ABOUT ENOUGH! WE CAN OPEN THE TRAP DOOR NOW AND GRAB THE JEWELS FOR A GETAWAY!
WE HAD SUCH A NICE RACKET HERE!


YOWW! TAKE IT AWAY!
WHAT THUH!!

YOUNG KING COLE





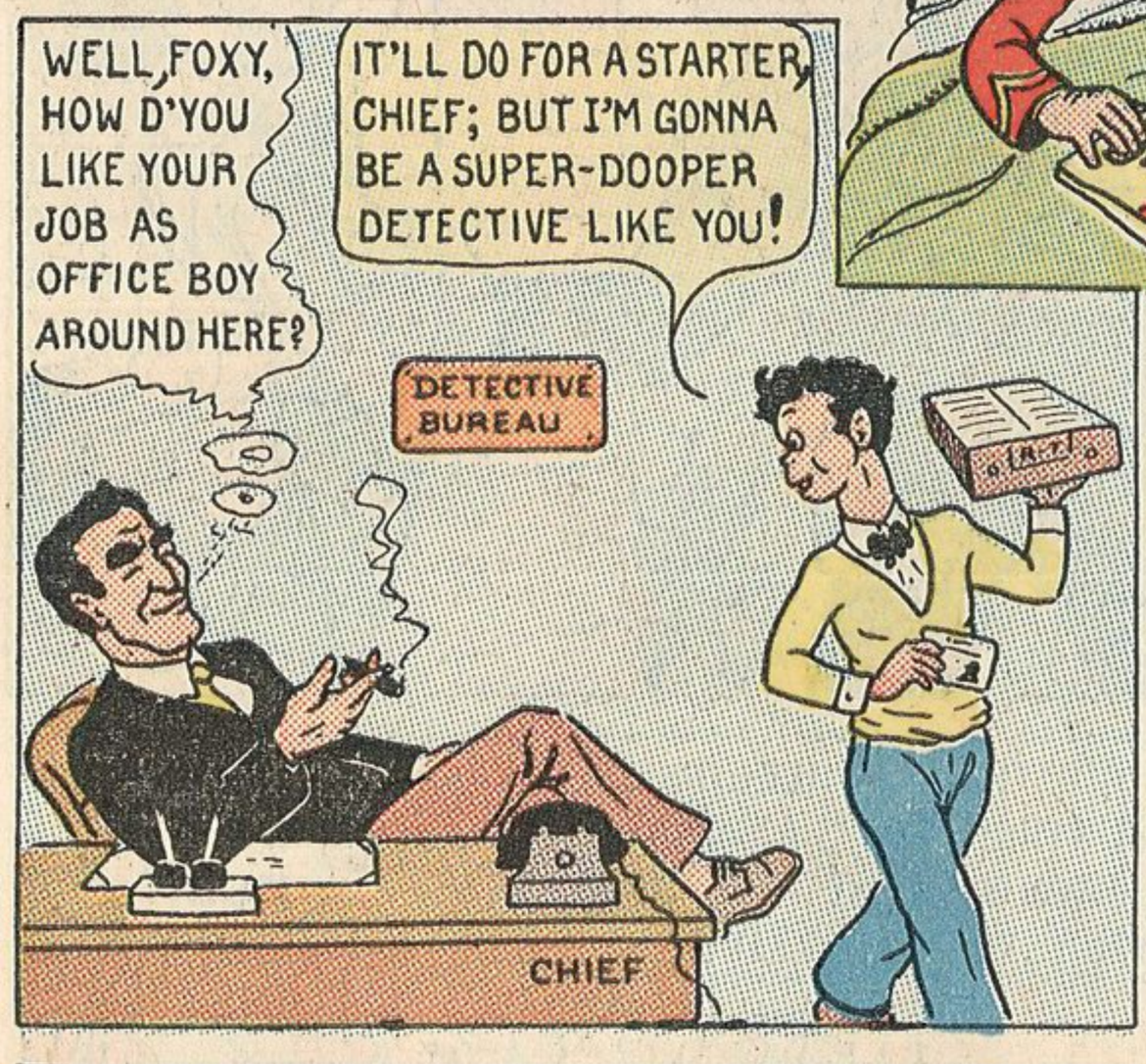


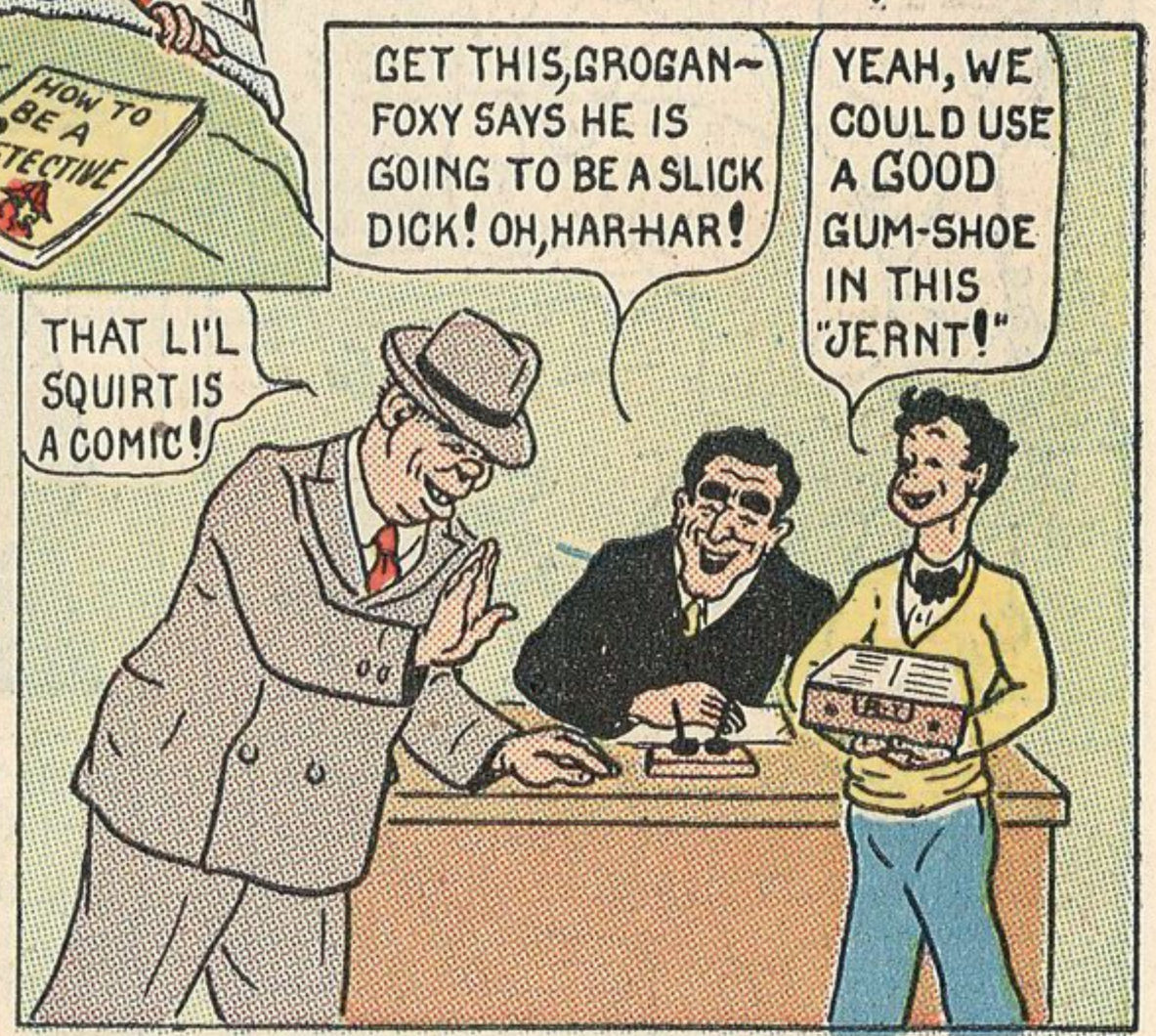
FOXY

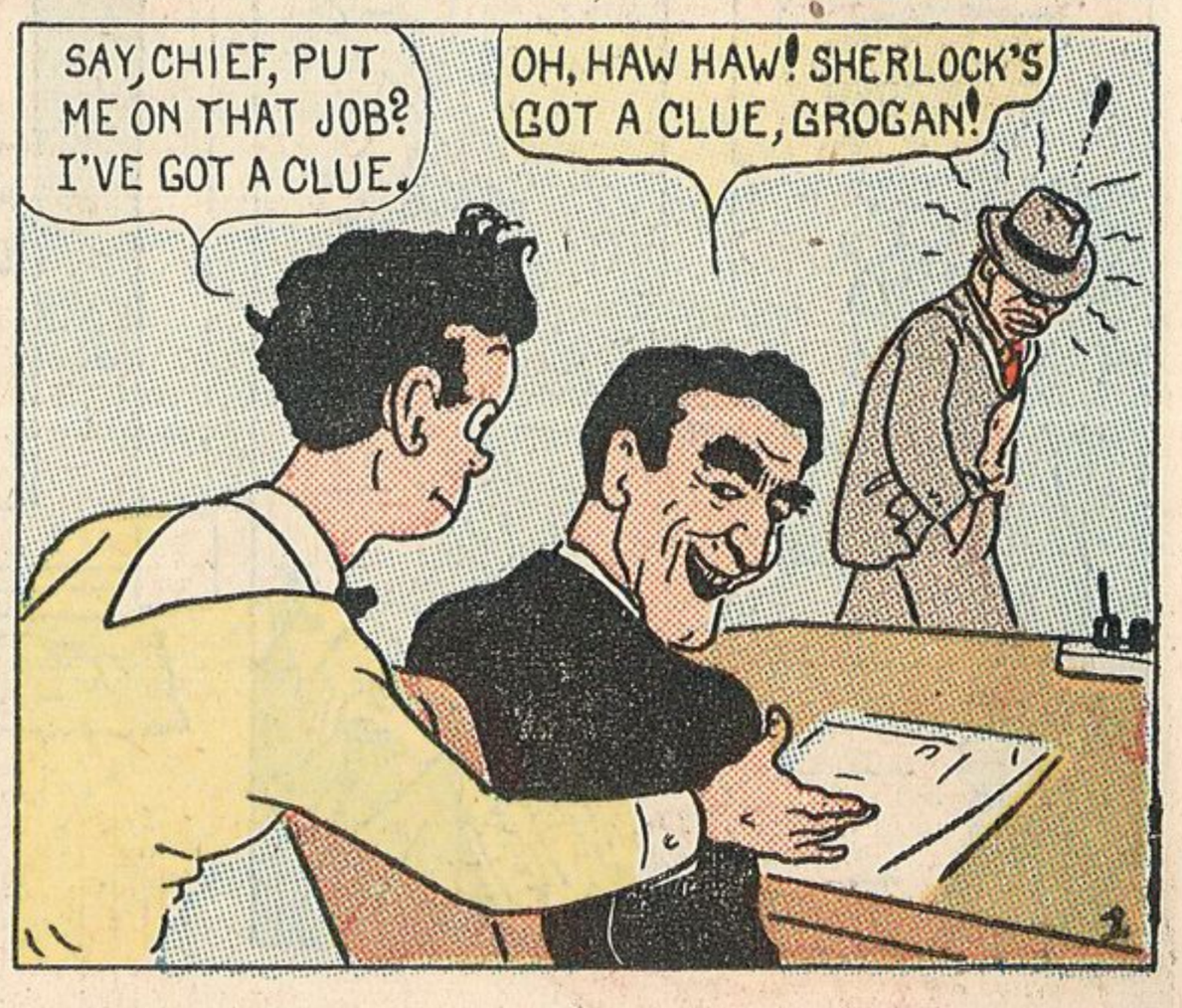
HE'S CRAZY-LIKE A FOX!

WANTS TO BE A SUPER-SNOOPER -

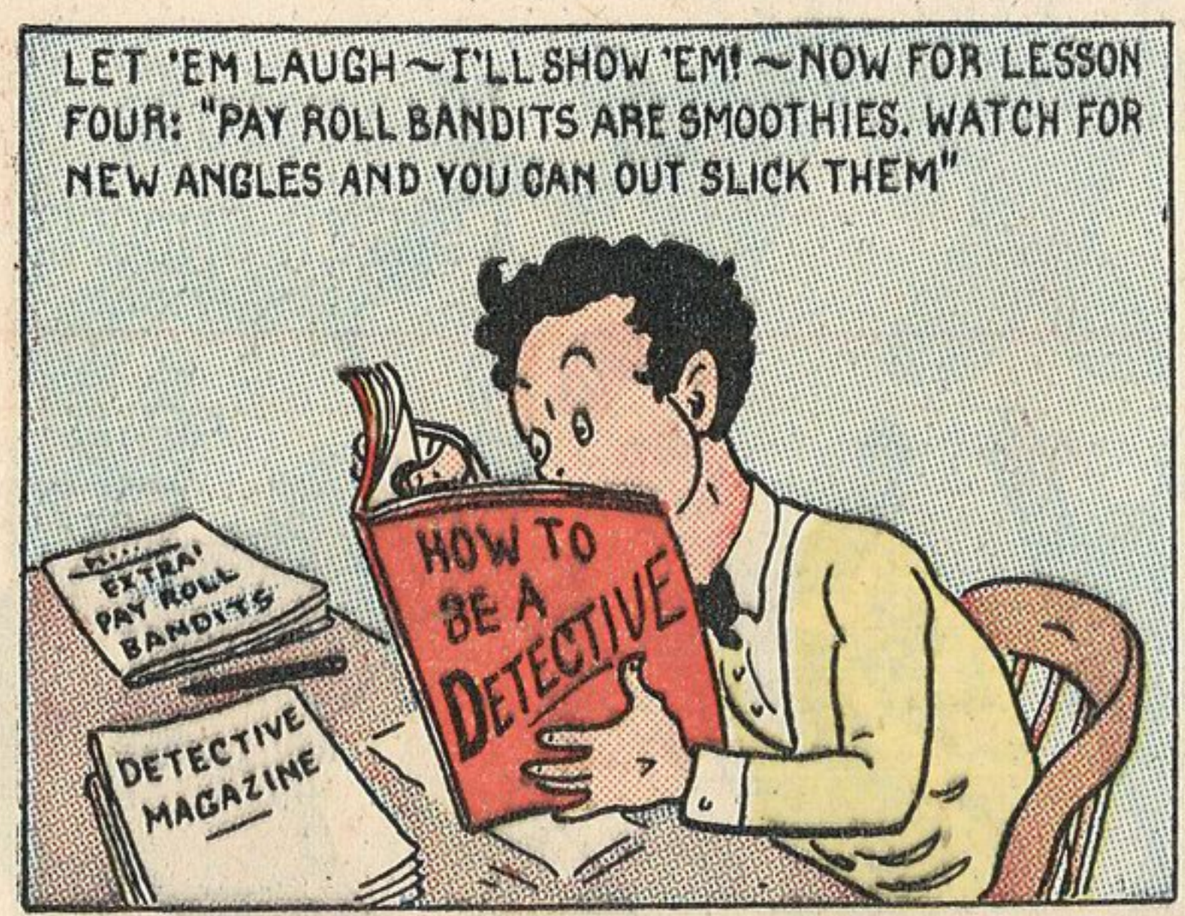
Story and pix by Hy Gage

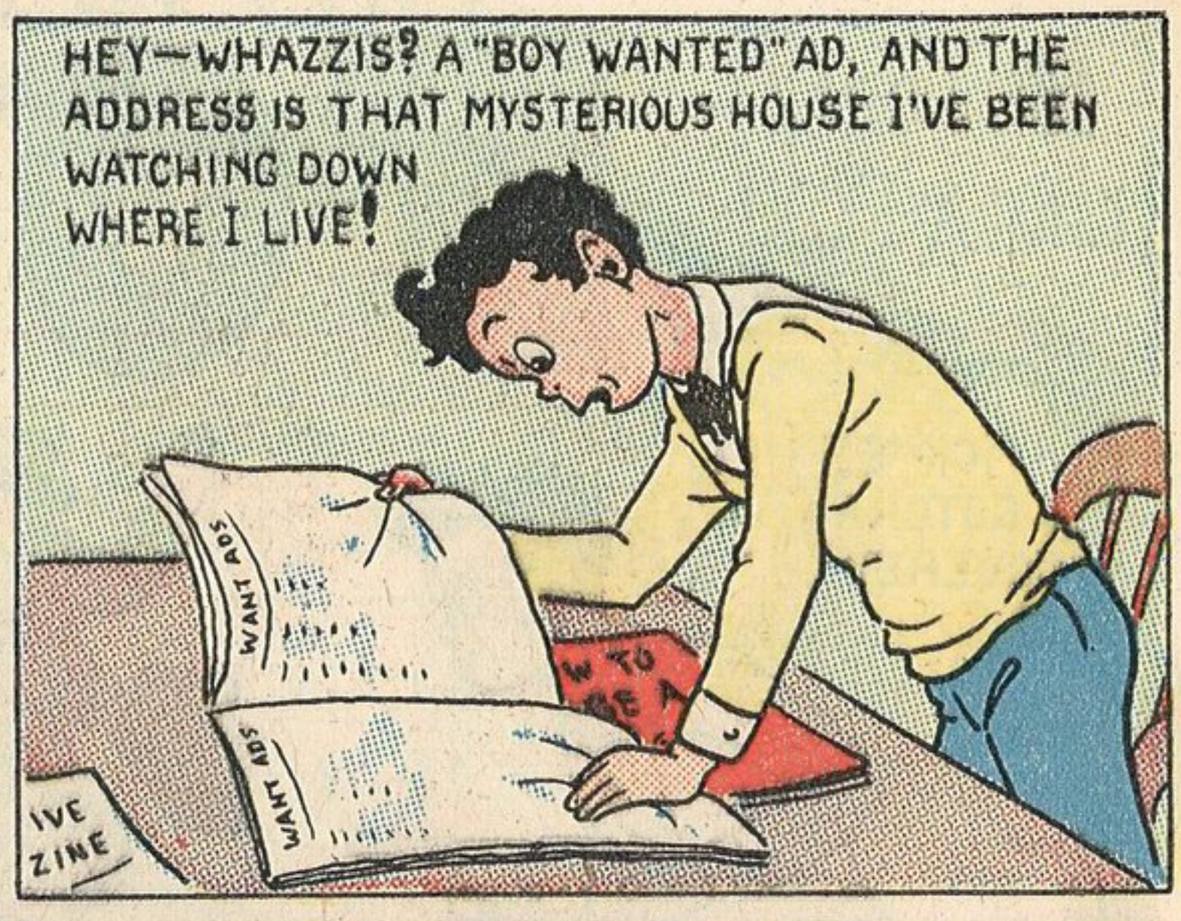


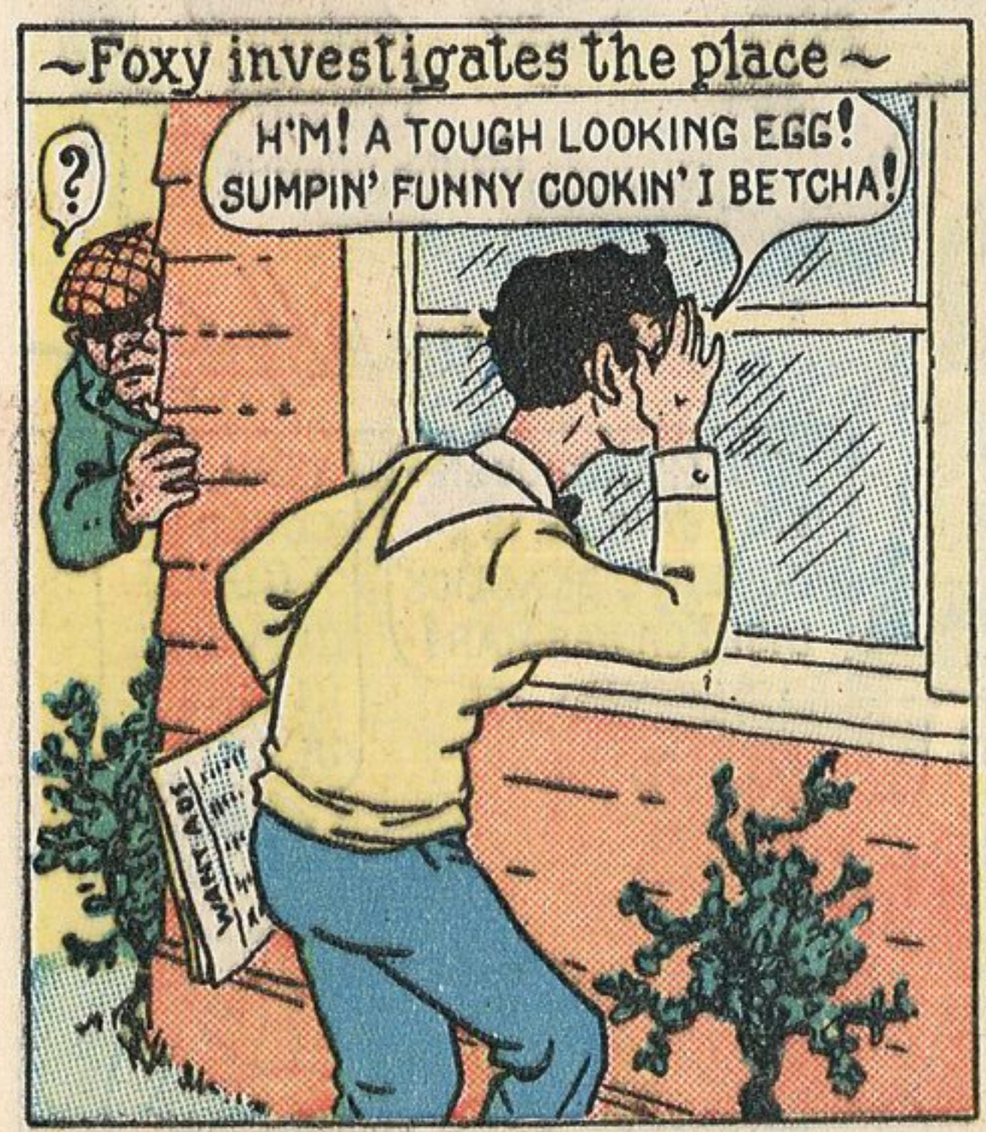


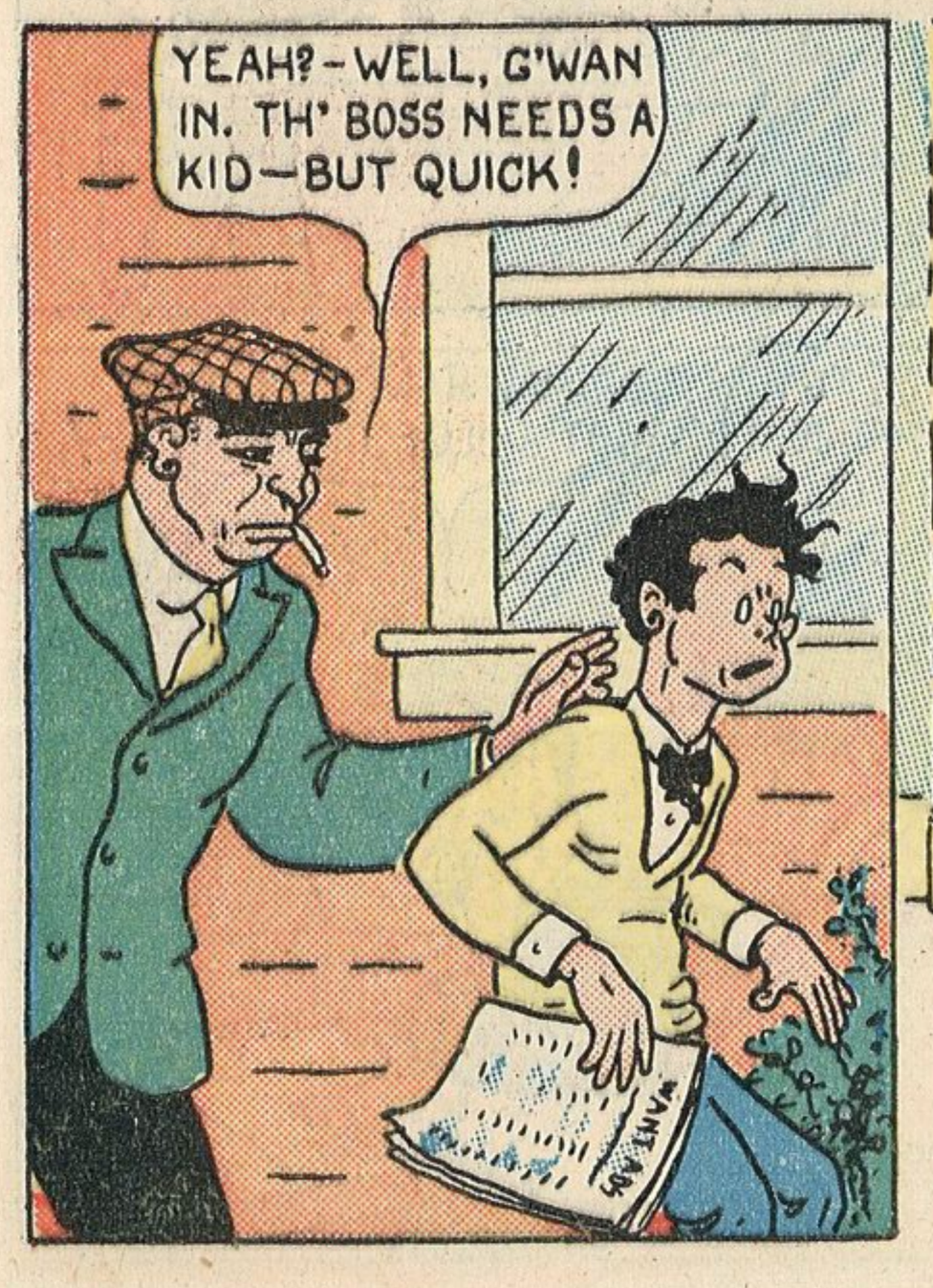


YOUNG KING COLE

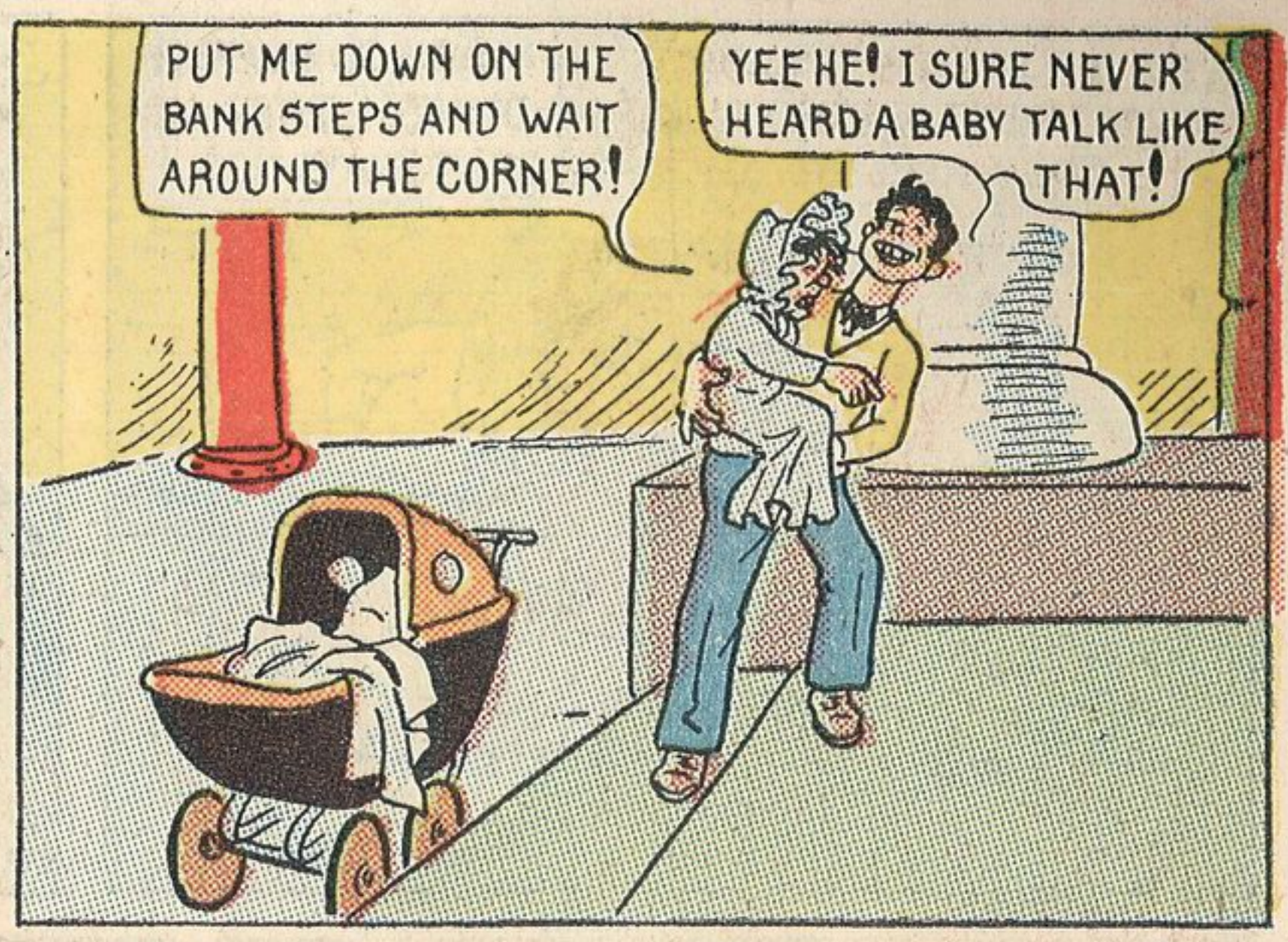


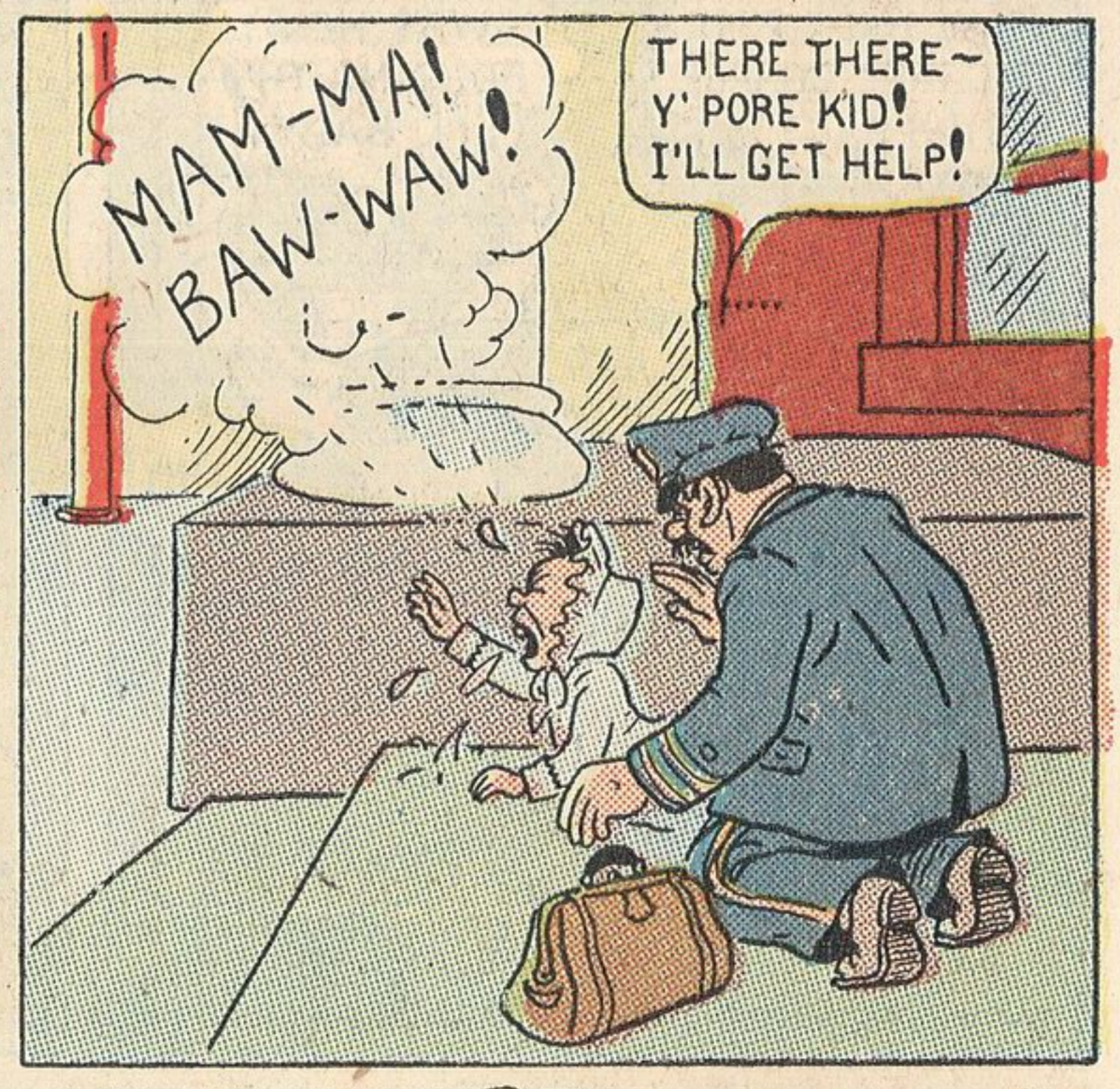




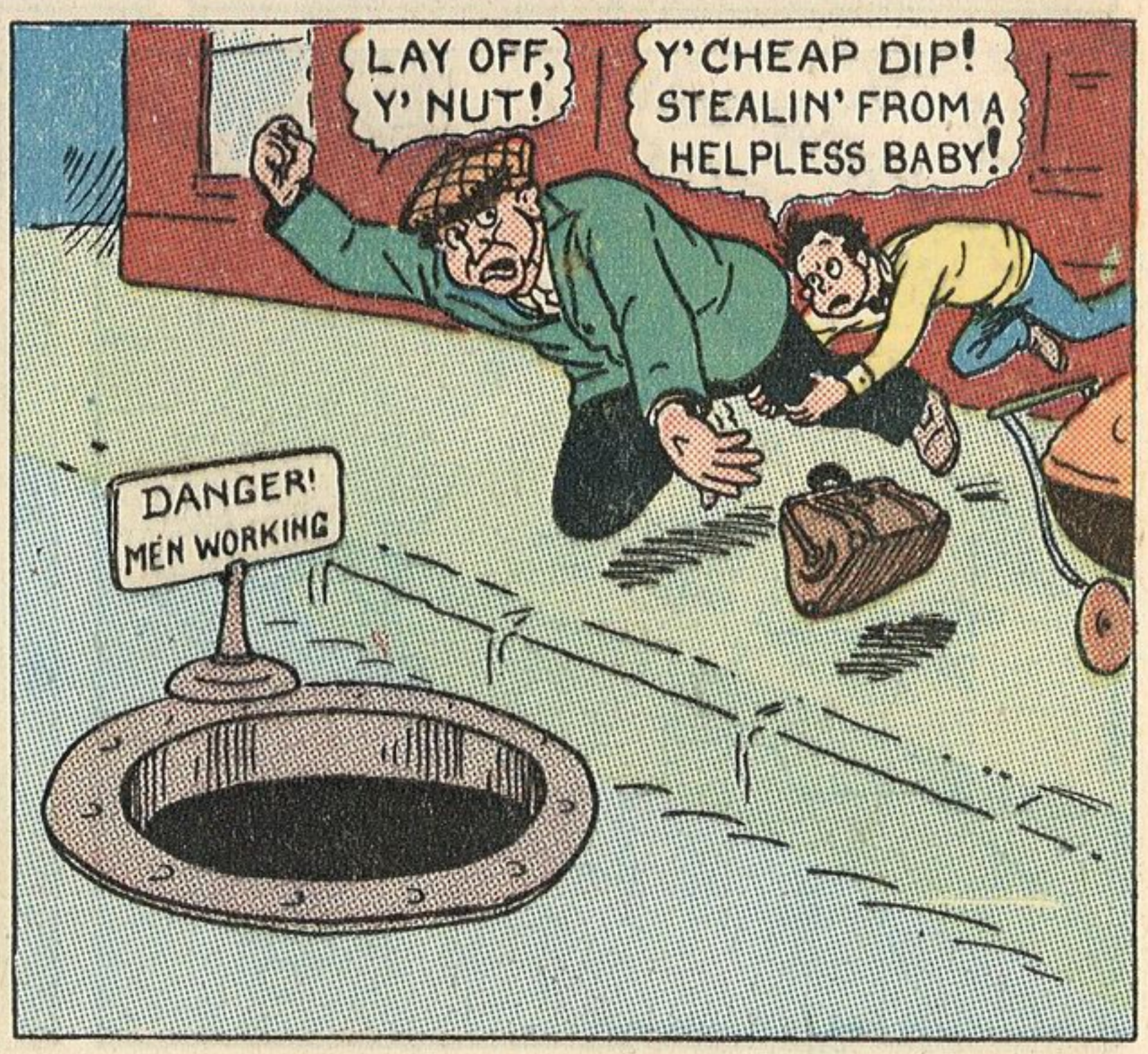


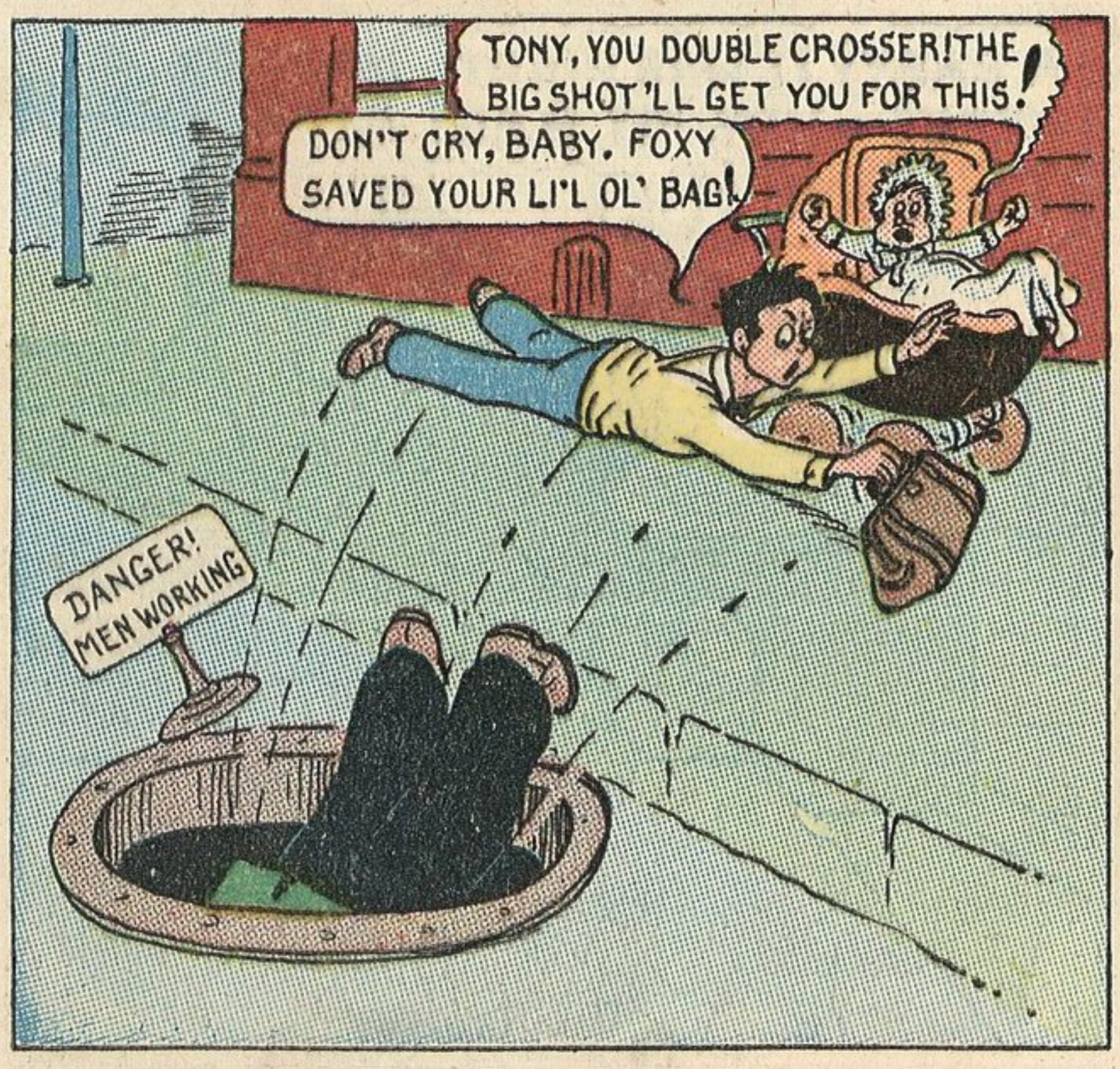
YOUNG KING COLE

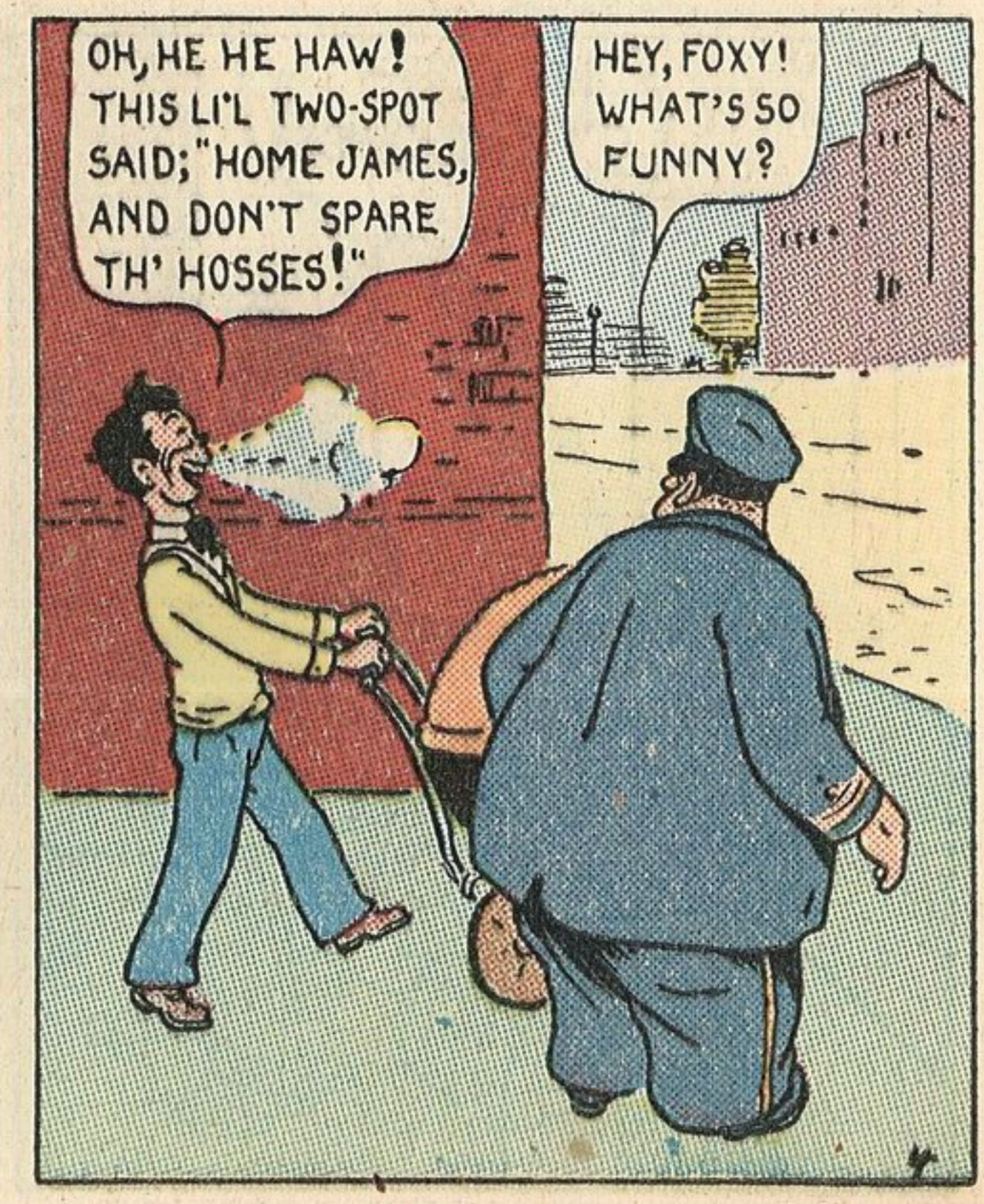




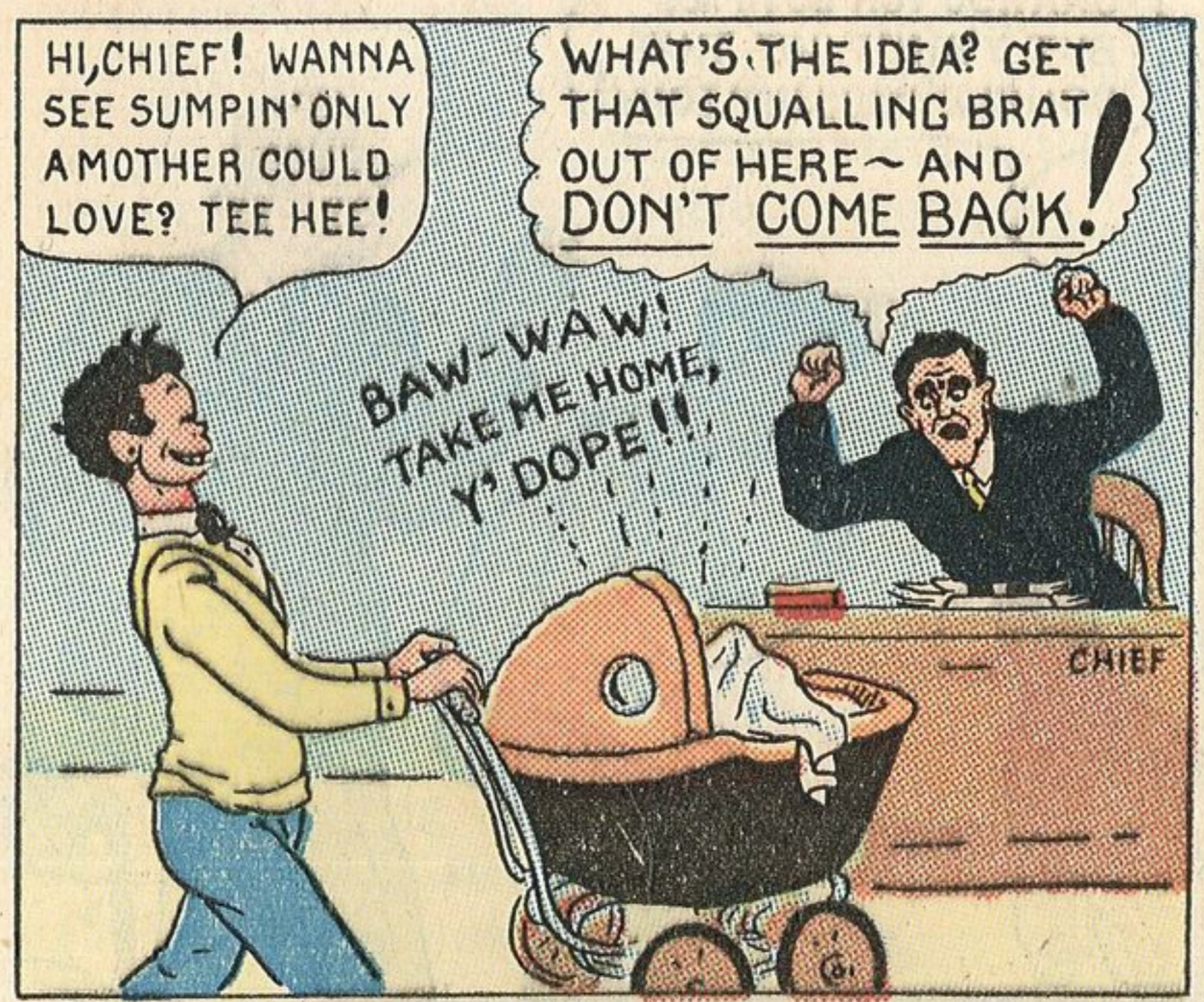
YOUNG KING COLE

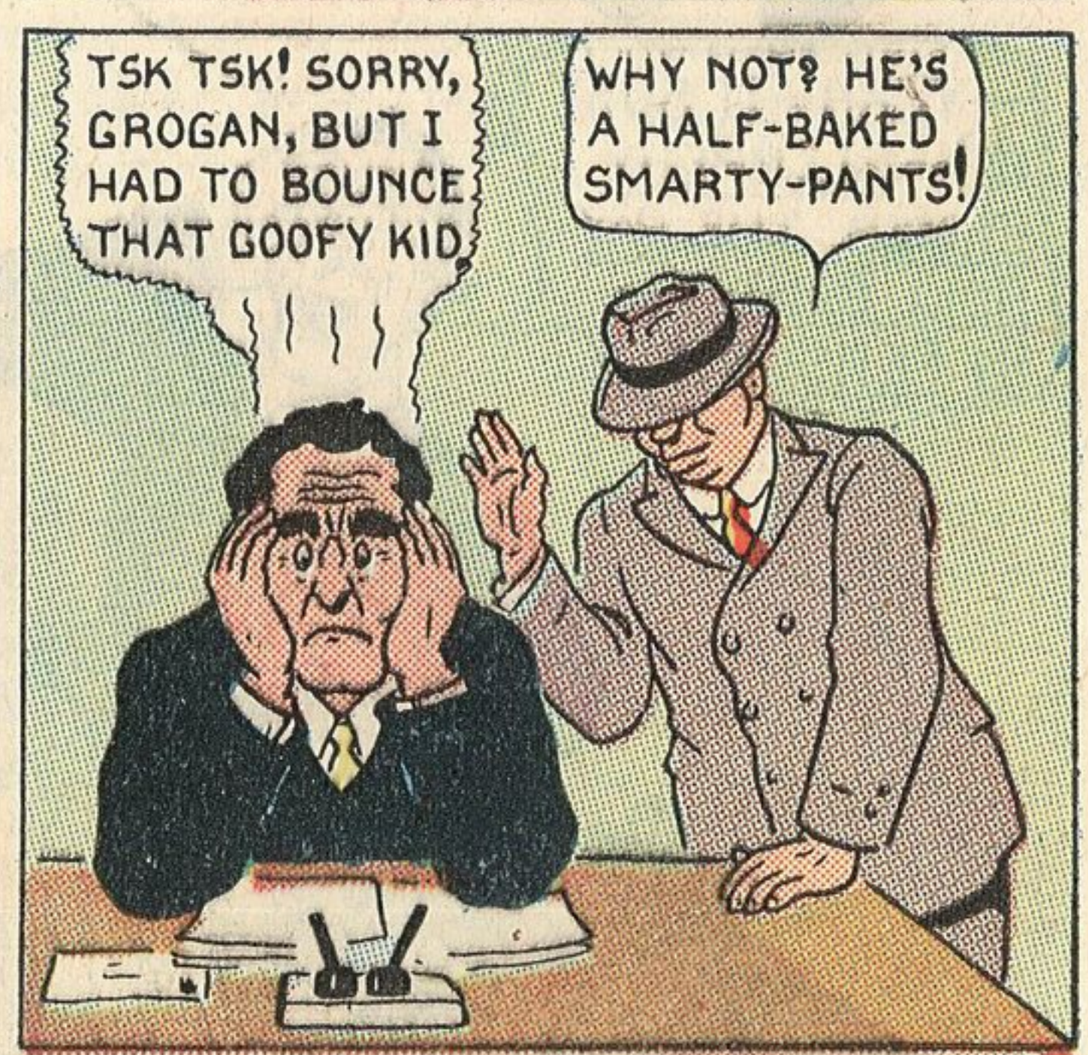


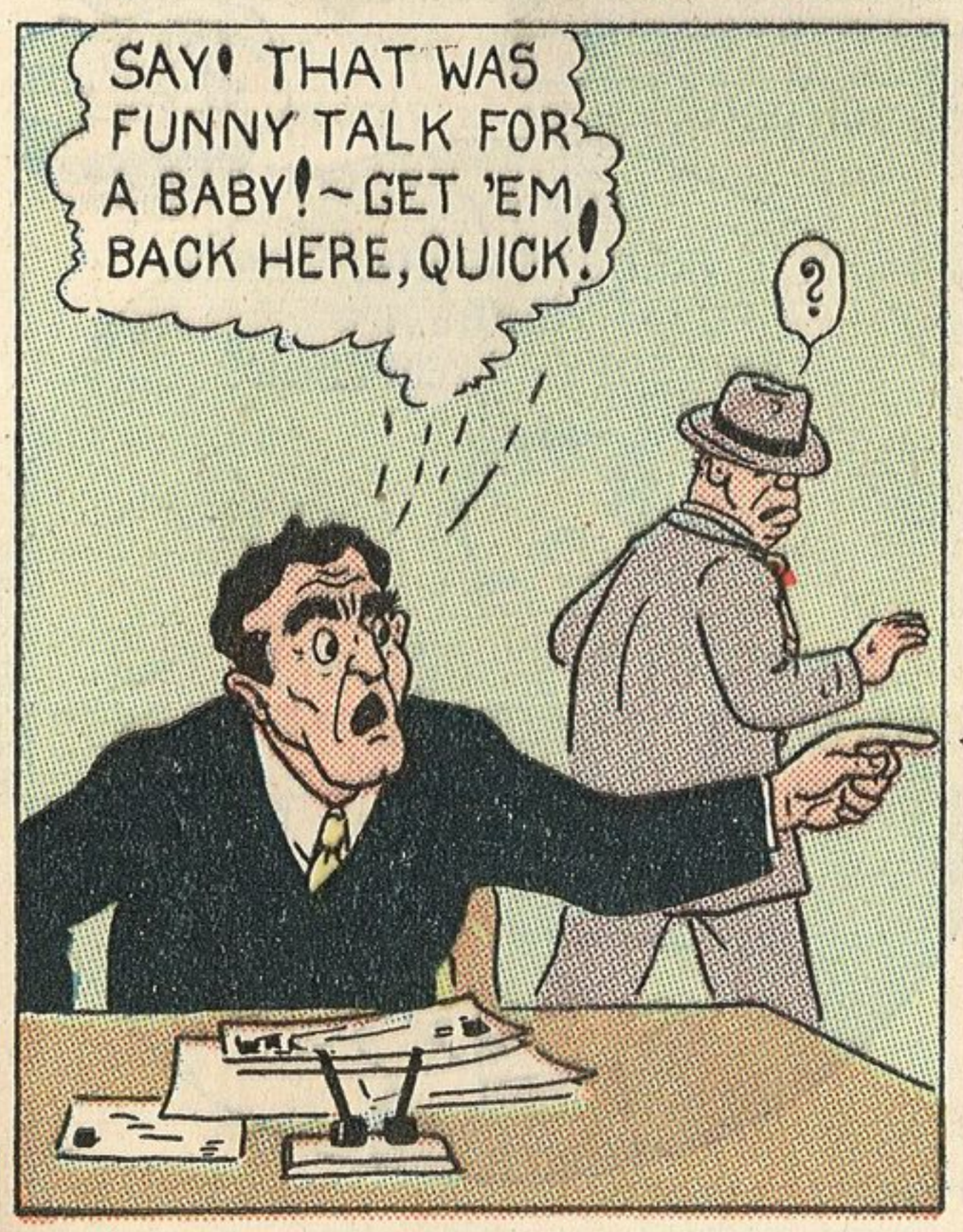


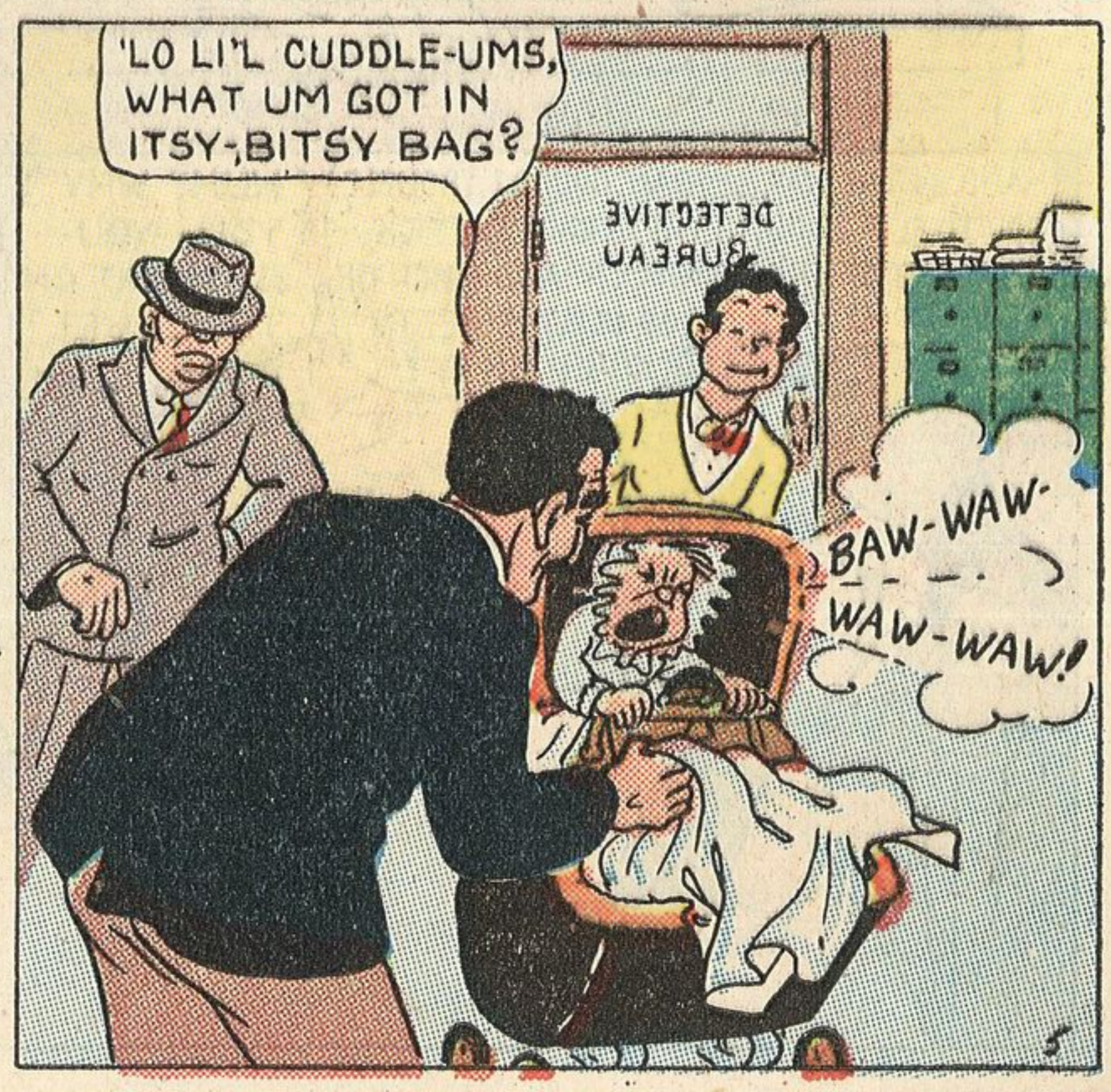


YOUNG KING COLE

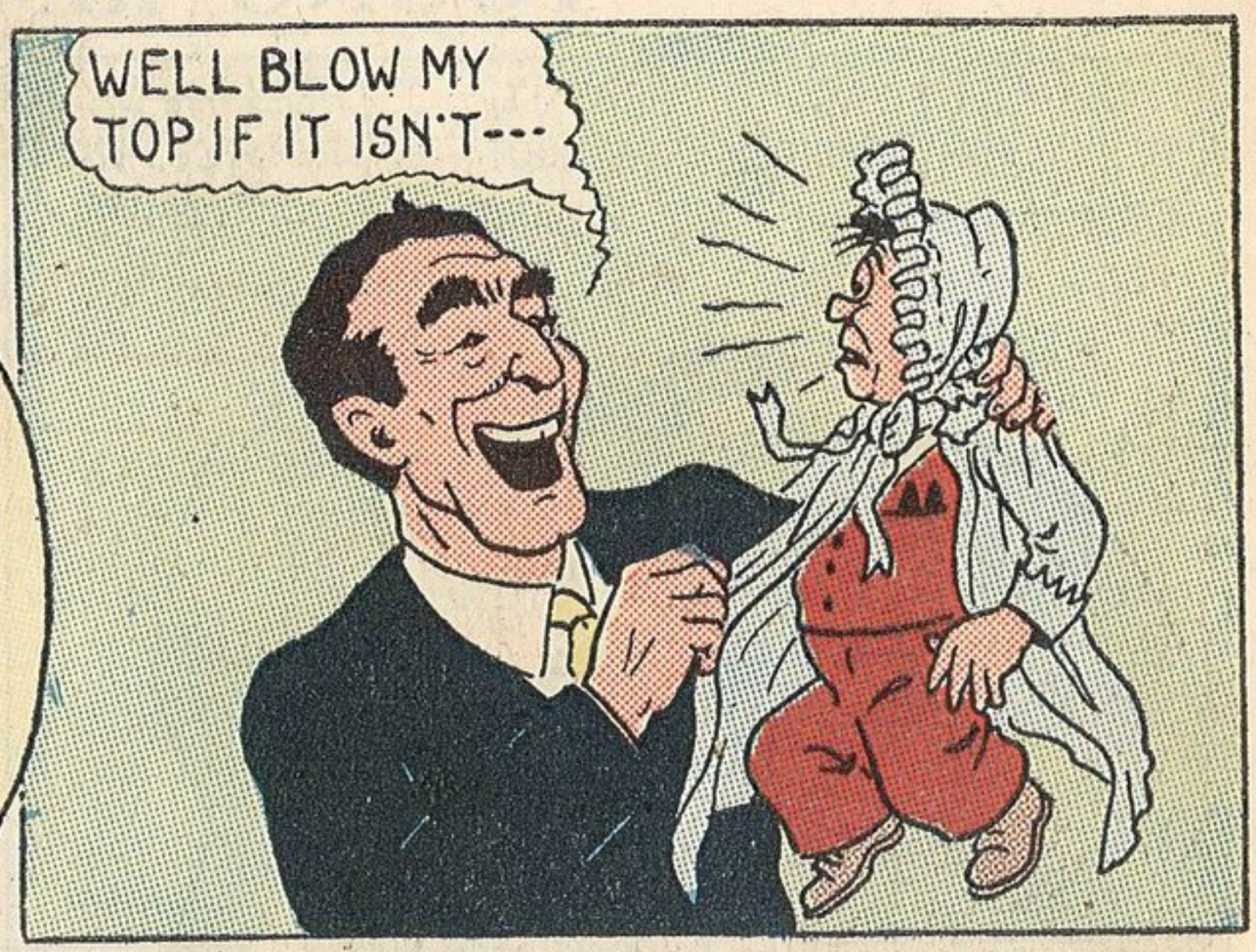


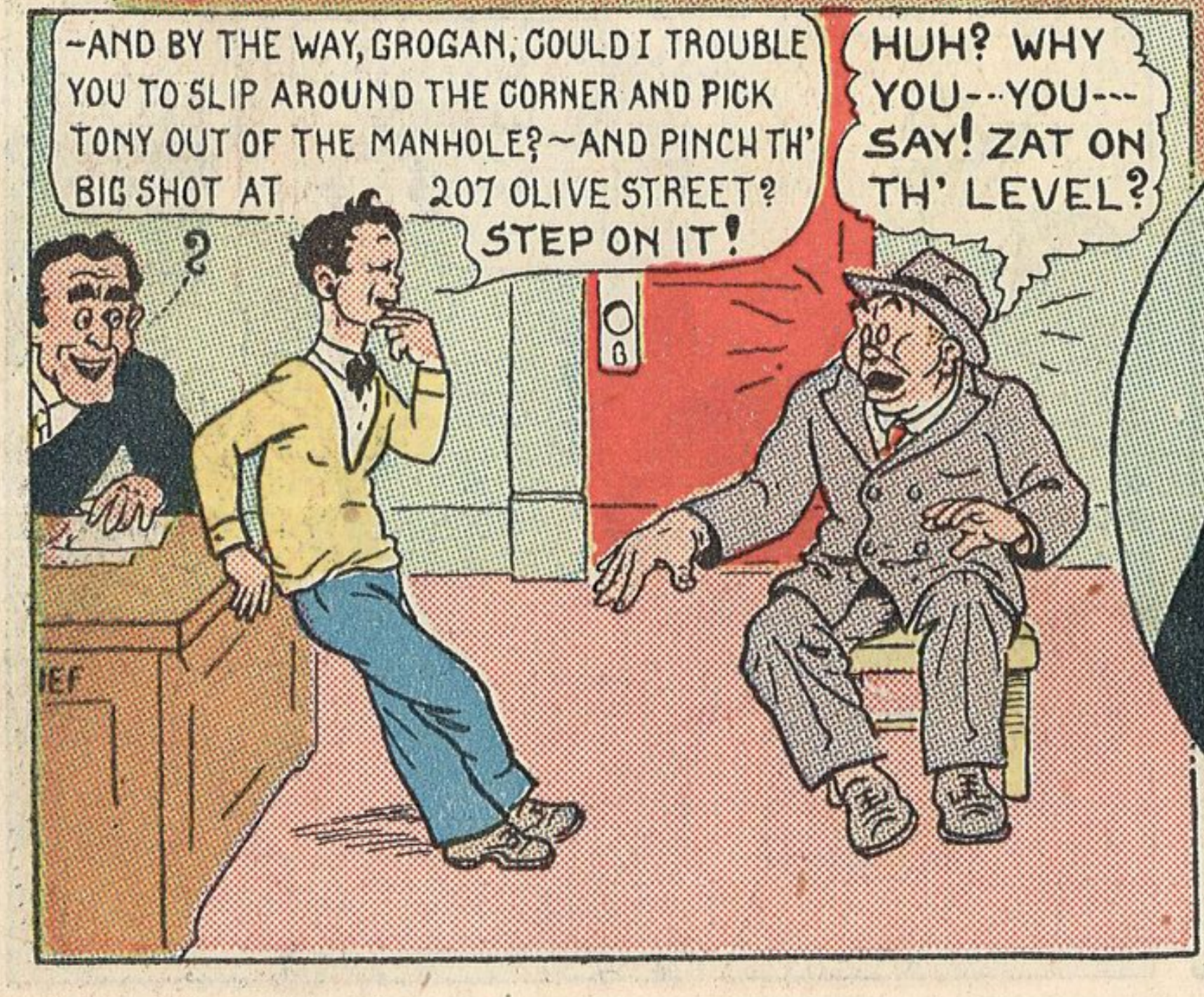


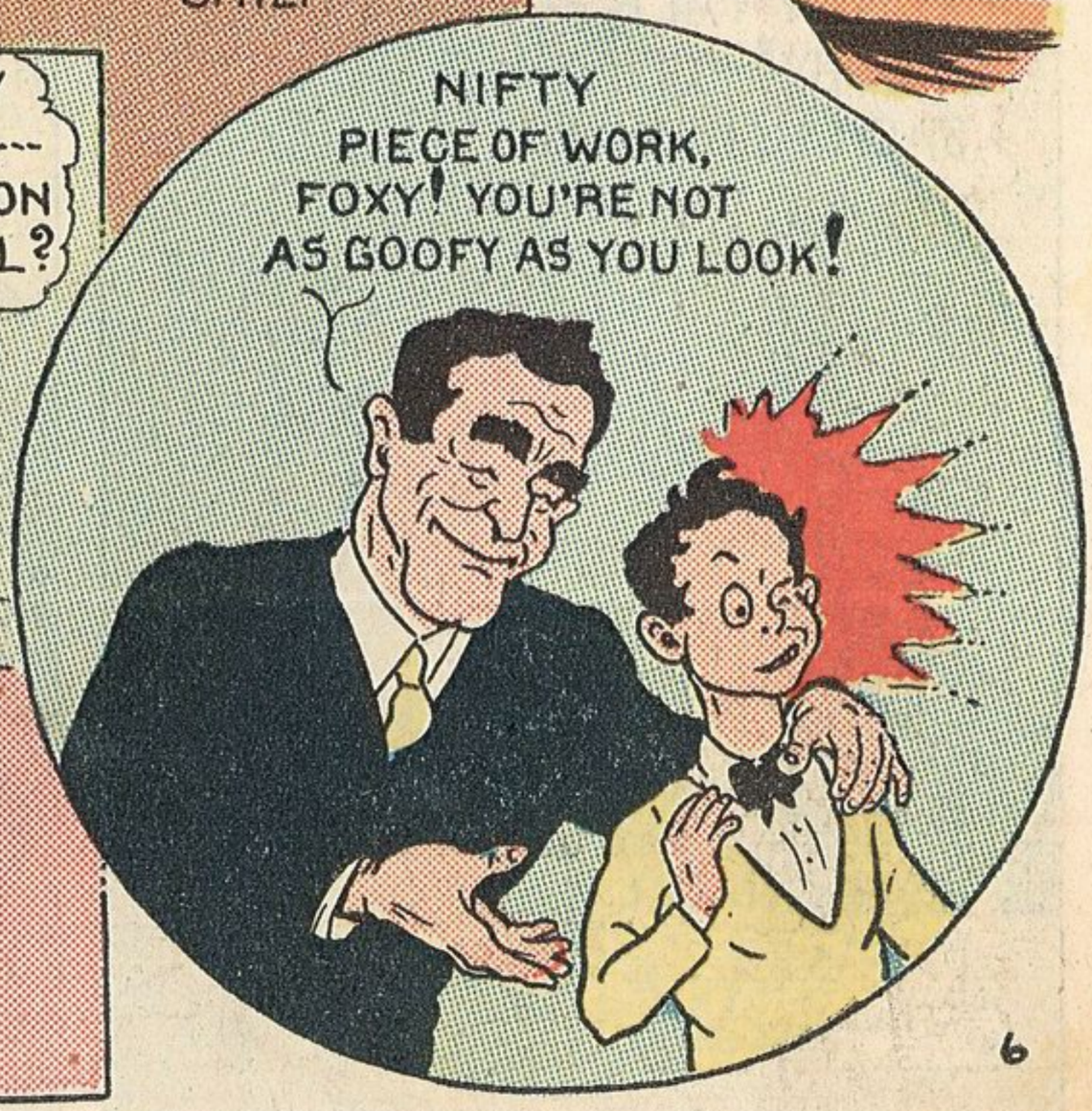




YOUNG KING COLE







knife but he would have none of it. He insisted doggedly that he'd never laid eyes on it, yet his fingerprints were unmistakable on the clear ivory handle.

"There's an answer to this," Pete argued with himself relentlessly, "and we've got to find it!!"

* * *

The following evening Pete was with Chuck in his cell looking carefully over the pictures taken of the murdered man and the room in which he was found. The corpse of the murdered Jay Binney lay sprawled in front of the elaborately carved desk in the richly furnished library of his partner, Slade Revere. The knife was lodged in his chest at an acute angle.

"It just isn't sensible," Chuck mumbled. "Why would a man hold a knife with his thumb pointing toward the blade and still strike at that angle? It's not natural!" He pondered for a long time and when Pete rose to leave he was still deeply engrossed in the pictures.

"There's something here that's different, Pete," he insisted. "Something has been changed in that room since I visited Revere two nights ago."

"You visited Revere in that room?" Pete swung around in amazement.

"Don't get excited," Chuck smiled up at him. "I'll swear there wasn't a knife in sight. At any rate I certainly didn't touch one!"

"Oh," Pete said in disappointment, then added hastily, "We'll figure this out yet, Chuck!" But he had a worried look on his face as he walked down the corridor and heard the soft click of the cell lock.

* * *

Pete's telephone rang early the next morning. He groped for it sleepily but was jolted wide awake by Chuck's cheery voice.

"Where in thunder are you?" Pete exploded, but was cut short by Chuck.

"Hop down to the DA's office, Pete," he was saying, "and you'll have the first pictures of the murderer after the solution of the crime."

Pete agreed weakly and in less than an hour arrived disheveled and unbelieving at the DA's office on Center Street. When he entered, Chuck and the DA were talking in undertones. In the huge chair by the DA's desk sat Slade Revere, absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Greetings," Pete stammered, and gripped the DA's hand while he pounded Chuck on the back. "Let's have it—whose picture do I take to make page one?"

"Our friend Revere's," Chuck answered quietly. "He tried his level best to frame me but it backfired."

"Revere!" Pete shouted. "Great Scott, what's the story??"

"So simple it's staggering," Chuck said angrily. "Too bad you didn't get rid of the entire bell cord instead of trying to hide the ivory knob, Revere."

"Bell cord," Pete stated dumbly. "What gives, Chuck? Stop talking in riddles."

"Very smooth idea," Chuck continued. "Revere merely slipped the blade of the ivory-handled knife up the velvet bell cord and saw to it that I rang for the butler while I was visiting him. Thereby he got my fingerprints on the knife handle. Clever, what?"

"How'd you catch on?" Pete asked in wonder.

"It was those pictures you'd taken, Pete."

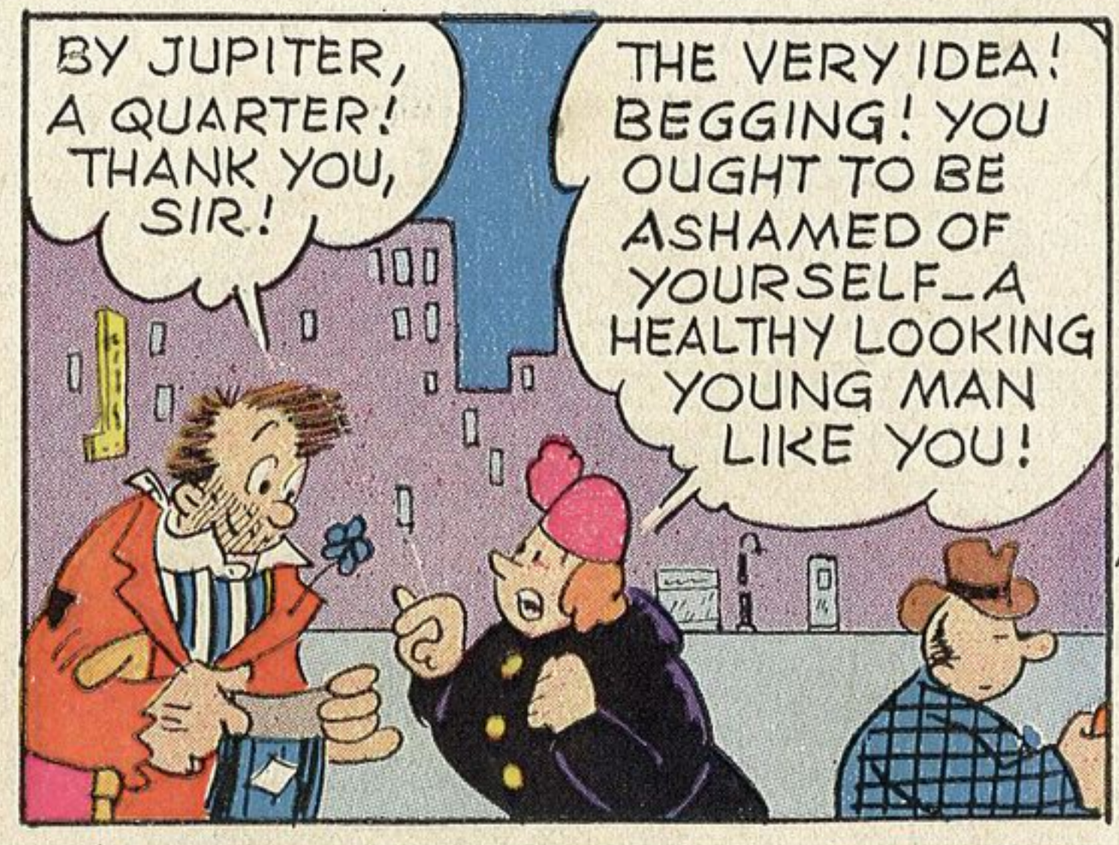
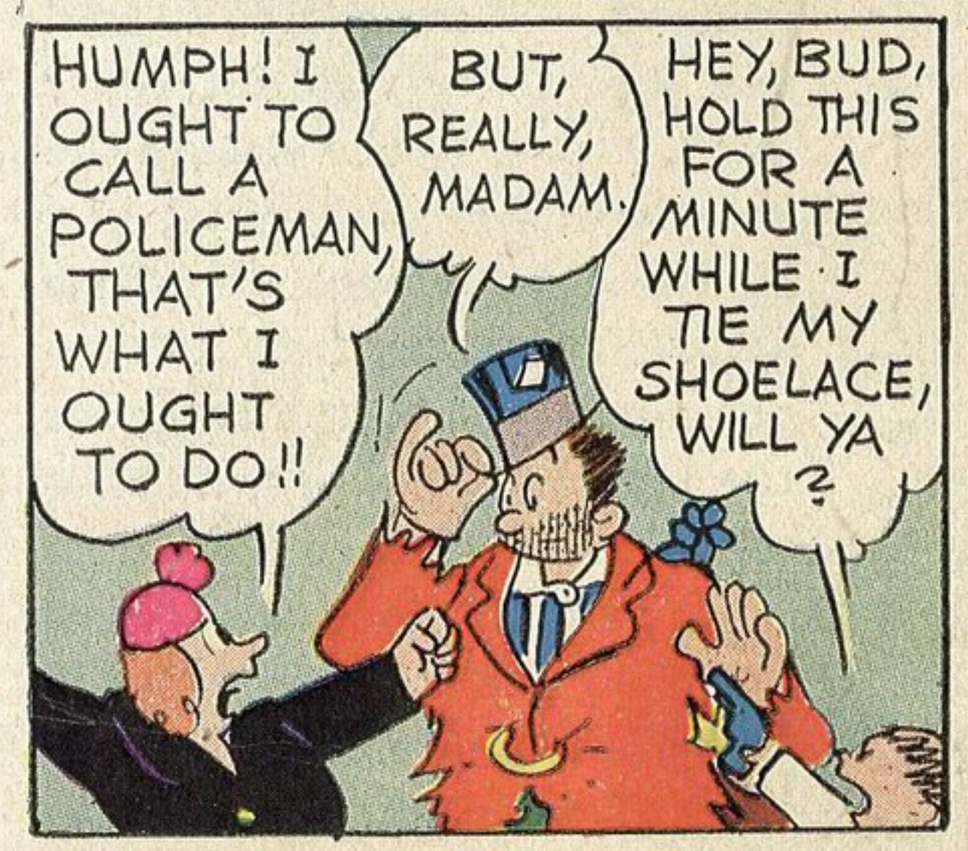
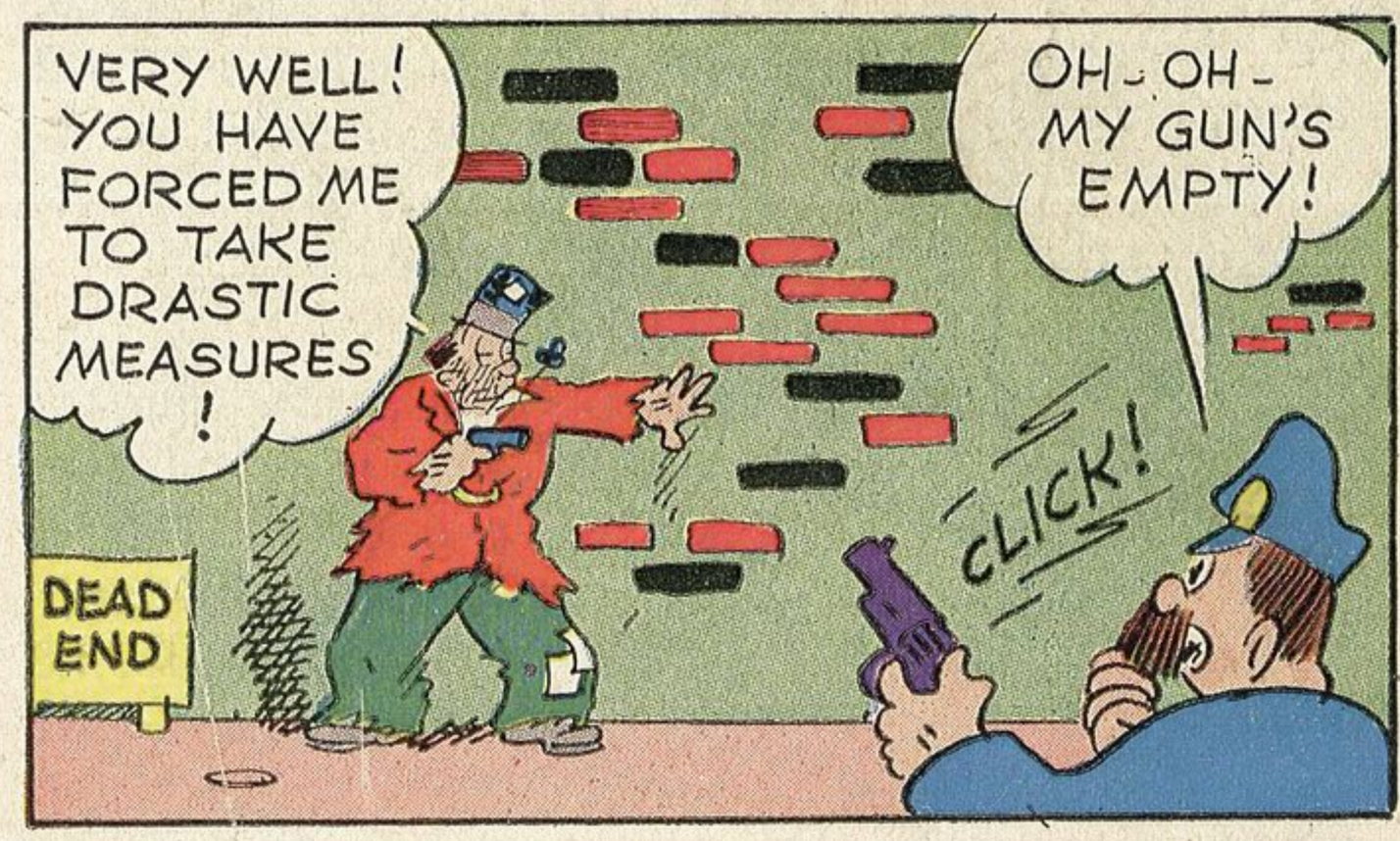
"The pictures?" Pete repeated dully.

"Yes, the pictures," Chuck grinned. "Remember I told you something was different? Well, it was. In the picture the bell cord had no handle; and I eventually remembered how smooth the ivory had felt under my hand when I rang for the butler. The rest was simple. Revere was called down here while his house was searched and sure enough the ivory knob which was originally on the bell cord was found with his fingerprints on it. He didn't have time to replace it after the murder, so his fingerprints prove he was the last one to tamper with the bell cord."

Revere squirmed uneasily in his deep chair. "Meddling newspaper men," he muttered between his teeth. "A perfect setup shot full of holes!"

The DA glanced at Chuck. "You had a narrow escape, son," he said quietly. "Good thing you had the head to figure this all out or you would have been in hot water."

"Holy Cow!" Pete exclaimed and collapsed quietly into a chair as a broad grin spread slowly across his face. "You sure missed the chair by the skin of your teeth! Now Revere will have the pleasure!"

THE END

HEATHCLIFF THE HOBO...